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ROKEBY.



# Rokeby

*A Poem in Six Cantos*

By

Sir Walter Scott

*EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY*

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London

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## INTRODUCTION.

*ROKEBY* is a poem that has never been as great a favourite as it deserves to be. The undeserved neglect from which it has suffered is due to the time of its publication, which was doubly unfortunate. Under any circumstances Scott would have found it an extremely difficult task to produce a new poem that could successfully rival the attractions of *The Lay*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*. Each of these three poems had marvelously excited the enthusiasm of the reading public by inseparably connecting the castles, hills, lakes, and valleys of Scotland with historical and legendary associations. But as in these three fine poems he had to a certain extent exhausted the sources of inspiration to be found in the legends and picturesque beauty of his native land, he determined, for a change, to cross the border and chose the north of England as the scene of his next poem. In so doing he sacrificed the advantages that the expression of intense patriotic feeling had given him in his previous works. The general excellence of *Rokeby* could not have entirely compensated for this great loss, even if there had been no other disadvantage to contend with. Unfortunately, however, there was another and still more serious impediment in the way of the popularity of *Rokeby*. If he wished to

maintain his high reputation, Scott had at this date not only to equal or surpass his own previous efforts, but also to compete with Byron at a time when that poet's great genius was just beginning to take the world by storm. As we are reminded in the retrospective introduction to *Rokeby*, written seventeen years after its original publication, "a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity," in which Scott, with characteristic modesty, declares himself to have "preceded better men than himself." The first two cantos of *Childe Harold* had appeared in the spring of 1812, and been greeted with such a sudden outburst of enthusiastic applause that, as the author himself said without exaggeration, he "awoke one morning and found himself famous." Still more fatal to the popularity of *Rokeby* was the publication of the *Giaour*, the first of Byron's poetic romances, in the spring of 1813. This poem being a romance interspersed with beautiful descriptions of scenery, and written in the metre of Scott's longer poems, more particularly challenged comparison with Scott's works, and in the competition for popular favour won the day. Such a result is not to be wondered at, but must not be regarded as a proof that the *Giaour* is a finer poem than *Rokeby*. It would be more reasonable to attribute Byron's greater popularity at the commencement of his poetical career to the charm of novelty and the natural inclination to worship the rising sun. The resemblance between the poetical romances of Scott and Byron is only superficial. Both excel in describing scenery. But Byron's gorgeous descriptions of the sunny shores and seas of southern Europe are very different from

the fresh open-air simplicity with which Scott depicted the highlands and lowlands of Scotland. Still greater is the contrast between Scott's hardy warriors and the gloomy introspective heroes of Byron, whose actions are mainly guided by passionate love, or still more passionate jealousy. The greater prominence given to love and its attendant passions by one who knew well their intensity was an agreeable variety to readers of poetry accustomed in Scott's poems to regard battle as alone fit to be the main subject of interest in narrative poems. Love depicted with oriental voluptuousness for a time entirely captivated the reading public of England, who were perhaps getting a little tired of participating with Scott in the exciting incidents of rough feudal warfare. Thus it was that *Rokeby*, though it did not fail to command an extensive sale, nevertheless cannot be said to have won anything like the acclamation that had greeted the appearance of the three earlier poems by which Scott had won and established his renown as a brilliant narrative poet. Nor could it successfully rival the immense popularity secured by Byron's first longer poems.

But, for all that, *Rokeby* is a very fine poem, quite able to bear comparison with the very best achievements of its author's genius. Scott has interspersed among all his narrative fictions fine lyrics, but in no other of his works does he introduce so many beautiful songs as are found in *Rokeby*. Nor is the poem by any means deficient in narrative and descriptive power, although it is difficult to extract from it such brilliant passages as are culled from Scott's earlier poems and find their place in every poetical anthology. To appreciate the excellence of *Rokeby*, the poem must be judged as a whole.

No extracts can give a satisfactory idea of the excellent poetical workmanship that pervades the poem, and of the skilfully constructed plot. If *Rokeby* does not contain the splendid descriptions of Scottish scenery and feudal warfare that present themselves to our memory when we think of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*, on the other hand, it is more free from such flat and tedious passages as disfigure parts of those poems. This is perhaps a difference that might naturally be expected from the difference of the subject. When Scott was describing, whether in prose or verse, the distant times of the middle ages, he had a very difficult task to perform, in which his genius sometimes achieved brilliant success, particularly when he was describing great events or scenes that powerfully excited his imagination. But in the ordinary narrative in which more common-place matters had to be treated, it was hardly possible for him to avoid dull passages in which the mind of the reader, not being carried away by the poet's magic powers of description, cannot help detecting the too manifest introduction of archæological knowledge, and of language and sentiments that do not appear to be quite consistent with the times described. It was a much less difficult undertaking to write a poem dealing with the more familiar times of the Great Rebellion, inasmuch as, owing to the large amount of memoirs and other contemporary literature, it is possible to form a very accurate idea of how the men of that period really thought and acted. Also the age was so much nearer his own time, and so distinctly modern, that Scott could not go far wrong in ascribing to the Cavaliers and Roundheads most of the sentiments

that would have been natural in men of his own time in similar circumstances. Thus he had not to be continually throughout the poem studying how to give his characters an antique colouring, and the result is that, as a whole, *Rokeby* is more perfectly natural and shows less obvious signs of the art that should be concealed by art than any of Scott's other long poems.

Nevertheless it must not be supposed that the natural easy flow of the narrative and of the verse in *Rokeby* is a sign of want of careful composition on the part of the author. Easy writing, as Byron once remarked, is hard reading, and anyone who carefully studies *Rokeby* will find in the poem abundant proofs of conscientious literary labour. The greatest care was taken with the construction of the plot and the delineation of character. In a letter written to his friend and printer, Mr. Ballantyne, while he was engaged in the composition of *Rokeby*, Scott expresses his own view of the various attractions of his principal poems. "The force in *The Lay*," he writes, "is thrown on style, in *Marmion*, on description, and in *The Lady of the Lake* on incident." Therefore he remarked that "knowing well that the public would never be pleased with exactly the same thing a second time, he saw the necessity of giving a certain degree of novelty, by throwing the interest more on *character* than in his former poems, without meaning to exclude either incident or description." The purpose here specified is certainly well carried out. Ruskin calls *Rokeby* a versified novel. This remark must not be regarded as intended to depreciate a poem many passages from which he quotes with admiration. It merely means that in *Rokeby* we have, combined with the charm

of poetry, that power of analysing character and inventing interesting situations and incidents, which raised Scott to the first rank among the novelists of the world. Of course in *Rokeby* Scott's power as a writer of fiction is displayed on a narrower canvas than that which the prose novel afforded him. There is less room for depicting variety of incident and character. The difference may be expressed in a numerical form. In *Rokeby* there are only twelve characters, Oswald, Wilfrid, Bertram, Redmond, Matilda, Mortham, Denzil, Edmund, Harpool, Hamlin, Ferraught, and Basil, who take a sufficiently prominent part in the action to require to be known by name. In the novel of *Woodstock*, treating of the same period, the number of the dramatis personæ will be found to amount to more than twenty, not including Bevis and Pixie. But though the characters in *Rokeby* are few when compared with the rich variety of characters depicted in the more important of the Waverley novels, they are full of interest, and admirably contrasted one with another.

Among Scott's long series of charming heroines, Matilda is worthy of the hand that drew Flora MacIvor, Rebecca, Catherine Seyton, or Alice Lee. She is as interesting a character as any of these, and is at the same time clearly distinguished from all Scott's other heroines by characteristic traits peculiar to herself. Her high forehead (4. v. 17) indicated her intellectual power, which did not, however, prevent her from joining heartily in harmless merriment, at any rate in her happier days, before the Great Rebellion threatened her father's house with ruin (4. v. 23-28). The misfortunes that fell on the supporters of the royal cause in the north of England, culminating

in the battle of Marston Moor, had at the time of the action of the poem almost converted her habitual thoughtfulness into settled melancholy. Few traces remain of the merry Maud, whose high spirits once so much delighted her fond father. Yet the graceful raillery of the few words by which she recalls her lover from his day dreams to the duties of actual life (5. xv. 1-4), and the arch irony of her pretence that she can only venture to anticipate a very limited amount of indulgence from Wilfrid as jailer, when she shares her father's captivity (5. XII. 22-24), and of the supposition by which she accounts for Wilfrid's reluctance to sing (5. XII. 17-20), indicate that her sense of humour has not been entirely extinguished by her misfortunes, and that her old cheerfulness would revive under more favourable circumstances. All through the poem she shows the most delicate tact in her treatment of Wilfrid. They are very closely connected by community of intellectual and artistic tastes (1. XXIX. 16-18), and the physical delicacy of Wilfrid powerfully attracts Matilda's womanly sympathy. But the same weakness that excites Matilda's pity and sisterly sympathy, prevents her from feeling towards him the deeper passion of love. His love is unrequited, and he has the mortification of seeing a more fortunate rival preferred before him. It therefore requires the exercise of the most delicate tact on Matilda's part to show her friendship and deep sympathy for Wilfrid without encouraging his hopeless passion. The words and actions by which she manages to do this, and the whole character of this high-born and truly noble girl as expressed in the poem, are admirable specimens of Scott's power of making his heroines as attrac-



tive to his readers as they are supposed to be to their fictitious admirers. Additional interest attaches to Matilda from the fact that she was modelled in all probability on the young lady who won the poet's first love, and to whom he addressed the exquisite little lyric beginning "The violet in her green-wood bower," published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1808.

Redmond is a simpler sketch of character. Scott himself admitted his comparative want of success in dealing with the heroes of his stories, and all through the range of his works it must be confessed that his heroines are generally in every way superior to the men who gain their affections. Still Redmond is far much less the passive slave of circumstances than Cranstoun, Wilton, Malcolm Graeme, and most of the irreproachable but rather colourless young men who have thrust upon them the greatness of figuring as heroes in the Waverley novels. He is a spirited young soldier, full of health and high spirits. His strain of Irish blood shows itself in his impulsiveness, his passionate temper expressed by the epithet "hot" in 3. XI. 11, his reckless courage, his burning indignation against wrong, and the strong feeling of personal devotion to the chieftain under whose banner he fights, which makes him sacrifice without hesitation the royal cause by surrendering as soon as the Knight of Rokeby is taken prisoner (4. XVI. 19). We are also given to understand (3. V. 21) that he was endowed with a large share of the wit, humour, and light-heartedness which have always distinguished the Irish from the more matter-of-fact inhabitants of Great Britain; but the circumstances of the poem afford few opportunities for the display of

these qualities. As a minstrel, Redmond has to be compared with Wilfrid and Edmund. In Redmond poetical power is combined with soldierly courage and high spirits, in Edmund with an unprincipled but not utterly depraved character, in Wilfrid with hopeless love, melancholy, and the prospect of an early death. Scott certainly succeeds in the difficult task of introducing three young minstrels into one not very long poem, and clearly distinguishing them from one another by difference of character which is distinctly manifested not only in their speeches and actions but also in their songs. Not less skill is shown in discriminating the chivalrous bravery of Redmond from the desperate brute courage of Risingham, whose fearless villany also forms an admirable contrast to the base and subtle cunning of the cowardly Oswald. The difference between the two villains of *Rokeby* is brought out very effectively at the beginning of the poem. In the interview with Bertram and throughout the poem Oswald neither says or does anything to make us pity him for the misery he brings upon himself by his crimes. Even what Scott calls his remorse, in 2. XXIX. 11, can only be so called by an unwarranted extension of the meaning of that term. His momentary repentance is not the voice of conscience, but simply the fear of detection, disgrace, and punishment. With his bolder accomplice, on the other hand, Scott contrives that we should sympathise, in spite of his dastardly treachery towards his patron, which at first threatens to deprive him of all claim to pity. Even in the first canto we cannot help favourably comparing his brutal frankness and courage with the cowardice and mean subterfuges

of Oswald. Further on in the poem, for all his wickedness, we cannot but hope that he may escape when he is hunted like a wild animal by numerous foes, none of whom, not even Redmond himself (for the bitter outburst of suppressed anger in 3. VII. 5-12, looked at in connection with the deeds and character of the speaker, cannot be regarded as an empty boast) would have much chance of successfully contending against him in single combat. In the fifth canto, when Bertram, supported by superior numbers, is the assailant, the sympathies of the reader are so entirely on the side of the hero and heroine, that the defeat of the robbers and their leader excites not the least pity. In the concluding canto, however, our sympathies are again with Bertram, who becomes the instrument by which poetical justice is inflicted on the more unmitigated villany of Oswald. When he is engaged on this task, we almost forgive his attempt to assassinate Mortham, particularly as his vengeance on Oswald is partly intended as an atonement for that act of treachery. Thus Bertram naturally, in our minds, takes his place beside Marmion, Brian de Bois Guilbert, and Dirck Hatteraick, as a villain who in spite of his vicious character by no means entirely forfeits our sympathetic interest. In fact, it must be confessed, his great crime does not disgust us quite as much as it ought to do. This is owing to the fact that the intended victim is Mortham, who is decidedly the least successful sketch of character in the poem. He is intended to be a person of impressive dignity, but the intended effect is defeated by his melodramatic appearances and disappearances, and by his very undignified flight before Bertram

up the precipitous cliff below his own castle. No doubt his extraordinary conduct may be defended as dramatically appropriate on the ground that his mind has been unhinged by his misfortunes. By this defence the poet escapes the charge of inventing a character inconsistent and improbable. But it will be generally admitted that a man reduced to entire or partial insanity by a succession of overwhelming calamities is not well suited to play a prominent part in a narrative poem ; and, even if this be denied, the fact remains that the scenes in which Mortham's appearance influences the course of events are somewhat forced and unnatural episodes as compared with the rest of the poem.

*Rokeby* is distinguished from Scott's previous poems not only by the greater care taken in the construction of the plot and in the delineation of character, but also by the nature of the scenery described. In *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* we seem always to have the barren moorland moss under our feet. In *Marmion*, at any rate in the narrative portion, there is little of natural scenery, and Scott's descriptive powers are mainly engaged in painting the city of Edinburgh, the court of Holyrood, the great castles of ancient Barons, and all the pomp and circumstance of feudal warfare. *The Lady of the Lake* leaves in our minds impressions of purple mountains and highland lakes with silvery strands. But in *Rokeby* the whole scene of the poem seems to consist of forests, which conceal beneath their rich foliage river, castle, and church. This prominence of woodland scenery is of course mainly due to Scott's topographical accuracy. He was not the man to describe the country through which the woodland Tees

flows without giving due importance to its most characteristic feature. It must also be remembered that at the time of the composition of *Rokeby* Scott had lately moved to Abbotsford, and that his leisure hours were busily occupied in the planting of chestnuts from Seville, and acorns sent from Trentham by the Marchioness of Sutherland, to produce trees for his own old age and for his descendants, who he hoped would succeed him as lairds of Abbotsford. "I am now," he writes to Ellis in October, 1812, "adorning a patch of naked land with trees *facturis nepotibus umbram*, for I shall never live to enjoy their shade myself otherwise than in the recumbent posture of Tityrus or Menalcas." Again, in January, 1813, he writes to his friend Miss Joanna Baillie, "No sooner had I corrected the last sheet of *Rokeby* than I escaped to this Patmos as blithe as bird on tree, and have been ever since most decidedly idle. I have been banking, and securing, and dyking against the river, and planting willows and aspens and weeping birches around my new old well, which I think I told you I had constructed last summer. I have now laid the foundations of a famous back-ground of copse, with pendant trees in front; and I have only to beg a few years to see how my colours will come out of the canvas. Alas, who can promise that? But somebody will take my place and enjoy them, whether I do or no." In fact Scott's letters written about this time are about as full of trees as the poem of *Rokeby* is, and that is saying a good deal. In both cases his pen wrote out of the abundance of his heart. When the large number of woodland scenes described in *Rokeby* is taken into account, and the pre-

dominance given them over all other kinds of scenery, we may say that, if any poem ever had a colour, the colour of *Rokeby* is green, or, more definitely, dark green, on account of the general sombre colouring that pervades the whole poem.

The consideration of *Rokeby* from the point of view of colour, a point of view that can never be neglected by the student of Scott's poetry since Ruskin's luminous treatment of the subject in his *Modern Painters*, has brought us to the recognition of the pervading spirit of deep melancholy which is perhaps the most distinctive feature of the poem. The whole narrative resembles the vale of Greta, which is described in the second canto as so thickly overshadowed by high wooded cliffs, that but few rays of sunlight can ever break through the dark foliage and relieve the prevailing darkness. It may be that, in addition to the causes mentioned above, the dark colouring which predominates in all the principal scenes of the poem partly accounts for the fact that it has never been very popular. The first canto begins at midnight and ends an hour before sunrise. All that is related in it suits well with the darkness of a rainy night only illuminated occasionally by the fitful light of a clouded moon. In the opening stanzas we have a powerful and elaborate comparison between the lurid moonlight and the quick succession of various passions which agonise the soul of the sleeping Oswald. Then comes the secret interview between him and the bolder accomplice whom he had instigated to commit a dastardly act of assassination. In the end of the canto we have a transition from the gloomy picture of villany combined with cowardice and treachery in the souls of

Oswald and Bertram to the touching account of the hopeless passion of Wilfrid, whom we know from the first to be doomed to an early death. Thus, from the beginning to the end of the first canto, we have nothing but the sombre hues of dark treachery and deep-seated melancholy. Throughout the poem the key-note struck at the commencement is consistently followed. At the beginning of the second canto, the sun has not yet risen. Bertram and his gentle companion start upon their walk to Mortham in the misty dawn, by the light of the pale moonbeam. Even when the sun had risen, the darkness of twilight remained in the deep valley of the Greta, through which they had to pass. The few straggling sunbeams that were visible on the other side of the river were only enough to enhance by contrast the funereal darkness of the gloomy wood. It is not till the sixteenth stanza that we have a sunlit landscape, which is, however, immediately made use of to bring out into stronger relief the loneliness of Mortham Castle (XVII. 3, 4). Again in the twenty-eighth stanza the bright sunlight once more serves a similar purpose, being this time contrasted with the darkness of Oswald's guilty soul. In the third canto we have first the hunting of Bertram, who, in spite of ourselves, wins our sympathy by his endurance and sufferings and by his narrow escapes from his pitiless pursuers. When he does escape, no more than a short respite is given to our feelings, for we are almost immediately introduced into the subterranean robber's cave, where,

"By the pale lamp  
That struggles with the earthy damp,"

nothing is to be seen but pictures of vice and misery.

The three fine lyrics, two of them very melancholy, sung by Edmund, only make us mourn the utter waste of the singer's poetic gifts, which might, under more favourable circumstances, have been an unfailing source of happiness to himself and others. The fourth canto contains the conference of Matilda with her two lovers in the beautiful dell of Thorsgill. It is a lovely scene that is described, but the heroine who is portrayed with such loving care in the fifth stanza is with good reason full of dejection. Though nature is lavishing her beauty on every side, Matilda's thoughts are very melancholy—

“ All lower'd around the lovely maid,  
To darken her dejection's shade ; ”

and all through the meeting she and her friends may be almost said to be unconsciously sitting in the shadow of death, threatened as they are by the close proximity of Bertram and Denzil. The fifth canto, like the first, describes events that happened in the darkness of night. The first twenty-two stanzas of the sixth canto describe the midnight meeting of Bertram and Edmund in the robber's cave. The light of day does not begin to shine until the twenty-third stanza, and when it does become visible the scene it reveals is as black as night—the scaffold hung with sable baize and all its dread accompaniments prepared for Rokeby and Redmond, who do not escape their doom until three dead bodies are stretched on the sacred floor. It is not till the last stanza but one of the poem that the poet can promise that we shall hear “ no more of death and dying pang ; ” and then we have the conventional happy ending to relieve our minds



after the horrors we have witnessed. But is there much probability of the hero and heroine enjoying the "lengthen'd life of peace and love," and the "years of joy for hours of sorrow" promised them at the end of the poem? Will Redmond derive much happiness from the society of a father whose mind has been unhinged by the terrible error he committed in his youth, and who is not only his father, but also the slayer of his mother? Further, it must be remembered that Naseby was still unfought at the date of the conclusion of the poem; and that, even after that decisive conflict, the defeated Cavaliers were continually rising in insurrection. In this troubled period there was little hope of peace and happiness for the hero and heroine of *Rokeby*, since both of them were identified with the royalist party, and one was a Roman Catholic. Under such circumstances, peace and happiness could hardly have been secured except by such a sacrifice of religious and political convictions as would have been almost equally repugnant to the characters of Redmond and Matilda.

ROKEBY :  
A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

TO  
JOHN B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

THIS POEM, THE SCENE OF WHICH IS LAID IN HIS  
BEAUTIFUL DEMESNE OF ROKEBY, IS  
INSCRIBED, IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP,

BY  
WALTER SCOTT.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION, 1813.

The scene of this poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that vicinity.

The time occupied by the action is a space of Five Days, three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and the beginning of the Sixth Canto.

The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great battle of Marston Moor, 3rd July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.

# ROKEBY.

## CANTO FIRST.

### I.

THE Moon is in her summer glow,  
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,  
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud  
Varies the tincture of her shroud ;  
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,  
She changes as a guilty dream,  
When Conscience, with remorse and fear,  
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.  
Her light seems now the blush of shame,  
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame, 10  
Shifting that shade, to come and go,  
Like apprehension's hurried glow ;  
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,  
And dies in darkness like despair.  
Such varied hues the warder sees  
Reflected from the woodland Tees,  
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,  
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,  
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,  
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall, 20  
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,  
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

## II.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam  
Throw murky shadows on the stream,  
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,  
The emotions of whose troubled breast,  
In wild and strange confusion driven,  
Rival the flitting rack of heaven.  
Ere sleep stern OSWALD'S senses tied,  
Oft had he changed his weary side,  
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought  
By effort strong to banish thought. 10  
Sleep came at length, but with a train  
Of feelings true and fancies vain,  
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,  
The expected future with the past.  
Conscience, anticipating time,  
Already rues the enacted crime,  
And calls her furies forth, to shake  
The sounding scourge and hissing snake ;  
While her poor victim's outward throes  
Bear witness to his mental woes, 20  
And show what lesson may be read  
Beside a sinner's restless bed.

## III.

Thus Oswald's labouring feelings trace  
Strange changes in his sleeping face,  
Rapid and ominous as these  
With which the moonbeams tinge the Tees.  
There might be seen of shame the blush,  
There anger's dark and fiercer flush,  
While the perturbed sleeper's hand  
Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or brand.  
Relax'd that grasp, the heavy sigh,  
The tear in the half-opening eye, 10

The pallid cheek and brow, confess'd  
That grief was busy in his breast :  
Nor paused that mood—a sudden start  
Impell'd the life-blood from the heart :  
Features convulsed, and mutterings dread,  
Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead.  
That pang the painful slumber broke,  
And Oswald with a start awoke.

## IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to close  
His eyelids in such dire repose ;  
He woke,—to watch the lamp, and tell  
From hour to hour the castle-bell,  
Or listen to the owlet's cry,  
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,  
Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme  
With which the warder cheats the time,  
And envying think, how, when the sun  
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,  
Couch'd on his straw, and fancy-free,  
He sleeps like careless infancy.

10

## V.

Far town-ward sounds a distant tread,  
And Oswald, starting from his bed,  
Hath caught it, though no human ear,  
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,  
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank,  
Until it reach'd the castle bank.  
Now nigh and plain the sound appears,  
The warder's challenge now he hears,  
Then clanking chains and levers tell,  
That o'er the moat the drawbridge fell,  
And, in the castle court below,  
Voices are heard, and torches glow,

10

As marshalling the stranger's way,  
Straight for the room where Oswald lay ;  
The cry was—"Tidings from the host,  
Of weight—a messenger comes post."  
Stifling the tumult of his breast,  
His answer Oswald thus express'd—  
"Bring food and wine, and trim the fire ;  
Admit the stranger, and retire."

20

## VI.

The stranger came with heavy stride ;  
The morion's plumes his visage hide,  
And the buff-coat, an ample fold,  
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.  
Full slender answer deigned he  
To Oswald's anxious courtesies,  
But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,  
He saw and scorn'd the petty wile,  
When Oswald changed the torch's place,  
Anxious that on the soldier's face  
Its partial lustre might be thrown,  
To show his looks, yet hide his own.  
His guest, the while, laid low aside  
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,  
And to the torch glanced broad and clear  
The corslet of a cuirassier ;  
Then from his brows the casque he drew,  
And from the dank plume dash'd the dew,  
From gloves of mail relieved his hands,  
And spread them to the kindling brands,  
And, turning to the genial board,  
Without a health, or pledge, or word  
Of meet and social reverence said,  
Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed ;  
As free from ceremony's sway,  
As famish'd wolf that tears his prey.

10

20

## VII.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,  
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,  
And quaff the full carouse, that lent  
His brow a fiercer hardiment.  
Now Oswald stood a space aside,  
Now paced the room with hasty stride,  
In feverish agony to learn  
Tidings of deep and dread concern,  
Cursing each moment that his guest  
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.  
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,  
The end of that uncouth repast,  
Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,  
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,  
And left him with the stranger, free  
To question of his mystery.  
Then did his silence long proclaim  
A struggle between fear and shame.

10

## VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien appears,  
To justify suspicious fears.  
On his dark face a scorching clime,  
And toil, had done the work of time,  
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared,  
And sable hairs with silver shared,  
Yet left—what age alone could tame—  
The lip of pride, the eye of flame ;  
The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,  
The eye that seem'd to scorn the world.  
That lip had terror never blench'd ;  
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd  
The flash severe of swarthy glow,  
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.

10



Inured to danger's direst form,  
Tornado and earthquake, flood and storm,  
Death had he seen by sudden blow,  
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,  
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,  
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all. 20

## IX.

But yet, though BERTRAM's harden'd look,  
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,  
Still worse than apathy had place  
On his swart brow and callous face ;  
For evil passions, cherish'd long,  
Had plough'd them with impressions strong.  
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay  
Light folly, past with youth away,  
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,  
The weeds of vice without their flower. 10  
And yet the soil in which they grew,  
Had it been tamed when life was new,  
Had depth and vigour to bring forth  
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.  
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known  
The gentler feelings' kindly tone ;  
But lavish waste had been refined  
To bounty in his chasten'd mind,  
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,  
Been lost in love of glory's meed, 20  
And, frantic then no more, his pride  
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

## X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,  
Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,  
Still knew his daring soul to soar,  
And mastery o'er the mind he bore ;

For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,  
Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.  
And this felt Oswald, while in vain  
He strove, by many a winding train,  
To lure his sullen guest to show,  
Unask'd, the news he long'd to know, 10  
While on far other subject hung  
His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.  
Yet nought for that his guest did deign  
To note or spare his secret pain,  
But still, in stern and stubborn sort,  
Return'd him answer dark and short,  
Or started from the theme, to range  
In loose digression wild and strange,  
And forced the embarrass'd host to buy,  
By query close, direct reply. 20

## XI.

A while he glozed upon the cause  
Of Commons, Covenant and Laws,  
And Church Reform'd—but felt rebuke  
Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,  
Then stammer'd—"Has a field been fought?  
Has Bertram news of battle brought?  
For sure a soldier, famed so far  
In foreign fields for feats of war,  
On eve of fight ne'er left the host,  
Until the field were won and lost." 10  
"Here, in your towers by circling Tees,  
You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease;  
Why deem it strange that others come  
To share such safe and easy home,  
From fields where danger, death, and toil,  
Are the reward of civil broil?"—  
"Nay, mock not, friend! since well we know  
The near advances of the foe,

To mar our northern army's work,  
 Encamp'd before beleaguer'd York ; 20  
 Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,  
 And must have fought—how went the day ?”—

## XII.

“ Would'st hear the tale ?—On Marston heath  
 Met, front to front, the ranks of death ;  
 Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now  
 Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow ;  
 On either side loud clamours ring,  
 ‘ God and the Cause ! ’—‘ God and the King ! ’  
 Right English all, they rush'd to blows,  
 With nought to win, and all to lose.  
 I could have laugh'd—but lack'd the time—  
 To see, in phrenesy sublime, 10  
 How the fierce zealots fought and bled,  
 For king or state, as humour led ;  
 Some for a dream of public good,  
 Some for church-tippet, gown and hood,  
 Draining their veins, in death to claim  
 A patriot's or a martyr's name.—  
 Led Bertram Risingham the hearts,  
 That counter'd there on adverse parts,  
 No superstitious fool had I  
 Sought El Dorados in the sky ! 20  
 Chili had heard me through her states,  
 And Lima oped her silver gates,  
 Rich Mexico I had march'd through,  
 And sack'd the splendours of Peru,  
 Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,  
 And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's fame.”—  
 “ Still from the purpose wilt thou stray !  
 Good gentle friend, how went the day ? ”—

## XIII.

“Good am I deem’d at trumpet sound,  
And good where goblets dance the round,  
Though gentle ne’er was join’d, till now,  
With rugged Bertram’s breast and brow.—  
But I resume. The battle’s rage  
Was like the strife which currents wage,  
Where Orinoco, in his pride,  
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,  
But ’gainst broad ocean urges far  
A rival sea of roaring war ;  
While, in ten thousand eddies driven,  
The billows fling their foam to heaven,  
And the pale pilot seeks in vain,  
Where rolls the river, where the main.  
Even thus upon the bloody field,  
The eddying tides of conflict wheel’d  
Ambiguous, till that heart of flame,  
Hot Rupert, on our squadrons came,  
Hurling against our spears a line  
Of gallants, fiery as their wine ;  
Then ours, though stubborn in their zeal,  
In zeal’s despite began to reel.  
What would’st thou more ?—in tumult tost,  
Our leaders fell, our ranks were lost.  
A thousand men, who drew the sword  
For both the Houses and the Word,  
Preach’d forth from hamlet, grange, and down,  
To curb the crosier and the crown,  
Now, stark and stiff, lie stretch’d in gore,  
And ne’er shall rail at mitre more.—  
Thus fared it, when I left the fight,  
With the good Cause and Commons’ right.”—

10

20

30

## XIV.

"Disastrous news!" dark Wycliffe said;  
 Assumed despondence, bent his head,  
 While troubled joy was in his eye,  
 The well-feign'd sorrow to belie.—  
 "Disastrous news!—when needed most,  
 Told ye not that your chiefs were lost?  
 Complete the woful tale, and say,  
 Who fell upon that fatal day;  
 What leaders of repute and name  
 Bought by their death a deathless fame? 10  
 If such my direst foeman's doom,  
 My tears shall dew his honour'd tomb.—  
 No answer?—Friend, of all our host,  
 Thou know'st whom I should hate the most,  
 Whom thou too, once, wert wont to hate,  
 Yet leavest me doubtful of his fate."—  
 With look unmoved—"Of friend or foe,  
 Aught," answer'd Bertram, "would'st thou know,  
 Demand in simple terms and plain,  
 A soldier's answer shalt thou gain; 20  
 For question dark, or riddle high,  
 I have nor judgment nor reply."

## XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd,  
 Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast.  
 And brave, from man so meanly born,  
 Roused his hereditary scorn.  
 "Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt?  
 PHILIP OF MORTHAM, lives he yet?  
 False to thy patron or thine oath,  
 Trait'rous or perjured, one or both,  
 Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,  
 To slay thy leader in the fight?" 10

Then from his seat the soldier sprung,  
And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung ;  
His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,  
Forced the red blood-drop from the nail—  
“ A health ! ” he cried ; and, ere he quaff'd,  
Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and laugh'd—  
—“ Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy heart !  
Now play'st thou well thy genuine part !  
Worthy, but for thy craven fear,  
Like me to roam a bucanier, 20  
What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,  
If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine ?  
What carest thou for beleaguer'd York,  
If this good hand have done its work ?  
Or what though Fairfax and his best  
Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast,  
If Philip Mortham with them lie,  
Lending his life-blood to the dye ?—  
Sit, then ! and as 'mid comrades free  
Carousing after victory, 30  
When tales are told of blood and fear,  
That boys and women shrink to hear,  
From point to point I frankly tell  
The deed of death as it befell.

## XVI.

“ When purposed vengeance I forego,  
Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe ;  
And when an insult I forgive,  
Then brand me as a slave, and live !—  
Philip of Mortham is with those  
Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes ;  
Or whom more sure revenge attends,  
If number'd with ungrateful friends.  
As was his wont, ere battle glow'd,  
Along the marshall'd ranks he rode, 10

And wore his visor up the while.  
I saw his melancholy smile,  
When, full opposed in front, he knew  
Where Rokeby's kindred banner flew.  
'And thus,' he said, 'will friends divide!—  
I heard, and thought how, side by side,  
We two had turn'd the battle's tide,  
In many a well-debated field,  
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.  
I thought on Darien's deserts pale, 20  
Where death bestrides the evening gale ;  
How o'er my friend my cloak I thrëw,  
And fenceless faced the deadly dew ;  
I thought on Quariana's cliff,  
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,  
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore  
Exhausted Mortham to the shore ;  
And, when his side an arrow found,  
I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.  
These thoughts like torrents rush'd along, 30  
To sweep away my purpose strong.

## XVII.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent ;  
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.  
When Mortham bade me, as of yore,  
Be near him in the battle's roar,  
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,  
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow ;  
Lost was the war in inward strife,  
Debating Mortham's death or life.  
'Twas then I thought, how, lured to come,  
As partner of his wealth and home, 10  
Years of piratic wandering o'er,  
With him I sought our native shore.

But Mortham's lord grew far estranged  
From the bold heart with whom he ranged ;  
Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,  
Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years ;  
The wily priests their victim sought,  
And damn'd each free-born deed and thought.  
Then must I seek another home,  
My license shook his sober dome ; 20  
If gold he gave, in one wild day  
I revell'd thrice the sum away.  
An idle outcast then I stray'd,  
Unfit for tillage or for trade,  
Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance,  
Useless and dangerous at once.  
The women fear'd my hardy look,  
At my approach the peaceful shook ;  
The merchant saw my glance of flame,  
And lock'd his hoards when Bertram came ; 30  
Each child of coward peace kept far  
From the neglected son of war.

## XVIII.

" But civil discord gave the call,  
And made my trade the trade of all.  
By Mortham urged, I came again  
His vassals to the fight to train.  
What guerdon waited on my care ?  
I could not cant of creed or prayer ;  
Sour fanatics each trust obtain'd,  
And I, dishonour'd and disdain'd,  
Gain'd but the high and happy lot,  
In these poor arms to front the shot !— 10  
All this thou know'st, thy gestures tell ;  
Yet hear it o'er, and mark it well.  
'Tis honour bids me now relate  
Each circumstance of Mortham's fate.



## XIX.

"Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part.  
Glance quick as lightning through the heart.  
As my spur press'd my courser's side,  
Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,  
And, ere the charging squadrons mix'd,  
His plea was cast, his doom was fix'd.  
I watch'd him through the doubtful fray,  
That changed as March's moody day,  
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,  
Fierce Rupert thunder'd on our flank. 10  
'Twas then, midst tumult, smoke, and strife,  
Where each man fought for death or life,  
'Twas then I fired my petronel,  
And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.  
One dying look he upward cast,  
Of wrath and anguish—'twas his last.  
Think not that there I stopp'd, to view  
What of the battle should ensue ;  
But ere I clear'd that bloody press,  
Our northern horse ran masterless ; 20  
Monckton and Mitton told the news,  
How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,  
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,  
Cursing the day when zeal or meed  
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.  
Yet when I reach'd the banks of Swale,  
Had rumour learn'd another tale ;  
With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,  
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day : 30  
But whether false the news, or true,  
Oswald, I reckon as light as you."

## XX.

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown,  
How his pride startled at the tone  
In which his complice, fierce and free,  
Asserted guilt's equality.

In smoothest terms his speech he wove,  
Of endless friendship, faith, and love ;  
Promised and vow'd in courteous sort,  
But Bertram broke professions short.

"Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,

No, scarcely till the rising day ; 10

Warn'd by the legends of my youth,  
I trust not an associate's truth.

Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall ?  
Oft, by the Pringle's haunted side,  
The shepherd sees his spectre glide.

And near the spot that gave me name,  
The moated mound of Risingham, 20

Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone ;  
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,  
With quiver'd back, and kirtled knee.

Ask how he died, that hunter bold,  
The tameless monarch of the wold,  
And age and infancy can tell,

By brother's treachery he fell. 30

Thus warn'd by legends of my youth,  
I trust to no associate's truth.

## XXI.

“When last we reason’d of this deed,  
 Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,  
 Or by what rule, or when, or where,  
 The wealth of Mortham we should share ;  
 Then list, while I the portion name,  
 Our differing laws give each to claim.  
 Thou, vassal sworn to England’s throne,  
 Her rules of heritage must own ;  
 They deal thee, as to nearest heir,  
 Thy kinsman’s lands and livings fair, 10  
 And these I yield :—do thou revere  
 The statutes of the Bucanier.  
 Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn  
 To all that on her waves are borne,  
 When falls a mate in battle broil,  
 His comrade heirs his portion’d spoil ;  
 When dies in fight a daring foe,  
 He claims his wealth who struck the blow :  
 And either rule to me assigns  
 Those spoils of Indian seas and mines, 20  
 Hoarded in Mortham’s caverns dark ;  
 Ingot of gold and diamond spark,  
 Chalice and plate from churches borne,  
 And gems from shrieking beauty torn,  
 Each string of pearl, each silver bar,  
 And all the wealth of western war.  
 I go to search, where, dark and deep,  
 Those Trans-atlantic treasures sleep.  
 Thou must along—for, lacking thee,  
 The heir will scarce find entrance free ; 30  
 And then farewell. I haste to try  
 Each varied pleasure wealth can buy ;  
 When cloy’d each wish, these wars afford  
 Fresh work for Bertram’s restless sword.”

## XXII.

An undecided answer hung  
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.  
Despite his craft, he heard with awe  
This ruffian stabber fix the law ;  
While his own troubled passions veer  
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear :—  
Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,  
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,  
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,  
And fear'd to wend with him alone.  
At length, that middle course to steer,  
To cowardice and craft so dear,  
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow  
His absence from the fortress now ;  
WILFRID on Bertram should attend,  
His son should journey with his friend."

10

## XXIII.

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,  
And wreathed to savage smile his frown.  
"Wilfrid, or thou—'tis one to me,  
Whichever bears the golden key.  
Yet think not but I mark, and smile  
To mark, thy poor and selfish wile !  
If injury from me you fear,  
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee here ?  
I've sprung from walls more high than these,  
I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.  
Might I not stab thee ere one yell  
Could rouse the distant sentinel ?  
Start not—it is not my design,  
But, if it were, weak fence were thine ;  
And, trust me, that, in time of need,  
This hand hath done more desperate deed.

10

Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son ;  
Time calls, and I must needs be gone."

## XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part  
Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart ;  
A heart too soft from early life  
To hold with fortune needful strife.  
His' sire, while yet a hardier race  
Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,  
On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand,  
For feeble heart and forceless hand ;  
But a fond mother's care and joy  
Were centred in her sickly boy. 10  
No touch of childhood's frolic mood  
Show'd the elastic spring of blood ;  
Hour after hour he loved to pore  
On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,  
But turn'd from martial scenes and light,  
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,  
To ponder Jacques' moral strain,  
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain ;  
And weep himself to soft repose  
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes. 20

## XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures found  
By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,  
But loved the quiet joys that wake  
By lonely stream and silent lake ;  
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,  
Where all is cliff and copse and sky ;  
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,  
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.  
Such was his wont ; and there his dream  
Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme 10

Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring,  
Till Contemplation's wearied wing  
The enthusiast could no more sustain,  
And sad he sunk to earth again.

## XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,  
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell ;  
For his was minstrel's skill, he caught  
The art unteachable, untaught ;  
He loved—his soul did nature frame  
For love, and fancy nursed the flame ;  
Vainly he loved—for seldom swain  
Of such soft mould is loved again ;  
Silent he loved—in every gaze  
Was passion, friendship in his phrase.  
So mused his life away—till died  
His brethren all, their father's pride.  
Wilfrid is now the only heir  
Of all his stratagems and care,  
And destined, darkling, to pursue  
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

10

## XXVII.

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright  
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.  
To love her was an easy hest,  
The secret empress of his breast ;  
To woo her was a harder task  
To one that durst not hope or ask.  
Yet all Matilda could, she gave  
•In pity to her gentle slave ;  
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,  
And praise, the poet's best reward !  
She read the tales his taste approved,  
And sung the lays he framed or loved ;

10

Yet, loath to nurse the fatal flame  
 Of hopeless love in friendship's name,  
 In kind caprice she oft withdrew  
 The favouring glance to friendship due,  
 Then grieved to see her victim's pain,  
 And gave the dangerous smiles again.

## XXVIII.

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand,  
 When war's loud summons waked the land.  
 Three banners, floating o'er the Tees,  
 The wo-foreboding peasant sees ;  
 In concert oft they braved of old  
 The bordering Scot's incursion bold ;  
 Frowning defiance in their pride,  
 Their vassals now and lords divide.  
 From his fair hall on Greta banks,  
 The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks, 10  
 To aid the valiant northern Earls,  
 Who drew the sword for royal Charles.  
 Mortham, by marriage near allied,—  
 His sister had been Rokeby's bride,  
 Though long before the civil fray,  
 In peaceful grave the lady lay,—  
 Philip of Mortham raised his band,  
 And march'd at Fairfax's command ;  
 While Wycliffe, bound by many a train  
 Of kindred art with wily Vane, 20  
 Less prompt to brave the bloody field,  
 Made Barnard's battlements his shield,  
 Secured them with his Lunedale powers,  
 And for the Commons held the towers.

## XXIX.

The lovely heir of Rokeby's Knight  
 Waits in his halls the event of fight ;

For England's war revered the claim  
Of every unprotected name,  
And spared, amid its fiercest rage,  
Childhood and womanhood and age.  
But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,  
Must the dear privilege forego,  
By Greta's side, in evening grey,  
To steal upon Matilda's way, 10  
Striving, with fond hypocrisy,  
For careless step and vacant eye ;  
Calming each anxious look and glance,  
To give the meeting all to chance,  
Or framing as a fair excuse,  
The book, the pencil, or the muse ;  
Something to give, to sing, to say,  
Some modern tale, some ancient lay.  
Then, while the long'd-for minutes last, —  
Ah ! minutes quickly over-past !— 20  
Recording each expression free,  
Of kind or careless courtesy,  
Each friendly look, each softer tone,  
As food for fancy when alone.  
All this is o'er—but still, unseen,  
Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green,  
To watch Matilda's wonted round,  
While springs his heart at every sound.  
She comes !—'tis but a passing sight,  
Yet serves to cheat his weary night ; 30  
She comes not—He will wait the hour,  
When her lamp lightens in the tower ;  
'Tis something yet, if, as she past,  
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.  
“ What is my life, my hope ? ” he said ;  
“ Alas ! a transitory shade.”



## XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove  
For mastery in vain with love,  
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum  
Of present woe and ills to come,  
While still he turn'd impatient ear  
From Truth's intrusive voice severe.  
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,  
In all but this, unmoved he view'd  
Each outward change of ill and good :  
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild, 10  
Was Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child ;  
In her bright car she bade him ride,  
With one fair form to grace his side,  
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,  
Flung her high spells around his seat,  
Bathed in her dews his languid head,  
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,  
For him her opiates gave to flow,  
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,  
And placed him in her circle, free 20  
From every stern reality,  
Till, to the Visionary, seem  
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

## XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,  
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,  
Pity and woe ! for such a mind  
Is soft, contemplative, and kind ;  
And woe to those who train such youth,  
And spare to press the rights of truth,  
The mind to strengthen and anneal,  
While on the stithy glows the steel !  
O teach him, while your lessons last,  
To judge the present by the past ; 10

Remind him of each wish pursued,  
 How rich it glow'd with promised good ;  
 Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,  
 How soon his hopes possession cloy'd !  
 Tell him, we play unequal game,  
 Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim ;  
 And, ere he strip him for her race,  
 Show the conditions of the chase :  
 Two sisters by the goal are set,  
 Cold Disappointment and Regret ;  
 One disenchant the winner's eyes,  
 And strips of all its worth the prize,  
 While one augments its gaudy show,  
 More to enhance the loser's woe.  
 The victor sees his fairy gold,  
 Transformed, when won, to drossy mold,  
 But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,  
 And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

20

## XXXII.

More would'st thou know—yon tower survey,  
 Yon couch unpress'd since parting day,  
 Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam  
 Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,  
 And yon thin form !—the hectic red  
 On his pale cheek unequal spread ;  
 The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,  
 The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.—  
 See, he looks up ;—a woful smile  
 Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while,—  
 'Tis fancy wakes some idle thought,  
 To gild the ruin she has wrought ;  
 For, like the bat of Indian brakes,  
 Her pinions fan the wound she makes,  
 And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,  
 She drinks his life-blood from the vein.

10

Now to the lattice turn his eyes,  
 Vain hope ! to see the sun arise.  
 The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,  
 Still howls by fits the stormy blast ; 20  
 Another hour must wear away,  
 Ere the East kindle into day,  
 And hark ! to waste that weary hour,  
 He tries the minstrel's magic power.

## XXXIII.

*Song.*

## TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,  
 Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky !  
 Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream  
 Lend to thy brow their sullen dye !  
 How should thy pure and peaceful eye  
 Untroubled view our scenes below,  
 Or how a tearless beam supply  
 To light a world of war and wo !

Fair Queen ! I will not blame thee now,  
 As once by Greta's fairy side ; 10  
 Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow  
 Did then an angel's beauty hide.  
 And of the shades I then could chide,  
 Still are the thoughts to memory dear,  
 For, while a softer strain I tried,  
 They hid my blush, and calm'd my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene  
 Was form'd to light some lonely dell,  
 By two fond lovers only seen,  
 Reflected from the crystal well, 20

Or sleeping on their mossy cell,  
Or quivering on the lattice bright,  
Or glancing on their couch, to tell  
How swiftly wanes the summer night !

## XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone hour !  
A voice !—his father seeks the tower,  
With haggard look and troubled sense,  
Fresh from his dreadful conference.  
“ Wilfrid !—what, not to sleep address'd ?  
Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.  
Mortham has fall'n on Marston-moor ;  
Bertram brings warrant to secure  
His treasures, bought by spoil and blood,  
For the state's use and public good. 10  
The menials will thy voice obey ;  
Let his commission have its way,  
In every point, in every word.”—  
Then, in a whisper,—“ Take thy sword !  
Bertram is—what I must not tell.  
I hear his hasty step—farewell ! ”

## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

FAR in the chambers of the west,  
The gale had sigh'd itself to rest ;  
The moon was cloudless now and clear,  
But pale, and soon to disappear.  
The thin grey clouds wax dimly light  
On Brusleton and Houghton height ;  
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,  
Waited the wakening touch of day,

To give its woods and cultured plain,  
And towers and spires, to light again. 10  
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,  
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,  
And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,  
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar ;  
While, as a livelier twilight falls,  
Emerge proud Barnard's banner'd walls.  
High crown'd he sits, in dawning pale,  
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

## II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower high,  
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye !—  
Far sweeping to the east, he sees  
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,  
And tracks his wanderings by the steam  
Of summer vapours from the stream ;  
And ere he pace his destined hour  
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,  
These silver mists shall melt away,  
And dew the woods with glittering spray. 10  
Then in broad lustre shall be shown  
That mighty trench of living stone,  
And each huge trunk that, from the side,  
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,  
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,  
Wears with his rage no common foe ;  
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,  
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,  
Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way,  
O'er solid sheets of marble grey. 20

## III.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,  
Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight ;

But many a tributary stream  
 Each from its own dark dell shall gleam :  
 Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,  
 Salutes proud Raby's battled towers ;  
 The rural brook of Egliston,  
 And Balder, named from Odin's son ;  
 And Greta, to whose banks ere long  
 We lead the lovers of the song ; 10  
 And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,  
 And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,  
 And last and least, but loveliest still,  
 Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.  
 Who in that dim-wood glen hath stray'd,  
 Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade ?  
 Who, wandering there, hath sought to change  
 Even for that vale so stern and strange,  
 Where Cartland's Crag, fantastic rent,  
 Through her green copse like spires are sent ? 20  
 Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,  
 Thy scenes and story to combine !  
 Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin strays,  
 List to the deeds of other days ;  
 'Mid Cartland's Crag thou show'st the cave,  
 The refuge of thy champion brave ;  
 Giving each rock its storied tale,  
 Pouring a lay for every dale,  
 Knitting, as with a moral band,  
 Thy native legends with thy land, 30  
 To lend each scene the interest high  
 Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

## IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight  
 Which sun-rise shows from Barnard's height,  
 But from the towers, preventing day,  
 With Wilfrid took his early way,



## VI.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh  
Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high  
Were northward in the dawning seen  
To rear them o'er the thicket green.  
O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd  
Beside him through the lovely glade,  
Lending his rich luxuriant glow  
Of fancy, all its charms to show,  
Pointing the stream rejoicing free,  
As captive set at liberty, 10  
Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,  
And clamouring joyful on her road ;  
Pointing where, up the sunny banks,  
The trees retire in scatter'd ranks,  
Save where, advanced before the rest,  
On knoll or hillock rears his crest,  
Lonely and huge, the giant Oak,  
As chappions, when their band is broke,  
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,  
The bulwark of the scatter'd host— 20  
All this, and more, might Spenser say,  
Yet waste in vain his magic lay,  
While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower,  
Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

## VII.

The open vale is soon pass'd o'er,  
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more ;  
Sinking mid Greta's thickets deep,  
A wild and darker course they keep,  
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode !  
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,  
Deeper and narrower grew the dell ;



It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven,  
A channel for the stream had given, 10  
So high the cliffs of limestone grey  
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,  
Yielding, along their rugged base,  
A flinty footpath's niggard space,  
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,  
May hear the headlong torrent rave,  
And like a steed in frantic fit,  
That flings the froth from curb and bit,  
May view her chafe her waves to spray,  
O'er every rock that bars her way, 20  
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,  
Thick as the schemes of human pride  
That down life's current drive amain,  
As frail, as frothy, and as vain !

## VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty head  
High o'er the river's darksome bed,  
Were now all naked, wild, and grey,  
Now waving all with greenwood spray ;  
Here trees to every crevice clung,  
And o'er the dell their branches hung ;  
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,  
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven ;  
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,  
And wreathed its garland round their crest, 10  
Or from the spires bade loosely flare  
Its tendrils in the middle air,  
As pennons wont to wave of old  
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,  
When revell'd loud the feudal rout,  
And the arch'd halls return'd their shout ;  
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,  
And such the echoes from her shore,

And so the ivied banners gleam  
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream. 20

## IX.

Now from the stream the rocks recede  
But leave between no sunny mead,  
No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,  
Oft found by such a mountain strand ;  
Forming such warm and dry retreat,  
As fancy deems the lonely seat,  
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,  
His rosary might love to tell.  
But here, 'twixt rock and river, grew  
A dismal grove of sable yew, 10  
With whose sad tints were mingled seen  
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.  
Seem'd that the trees their shadows cast  
The earth that nourish'd them to blast ;  
For never knew that swarthy grove  
The verdant hue that fairies love ;  
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,  
Arose within its baleful bower :  
The dank and sable earth receives  
Its only carpet from the leaves, 20  
That, from the withering branches cast,  
Bestrew'd the ground with every blast.  
Though now the sun was o'er the hill,  
In this dark spot 'twas twilight still,  
Save that on Greta's farther side  
Some straggling beams through copse-wood glide ;  
'And wild and savage contrast made  
That dingle's deep and funeral shade,  
With the bright tints of early day,  
Which, glimmering through the ivy spray, 30  
On the opposing summit lay.

## X.

The lated peasant shunn'd the dell ;  
For Superstition wont to tell  
Of many a grisly sound and sight,  
Scaring its path at dead of night.  
When Christmas logs blaze high and wide,  
Such wonders speed the festal tide ;  
While Curiosity and Fear,  
Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching near,  
Till childhood's cheek no longer glows,  
And village maidens lose the rose. 10  
The thrilling interest rises higher,  
The circle closes nigh and nigher,  
And shuddering glance is cast behind,  
As louder moans the wintry wind.  
Believe, that fitting scene was laid  
For such wild tales in Mortham glade ;  
For who had seen, on Greta's side,  
By that dim light fierce Bertram stride,  
In such a spot, at such an hour,—  
If touch'd by Superstition's power, 20  
Might well have deem'd that Hell had given  
A murderer's ghost to upper heaven,  
While Wilfrid's form had seem'd to glide  
Like his pale victim by his side.

## XI.

Nor think to village swains alone  
Are these unearthly terrors known ;  
For not to rank nor sex confined  
Is this vain ague of the mind :  
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,  
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd,  
Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May,  
Beneath its universal sway.

Bertram had listed many a tale  
Of wonder in his native dale, 10  
That in his secret soul retain'd  
The credence they in childhood gain'd :  
Nor less his wild adventurous youth  
Believed in every legend's truth ;  
Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gale,  
Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail,  
And the broad Indian moon her light  
Pour'd on the watch of middle night,  
When seamen love to hear and tell  
Of portent, prodigy, and spell : 20  
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,  
How whistle rash bids tempests roar,  
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,  
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light ;  
Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form  
Shoots like a meteor through the storm ;  
When the dark scud comes driving hard,  
And low'rd is every topsail yard,  
And canvass, wove in earthly looms,  
No more to brave the storm presumes ! 30  
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,  
Top and top-gallant hoisted high,  
Full spread and crowded every sail,  
The Demon Frigate braves the gale ;  
And well the doom'd spectators know  
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

## XII.

Then, too, were told, in stifled tone,  
Marvels and omens all their own ;  
How, by some desert isle or key,  
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,  
Or where the savage pirate's mood  
Repaid it home in deeds of blood,

Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear  
Appall'd the listening Bucanier,  
Whose light-armed shallop anchored lay  
In ambush by the lonely bay. 10  
The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,  
Ring from the moonlight groves of cane ;  
The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,  
Who wearies memory for a prayer,  
Curses the road-stead, and with gale  
Of early morning lifts the sail,  
To give, in thirst of blood and prey,  
A legend for another bay.

## XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,  
Train'd in the mystic and the wild,  
With this on Bertram's soul at times  
Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes ;  
Such to his troubled soul their form,  
As the pale Death-ship to the storm,  
And such their omen dim and dread,  
As shrieks and voices of the dead,—  
That pang, whose transitory force  
Hover'd 'twixt horror and remorse— 10  
That pang, perchance, his bosom press'd,  
As Wilfrid sudden he address'd :—  
“ Wilfrid, this glen is never trod  
Until the sun rides high abroad ;  
Yet twice have I beheld to-day  
A Form, that seem'd to dog our way ;  
Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee,  
And shroud itself by cliff or tree.  
How think'st thou ?—Is our path waylaid ?  
Or hath thy sire my trust betray'd ? 20  
If so ”——Ere, starting from his dream,  
That turn'd upon a gentler theme,

Wilfrid had roused him to reply,  
Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,  
“Whate’er thou art, thou now shalt stand!”—  
And forth he darted, sword in hand.

## XIV.

As bursts the levin in its wrath,  
He shot him down the sounding path ;  
Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out,  
To his loud step and savage shout.  
Seems that the object of his race  
Hath scaled the cliffs ; his frantic chase  
Sidelong he turns, and now ’tis bent  
Right up the rock’s tall battlement ;  
Straining each sinew to ascend,  
Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend. 10  
Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay,  
Views, from beneath, his dreadful way :  
Now to the oak’s warp’d roots he clings,  
Now trusts his weight to ivy strings ;  
Now, like the wild-goat, must he dare  
An unsupported leap in air ;  
Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,  
You mark him by the crashing bough,  
And by his corslet’s sullen clank,  
And by the stones spur’d from the bank, 20  
And by the hawk scared from her nest,  
And ravens croaking o’er their guest,  
Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay  
The tribute of his bold essay.

## XV.

See, he emerges !—desperate now  
All farther course—Yon beetling brow,  
In craggy nakedness sublime,  
What heart or foot shall dare to climb ?

It bears no tendril for his clasp,  
Presents no angle to his grasp :  
Sole stay his foot may rest upon,  
Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.  
Balanced on such precarious prop,  
He strains his grasp to reach the top. 10  
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,  
By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes !  
Beneath his tottering bulk it bends,  
It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descends !  
And downward holds its headlong way,  
Crashing o'er rock and copsewood spray.  
Loud thunders shake the echoing dell !—  
Fell it alone ?—alone it fell.  
Just on the very verge of fate,  
The hardy Bertram's falling weight 20  
He trusted to his sinewy hands,  
And on the top unharm'd, he stands !

## xvi.

Wilfrid a safer path pursued ;  
At intervals, where roughly hew'd,  
Rude steps ascending from the dell  
Render'd the cliffs accessible.  
By circuit slow he thus attain'd  
The height that Risingham had gain'd,  
And when he issued from the wood,  
Before the gate of Mortham stood.  
'Twas a fair scene ! the sunbeam lay  
On battled tower and portal grey : 10  
And from the grassy slope he sees  
The Greta flow to meet the Tees ;  
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,  
She caught the morning's eastern red,  
And through the softening vale below  
Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy glow,

All blushing to her bridal bed,  
Like some shy maid in convent bred ;  
While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay,  
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay. 20

## XVII.

'Twas sweetly sung that roundelay ;  
That summer morn shone blithe and gay ;  
But morning beam, and wild-bird's call,  
Awaked not Mortham's silent hall.  
No porter, by the low-brow'd gate,  
Took in the wonted niche his seat ;  
To the paved court no peasant drew ;  
Waked to their toil no menial crew ;  
The maiden's carol was not heard,  
As to her morning task she fared : 10  
In the void offices around,  
Rung not a hoof, nor bay'd a hound ;  
Nor eager steed, with shrilling neigh,  
Accused 'the lagging groom's delay ;  
Untrimm'd, undress'd, neglected now,  
Was alley'd walk and orchard bough ;  
All spoke the master's absent care,  
All spoke neglect and disrepair.  
South of the gate, an arrow flight,  
Two mighty elms their limbs unite, 20  
As if a canopy, to spread  
O'er the lone dwelling of the dead ;  
For their huge boughs in arches bent  
Above a massive monument,  
Carv'd o'er in ancient Gothic wise,  
With many a scutcheon and device :  
There, spent with toil and sunk in gloom,  
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.



## XVIII.

"It vanish'd like a flitting ghost !  
Behind this tomb," he said, "'twas lost—  
This tomb, where oft I deem'd lies stored  
Of Mortham's Indian wealth the hoard.  
'Tis true, the aged servants said  
Here his lamented wife is laid ;  
But weightier reasons may be guess'd  
For their lord's strict and stern behest,  
That none should on his steps intrude,  
Whene'er he sought this solitude.— 10  
An ancient mariner I knew,  
What time I sail'd with Morgan's crew,  
Who oft, 'mid our carousals, spake  
Of Raleigh, Forbisher, and Drake ;  
Adventurous hearts ! who barter'd, bold,  
Their English steel for Spanish gold.  
Trust not, would his experience say,  
Captain or comrade with your prey ;  
But seek some charnel, when, at full,  
The moon gilds skeleton and skull : 20  
There dig, and tomb your precious heap ;  
And bid the dead your treasure keep ;  
Sure stewards they, if fitting spell  
Their service to the task compel.  
Lacks there such charnel ?—kill a slave,  
Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave ;  
And bid his discontented ghost  
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—  
Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween,  
Is in my morning vision seen."— 30

## XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorn'd the legend wild,  
In mingled mirth and pity smiled,

Much marvelling that a breast so bold  
 In such fond tale belief should hold ;  
 But yet of Bertram sought to know  
 The apparition's form and show.—  
 The power within the guilty breast,  
 Oft vanquished, never quite suppress'd,  
 That unsubdued and lurking lies  
 To take the felon by surprise, 10  
 And force him, as by magic spell,  
 In his despite his guilt to tell,—  
 That power in Bertram's breast awoke ;  
 Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke ;  
 "'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to head !  
 His morion, with the plume of red,  
 His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham, right  
 As when I slew him in the fight."—  
 "Thou slay him ?—thou ?"—With conscious start  
 He heard, then mann'd his haughty heart— 20  
 "I slew him ?—I !—I had forgot  
 Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot.  
 But it is spoken—nor will I  
 Deed done, or spoken word, deny.  
 I slew him ; I ! for thankless pride ;  
 'Twas by this hand that Mortham died."

## XX.

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,  
 Averse to every active part,  
 But most averse to martial broil,  
 From danger shrunk, and turn'd from toil ;  
 Yet the meek lover of the lyre  
 Nursed one brave spark of noble fire ;  
 Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,  
 His blood beat high, his hand wax'd strong.  
 Not his the nerves that could sustain,  
 Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain ; 10

But, when that spark blazed forth to flame,  
He rose superior to his frame  
And now it came, that generous mood ;  
And, in full current of his blood,  
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,  
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.  
"Should every fiend, to whom thou'rt sold,  
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—  
Arouse there, ho ! take spear and sword !  
Attach the murderer of your lord !"

20

## XXI.

A moment, fix'd as by a spell,  
Stood Bertram—It seem'd miracle,  
That one so feeble, soft, and tame,  
Set grasp on warlike Risingham.  
But when he felt a feeble stroke,  
The fiend within the ruffian woke !  
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand,  
To dash him headlong on the sand,  
Was but one moment's work,—one more  
Had drench'd the blade in Wilfrid's gore ;  
But, in the instant it arose,  
To end his life, his love, his woes,  
A warlike form, that marked the scene,  
Presents his rapier sheathed between,  
Parries the fast-descending blow,  
And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe ;  
Nor then unscabbarded his brand,  
But, sternly pointing with his hand,  
With monarch's voice forbade the fight,  
And motion'd Bertram from his sight.  
"Go, and repent,"—he said, "while time  
Is given thee ; add not crime to crime."

10

20

## XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,  
 As on a vision Bertram gazed !  
 'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high,  
 His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,  
 His look and accent of command,  
 The martial gesture of his hand,  
 His stately form, spare-built and tall,  
 His war-bleach'd locks—'twas Mortham all.  
 Through Bertram's dizzy brain career  
 A thousand thoughts, and all of fear ; 10  
 His wavering faith received not quite  
 The form he saw as Mortham's sprite,  
 But more he fear'd it, if it stood  
 His lord, in living flesh and blood.—  
 What spectre can the charnel send,  
 So dreadful as an injured friend ?  
 Then, too, the habit of command,  
 Used by the leader of the band,  
 When Risingham, for many a day,  
 Had march'd and fought beneath his sway, 20  
 Tamed him—and, with reverted face,  
 Backwards he bore his sullen pace ;  
 Oft stopp'd, and oft on Mortham stared,  
 And dark as rated mastiff glared ;  
 But when the tramp of steeds was heard,  
 Plunged in the glen, and disappear'd,  
 Nor longer there the Warrior stood,  
 Retiring eastward through the wood ;  
 But first to Wilfrid warning gives,  
 " Tell thou to none that Mortham lives." 30

## XXIII.

Still rung these words in Wilfrid's ear,  
 Hinting he knew not what of fear ;

When nearer came the coursers' tread,  
 And, with his father at their head,  
 Of horsemen arm'd a gallant power  
 Rein'd up their steeds before the tower.  
 "Whence these pale looks, my son?" he said:  
 "Where's Bertram?—Why that naked blade?"  
 Wilfrid ambiguously replied,  
 (For Mortham's charge his honour tied,) 10  
 "Bertram is gone—the villain's word  
 Avouch'd him murderer of his lord!  
 Even now we fought—but, when your tread  
 Announced you nigh, the felon fled."  
 In Wycliffe's conscious eye appear  
 A guilty hope, a guilty fear;  
 On his pale brow the dewdrop broke,  
 And his lip quiver'd as he spoke:—

## XXIV.

"A murderer!—Philip Mortham died  
 Amid the battle's wildest tide.  
 Wilfrid, or Bertram raves, or you!  
 Yet, grant such strange confession true,  
 Pursuit were vain—let him fly far—  
 Justice must sleep in civil war."  
 A gallant Youth rode near his side,  
 Brave Rokeby's page, in battle tried;  
 That morn, an embassy of weight  
 He brought to Barnard's castle gate, 10  
 And follow'd now in Wycliffe's train,  
 An answer for his lord to gain.  
 His steed, whose arch'd and sable neck  
 An hundred wreaths of foam bedeck,  
 Chafed not against the curb more high  
 Than he at Oswald's cold reply;  
 He bit his lip, implored his saint,  
 (His the old faith)—then burst restraint;—

## XXV.

“Yes ! I beheld his bloody fall,  
By that base traitor’s dastard ball,  
Just when I thought to measure sword,  
Presumptuous hope ! with Mortham’s lord.  
And shall the murderer ’scape who slew  
His leader, generous, brave, and true ?  
Escape, while on the dew you trace  
The marks of his gigantic pace ?  
No ! ere the sun that dew shall dry,  
False Risingham shall yield or die.—  
Ring out the castle ’larum bell !  
Arouse the peasants with the knell !  
Meantime disperse—ride, gallants, ride !  
Beset the wood on every side.  
But if among you one there be,  
That honours Mortham’s memory,  
Let him dismount and follow me !  
Else on your crests sit fear and shame,  
And foul suspicion dog your name !”

10

## XXVI.

Instant to earth young REDMOND sprung ;  
Instant on earth the harness rung  
Of twenty men of Wycliffe’s band,  
Who waited not their lord’s command.  
Redmond his spurs from buskins drew,  
His mantle from his shoulders threw,  
His pistols in his belt he placed,  
The green-wood gain’d, the footsteps traced,  
Shouted like huntsman to his hounds,  
“To cover, hark !”—and in he bounds.  
Scarce heard was Oswald’s anxious cry,  
“Suspicion ! yes—pursue him—fly—

10

But venture not, in useless strife,  
On ruffian desperate of his life,  
Whoever finds him, shoot him dead !  
Five hundred nobles for his head !”

## XXVII.

The horsemen gallop'd, to make good  
Each path that issued from the wood.  
Loud from the thickets rung the shout  
Of Redmond and his eager rout ;  
With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,  
And envying Redmond's martial fire,  
And emulous of fame.—But where  
Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir ?  
He, bound by honour, law, and faith,  
Avenger of his kinsman's death ?— 10  
Leaning against the elmin tree,  
With drooping head and slacken'd knee,  
And clenched teeth, and close-clasp'd hands,  
In agony of soul he stands !  
His downcast eye on earth is bent,  
His soul to every sound is lent ;  
For in each shout that cleaves the air,  
May ring discovery and despair.

## XXVIII.

What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd  
The morning sun on Mortham's glade ?  
All seems in giddy round to ride,  
Like objects on a stormy tide,  
Seen eddying by the moonlight dim,  
Imperfectly to sink and swim.  
What 'vail'd it, that the fair domain,  
Its battled mansion, hill, and plain,  
On which the sun so brightly shone,  
Envied so long, was now his own ? 10

The lowest dungeon, in that hour,  
 Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,  
 Had been his choice, could such a doom  
 Have open'd Mortham's bloody tomb !  
 Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear  
 To each surmise of hope or fear,  
 Murmur'd among the rustics round,  
 Who gather'd at the 'larum sound ;  
 He dared not turn his head away,  
 E'en to look up to heaven to pray, 20  
 Or call on hell, in bitter mood,  
 For one sharp death-shot from the wood !

## XXIX.

At length o'erpast that dreadful space,  
 Back straggling came the scatter'd chase ;  
 Jaded and weary, horse and man,  
 Return'd the troopers, one by one.  
 Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say,  
 All trace was lost of Bertram's way,  
 Though Redmond still, up Brignall wood,  
 The hopeless quest in vain pursued.—  
 O, fatal doom of human race !  
 What tyrant passions passions chase ! 10  
 Remorse from Oswald's brow is gone,  
 Avarice and pride resume their throne ;  
 The pang of instant terror by,  
 They dictate us their slave's reply :—

## XXX.

" Ay—let him range like hasty hound !  
 And if the grim wolf's lair be found,  
 Small is my care how goes the game  
 With Redmond, or with Risingham.—  
 Nay, answer not, thou simple boy !  
 Thy fair Matilda, all so coy



To thee, is of another mood  
To that bold youth of Erin's blood.  
Thy ditties will she freely praise,  
And pay thy pains with courtly phrase ; 10  
In a rough path will oft command—  
Accept at least—thy friendly hand ;  
His she avoids, or, urged and pray'd,  
Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid,  
While conscious passion plainly speaks  
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.  
Whene'er he sings, will she glide nigh,  
And all her soul is in her eye ;  
Yet doubts she still to tender free  
The wonted words of courtesy. 20  
These are strong signs !—yet wherefore sigh,  
And wipe, effeminate, thine eye ?  
Thine shall she be, if thou attend  
The counsels of thy sire and friend.

## XXXI.

“ Scarce wert thou gone, when peep of light  
Brought genuine news of Marston's fight.  
Brave Cromwell turn'd the doubtful tide,  
And conquest bless'd the rightful side ;  
Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,  
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled ;  
Nobles and knights, so proud of late,  
Must fine for freedom and estate.  
Of these, committed to my charge,  
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large ; 10  
Redmond, his page, arrived to say  
He reaches Barnard's towers to-day.  
Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
Unless that maid compound with thee !  
Go to her now—be bold of cheer,  
While her soul floats 'twixt hope and fear ;

It is the very change of tide,  
When best the female heart is tried—  
Pride, prejudice, and modesty,  
Are in the current swept to sea ; 20  
And the bold swain, who plies his oar,  
May lightly row his bark to shore."

## CANTO THIRD.

## I.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth  
Respect the brethren of their birth ;  
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,  
Less cruel chase to each assign'd.  
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,  
Watches the wild-duck by the spring ;  
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair ;  
The greyhound presses on the hare ;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb ;  
The wolf devours the fleecy dam : 10  
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,  
Their likeness and their lineage spare ;  
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man ;  
Plying war's desultory trade,  
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,  
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,  
At first the bloody game begun.

## II.

The Indian, prowling for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way,  
And knows in distant forest far  
Camp his red brethren of the war ;

He, when each double and disguise  
 To baffle the pursuit he tries,  
 Low crouching now his head to hide,  
 Where swampy streams through rushes glide,  
 Now covering with the wither'd leaves  
 The foot-prints that the dew receives ; 10  
 He, skill'd in every silvan guile,  
 Knows not, nor tries, such various wile,  
 As Risingham, when on the wind  
 Arose the loud pursuit behind.  
 In Redesdale his youth had heard  
 Each art her wily dalesmen dared,  
 When Rookan-edge, and Redswair high,  
 To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry,  
 Announcing Jedwood-axe and spear,  
 And Lid'sdale riders in the rear ; 20  
 And well his venturous life had proved  
 The lessons that his childhood loved.

## III.

Oft had he shown, in climes afar,  
 Each attribute of roving war ;  
 The sharpen'd ear, the piercing eye,  
 The quick resolve in danger nigh ;  
 The speed, that in the flight or chase  
 Outstripp'd the Charib's rapid race ;  
 The steady brain, the sinewy limb,  
 To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim ;  
 The iron frame, inured to bear  
 Each dire inclemency of air, 10  
 Nor less confirm'd to undergo  
 Fatigue's faint chill, and famine's throe.  
 These arts he proved, his life to save,  
 In peril oft by land and wave,  
 On Arawaca's desert shore,  
 Or where La Plata's billows roar,

When oft the sons of vengeful Spain  
Track'd the marauder's steps in vain.  
These arts, in Indian warfare tried,  
Must save him now by Greta's side.

## IV.

'Twas then, in hour of utmost need,  
He proved his courage, art, and speed.  
Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,  
Now started forth in rapid race,  
Oft doubling back in mazy train,  
To blind the trace the dew's retain ;  
Now clombe the rocks projecting high,  
To baffle the pursuer's eye ;  
Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound  
The echo of his footsteps drown'd. 10  
But if the forest verge he nears,  
There trample steeds, and glimmer spears ;  
If deeper down the copse he drew,  
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,  
Beating each cover while they came,  
As if to start the silvan game.  
'Twas then—like tiger close beset  
At every pass with toil and net,  
'Counter'd, where'er he turns his glare,  
By clashing arms and torches' flare, 20  
Who meditates, with furious bound,  
To burst on hunter, horse, and hound,—  
'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose,  
Prompting to rush upon his foes :  
But as that crouching tiger, cow'd  
By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd,  
Retreats beneath the jungle's shroud,  
Bertram suspends his purpose stern,  
And crouches in the brake and fern,

Hiding his face, lest foemen spy 30  
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

## v.

Then Bertram might the bearing trace  
Of the bold youth who led the chase ;  
Who paused to list for every sound,  
Climb'd every height to look around,  
Then rushing on with naked sword,  
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.  
'Twas Redmond--by the azure eye ;  
'Twas Redmond--by the locks that fly  
Disorder'd from his glowing cheek ;  
Mien, face, and form, young Redmond speak. 10  
A form more active, light, and strong,  
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along ;  
The modest, yet the manly mien,  
Might grace the court of maiden queen ;  
A face more fair you well might find,  
For Redmond's knew the sun and wind,  
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,  
The charm of regularity ;  
But every feature had the power  
To aid the expression of the hour : 20  
Whether gay wit, and humour sly,  
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye ;  
Or bended brow, and glance of fire,  
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire ;  
Or soft and sadden'd glances show  
Her ready sympathy with woe ;  
Or in that wayward mood of mind,  
When various feelings are combined,  
When joy and sorrow mingle near,  
And hope's bright wings are check'd by fear, 30  
And rising doubts keep transport down,  
And anger lends a short-lived frown ;

In that strange mood which maids approve  
Even when they dare not call it love ;  
With every change his features play'd,  
As aspens show the light and shade.

## VI.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew :  
And much he marvell'd that the crew,  
Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead,  
Were by that Mortham's foeman led ;  
For never felt his soul the woe,  
That wails a generous foeman low,  
Far less that sense of justice strong,  
That wreaks a generous foeman's wrong.  
But small his leisure now to pause ;  
Redmond is first, whate'er the cause : 10  
And twice that Redmond came so near  
Where Bertram couch'd like hunted deer,  
'The very boughs his steps displace,  
Rustled, against the ruffian's face,  
Who, desperate, twice prepared to start,  
And plunge his dagger in his heart !  
But Redmond turn'd a different way,  
And the bent boughs resumed their sway,  
And Bertram held it wise, unseen,  
Deeper to plunge in coppice green. 20  
Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,  
When roving hunters beat the brake,  
Watches with red and glistening eye,  
Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh,  
With forked tongue and venom'd fang  
Instant to dart the deadly pang ;  
But if the intruders turn aside,  
Away his coils unfolded glide,  
And through the deep savannah wind,  
Some undisturb'd retreat to find. 30

## VII.

But Bertram, as he backward drew,  
And heard the loud pursuit renew,  
And Redmond's hollo on the wind,  
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—  
“Redmond O'Neale ! were thou and I  
Alone this day's event to try,  
With not a second here to see,  
But the grey cliff and oaken tree,—  
That voice of thine, that shouts so loud,  
Should ne'er repeat its summons proud !                   10  
No ! nor e'er try its melting power  
Again in maiden's summer bower.”  
Eluded, now behind him die,  
Faint and more faint each hostile cry ;  
He stands in Scargill wood alone,  
Nor hears he now a harsher tone  
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive cry,  
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by ;  
And on the dale, so lone and wild,  
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

## VIII.

He listen'd long with anxious heart,  
Ear bent to hear, and foot to start,  
And, while his stretch'd attention glows,  
Refused his weary frame repose.  
’Twas silence all—he laid him down,  
Where purple heath profusely strown,  
And throatwort with its azure bell,  
And moss and thyme his cushion swell.  
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed  
The course of Greta's playful tide :                   10  
Beneath her banks now eddying dun,  
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,

As, dancing over rock and stone,  
In yellow light her currents shone,  
Matching in hue the favourite gem  
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.  
Then, tired to watch the current's play,  
He turned his weary eyes away,  
To where the bank opposing show'd  
Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy wood. 20  
One, prominent above the rest,  
Rear'd to the sun its pale grey breast ;  
Around its broken summit grew  
The hazel rude, and sable yew ;  
A thousand varied lichens dyed  
Its waste and weather-beaten side,  
And round its rugged basis lay,  
By time or thunder rent away,  
Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,  
Were mantled now by verdant thorn. 30  
Such was the scene's wild majesty,  
That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing eye.

## IX.

In sullen mood he lay reclined,  
Revelling, in his stormy mind,  
The felon deed, the fruitless guilt,  
His patron's blood by treason spilt ;  
A crime, it seem'd, so dire and dread,  
That it had power to wake the dead.  
Then, pondering on his life betray'd  
By Oswald's art to Redmond's blade,  
In treacherous purpose to withhold,  
So seem'd it, Mortham's promised gold, 10  
A deep and full revenge he vow'd  
On Redmond, forward, fierce, and proud ;  
Revenge on Wilfrid—on his sire  
Redoubled vengeance, swift and dire !—



If, in such mood, (as legends say,  
And well believed that simple day,)  
The Enemy of Man has power  
To profit by the evil hour,  
Here stood a wrtch, prepared to change  
His soul's redemption for revenge ! 20  
But though his vows, with such a fire  
Of earnest and intense desire  
For vengeance dark and fell, were made,  
As well might reach hell's lowest shade,  
No deeper clouds the grove embrown'd,  
No nether thunders shook the ground ;—  
The demon knew his vassal's heart,  
And spared temptation's needless art.

## x.

Oft, mingled with the direful theme,  
Came Mortham's form—Was it a dream ?  
Or had he seen, in vision true,  
That very Mortham whom he slew ?  
Or had in living flesh appear'd  
The only man on earth he fear'd ?—  
To try the mystic cause intent,  
His eyes, that on the cliff were bent,  
'Counter'd at once a dazzling glance,  
Like sunbeam flash'd from sword or lance. 10  
At once he started as for fight,  
But not a foeman was in sight ;  
He heard the cushat's murmur hoarse,  
He heard the river's sounding course ;  
The solitary woodlands lay,  
As slumbering in the summer ray.  
He gazed, like lion roused, around,  
Then sunk again upon the ground.  
'Twas but, he thought, some fitful beam,  
Glanced sudden from the sparkling stream ; 20

Then plunged him in his gloomy train  
Of ill-connected thoughts again,  
Until a voice behind him cried,  
“ Bertram ! well met on Greta side.”

## XI.

Instant his sword was in his hand,  
As instant sunk the ready brand ;  
Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood  
To him that issued from the wood :  
“ Guy Denzil !—is it thou ? ” he said ;  
“ Do we two meet in Scargill shade !—  
Stand back a space !—thy purpose show,  
Whether thou comest as friend or foe.  
Report hath said, that Denzil’s name  
From Rokeby’s band was razed with shame.”— 10  
“ A shame I owe that hot O’Neale,  
Who told his knight, in peevish zeal,  
Of my marauding on the clowns  
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.  
I reck not. In a war to strive,  
Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,  
Suits ill my mood ; and better game  
Awaits us both, if thou’rt the same  
Unscrupulous, bold Risingham,  
Who watch’d with me in midnight dark, 20  
To snatch a deer from Rokeby-park.  
How think’st thou ? ”—“ Speak thy purpose out ;  
I love not mystery or doubt.”—

## XII.

“ Then list.—Not far there lurk a crew  
Of trusty comrades, stanch and true,  
Glean’d from both factions—Roundheads, freed  
From cant of sermon and of creed ;

And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,  
Spurn at the bonds of discipline.  
Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold,  
A warfare of our own to hold,  
Than breathe our last on battle-down,  
For cloak or surplice, mace or crown. 10  
Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,  
A chief and leader lack we yet.—  
Thou art a wanderer, it is said ;  
For Mortham's death, thy steps waylaid,  
Thy head at price—so say our spies,  
Who range the valley in disguise.  
Join then with us :—though wild debate  
And wrangling rend our infant state,  
Each to an equal loath to bow,  
Will yield to chief renown'd as thou.”— 20

## XIII.

“ Even now,” thought Bertram, “ passion-stirr'd,  
I call'd on hell, and hell has heard !  
What lack I, vengeance to command,  
But of stanch comrades such a band ?  
This Denzil, vow'd to every evil,  
Might read a lesson to the devil.  
Well, be it so ! each knave and fool  
Shall serve as my revenge's tool.”—  
Aloud, “ I take thy proffer, Guy,  
But tell me where thy comrades lie ? ”— 10  
“ Not far from hence,” Guy Denzil said ;  
“ Descend, and cross the river's bed,  
Where rises yonder cliff so grey.”  
“ Do thou,” said Bertram, “ lead the way.”  
Then mutter'd, “ It is best make sure ;  
Guy Denzil's faith was never pure.”  
He follow'd down the steep descent,  
Then through the Greta's streams they went ;

And, when they reach'd the farther shore,  
They stood the lonely cliff before. 20

## XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within  
The flinty rock a murmur'd din ;  
But when Guy pull'd the wilding spray,  
And brambles, from its base away,  
He saw, appearing to the air,  
A little entrance, low and square,  
Like opening cell of hermit lone,  
Dark, winding through the living stone.  
Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram here ;  
And loud and louder on their ear, 10  
As from the bowels of the earth,  
Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.  
Of old, the cavern strait and rude  
In slaty rock the peasant hew'd ;  
And Brignall's woods, and Scargill's, wave,  
E'en now, o'er many a sister cave,  
Where, far within the darksome rift,  
The wedge and lever ply their thrift.  
But war had silenced rural trade,  
And the deserted mine was made 20  
The banquet-hall and fortress too,  
Of Denzil and his desperate crew.—  
There Guilt his anxious revel kept ;  
There, on his sordid pallet, slept  
Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drain'd  
Still in his slumbering grasp retain'd ;  
Regret was there, his eye still cast  
With vain repining on the past ;  
Among the feasters waited near  
Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear, 30  
And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,  
With his own crimes reproaching heaven ;

While Bertram show'd, amid the crew,  
The Master-Fiend that Milton drew.

## XV.

Hark ! the loud revel wakes again,  
To greet the leader of the train.  
Behold the group by the pale lamp,  
That struggles with the earthy damp.  
By what strange features Vice hath known,  
To single out and mark her own !  
Yet some there are, whose brows retain  
Less deeply stamp'd her brand and stain.  
See yon pale stripling ! when a boy,  
A mother's pride, a father's joy ! 10  
Now, 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,  
An early image fills his mind :  
The cottage, once his sire's, he sees,  
Embower'd upon the banks of Tees ;  
He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,  
And shares the dance on Gainford-green.  
A tear is springing—but the zest  
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,  
Hath to loud laughter stirr'd the rest.  
On him they call, the aptest mate 20  
For jovial song and merry feat :  
Fast flies his dream—with dauntless air,  
As one victorious o'er Despair,  
He bids the ruddy cup go round,  
Till sense and sorrow both are drown'd ;  
And soon, in merry wassail, he,  
The life of all their revelry,  
Peals his loud song !—The muse has found  
Her blossoms on the wildest ground,  
Mid noxious weeds at random strew'd, 30  
Themselves all profitless and rude.—

With desperate merriment he sung,  
 The cavern to the chorus rung ;  
 Yet mingled with his reckless glee  
 Remorse's bitter agony.

## XVI.

*Song.*

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there,  
 Would grace a summer queen.  
 And as I rode by Dalton-hall,  
 Beneath the turrets high,  
 A Maiden on the castle wall  
 Was singing merrily,—

## CHORUS.

“O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green ;  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
 Than reign our English queen.”— 10

“If, Maiden, thou would'st wend with me,  
 To leave both tower and town,  
 Thou first must guess what life lead we,  
 That dwell by dale and down ?  
 And if thou canst that riddle read,  
 As read full well you may,  
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,  
 As blithe as Queen of May.”— 20

## CHORUS.

Yet sung she, “Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are green ;  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
 Than reign our English queen.

## XVII.

“I read you, by your bugle horn,  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn,  
To keep the king’s greenwood.”—  
“A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And ’tis at peep of light ;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night.”—

## CHORUS.

Yet sung she, “Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay ; 10  
I would I were with Edmund there,  
To reign his Queen of May !

“With burnish’d brand and musketoon,  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon,  
That lists the tuck of drum.”—  
“I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear ;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
My comrades take the spear. 20

## CHORUS.

“And, O ! though Brignall banks be fair,  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,  
Would reign my Queen of May !

## XVIII.

“Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I’ll die ;  
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,  
Were better mate than I !

And when I'm with my comrades met,  
Beneath the greenwood bough,  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now.

## CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green, 10  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen."

When Edmund ceased his simple song,  
Was silence on the sullen throng,  
Till waked some ruder mate their glee  
With note of coarser minstrelsy.  
But, far apart, in dark divan,  
Denzil and Bertram many a plan,  
Of import foul and fierce, design'd,  
While still on Bertram's grasping mind 20  
The wealth of murder'd Mortham hung ;  
Though half he fear'd his daring tongue,  
When it should give his wishes birth,  
Might raise a spectre from the earth !

## XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he told :  
When, scornful, smiled his comrade bold ;  
For, train'd in license of a court,  
Religion's self was Denzil's sport ;  
Then judge in what contempt he held  
The visionary tales of eld !  
His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd  
The unbeliever's sneering jest.  
" 'Twere hard," he said, " for sage or seer,  
To spell the subject of your fear ; 10



Nor do I boast the art renown'd,  
Vision and omen to expound.  
Yet, faith if I must needs afford  
To spectre watching treasured hoard,  
As ban-dog keeps his master's roof,  
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,  
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt  
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt ;  
For why his guard on Mortham hold,  
When Rokeby castle hath the gold 20  
Thy patron won on Indian soil,  
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil ?"—

## XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame  
Lower'd on the brow of Risingham.  
He blush'd to think, that he should seem  
Assertor of an airy dream,  
And gave his wrath another theme.  
“Denzil,” he says, “though lowly laid,  
Wrong not the memory of the dead ;  
For, while he lived, at Mortham's look  
Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shook !  
And when he tax'd thy breach of word 10  
To yon fair Rose of Allenford,  
I saw thee crouch like chasten'd hound,  
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath found.  
Nor dare to call his foreign wealth  
The spoil of piracy or stealth ;  
He won it bravely with his brand,  
When Spain waged warfare with our land.  
Mark, too—I brook no idle jeer,  
Nor couple Bertram's name with fear ;  
Mine is but half the demon's lot, 20  
For I believe, but tremble not.—

Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard  
Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle stored ;  
Or think'st that Mortham would bestow  
His treasure with his faction's foe ?”

## XXI.

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-timed mirth ;  
Rather he would have seen the earth  
Give to ten thousand spectres birth,  
Than venture to awake to flame  
The deadly wrath of Risingham  
Submiss he answer'd,—“ Mortham's mind,  
Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclined.  
In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free,  
A lusty reveller was he ;  
But since return'd from over sea, 10  
A sullen and a silent mood  
Hath numb'd the current of his blood.  
Hence he refused each kindly call  
To Rokely's hospitable hall,  
And our stout knight, at dawn of morn  
Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,  
Nor less, when eve his oaks embrown'd,  
To see the ruddy cup go round,  
Took umbrage that a friend so near  
Refused to share his chase and cheer ; 20  
Thus did the kindred barons jar,  
Ere they divided in the war.  
Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair  
Of Mortham's wealth is destined heir.”—

## XXII.

“ Destined to her ! to yon slight maid !  
The prize my life had wellnigh paid,  
When 'gainst Laroche, by Cayo's wave,  
I fought, my patron's wealth to save !—

Denzil, I knew him long, yet ne'er  
Knew him that joyous cavalier,  
Whom youthful friends and early fame  
Call'd soul of gallantry and game.  
A moody man, he sought our crew,  
Desperate and dark, whom no one knew ; 10  
And rose, as men with us must rise,  
By scorning life and all its ties.  
On each adventure rash he roved,  
As danger for itself he loved ;  
On his sad brow nor mirth nor wine  
Could e'er one wrinkled knot untwine ;  
Ill was the omen if he smiled,  
For 'twas in peril stern and wild ;  
But when he laugh'd, each luckless mate  
Might hold our fortune desperate. 20  
Foremost he fought in every broil,  
Then scornful turn'd him from the spoil ;  
Nay, often strove to bar the way  
Between his comrades and their prey ;  
Preaching, even then, to such as we,  
Hot with our dear-bought victory,  
Of mercy and humanity.

## XXIII.

" I loved him well—His fearless part,  
His gallant leading, won my heart.  
And after each victorious fight,  
'Twas I that wrangled for his right,  
Redeem'd his portion of the prey  
That greedier mates had torn away :  
In field and storm thrice saved his life,  
And once amid our comrades' strife.—  
Yes, I have loved thee ! Well hath proved  
My toil, my danger, how I loved ! 10

Yet will I mourn no more thy fate,  
Ingrate in life, in death ingrate.  
Rise if thou canst !” he look’d around,  
And sternly stamp’d upon the ground—  
“ Rise, with thy bearing proud and high,  
Even as this morn it met mine eye,  
And give me, if thou darest, the lie !”  
He paused—then, calm and passion-freed,  
Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

## XXIV.

"Bertram, to thee I need not tell,  
 What thou hast cause to wot so well,  
 How Superstition's nets were twined  
 Around the Lord of Mortham's mind ;  
 But since he drove thee from his tower,  
 A maid he found in Greta's bower,  
 Whose speech, like David's harp, had sway,  
 To charm his evil fiend away.  
 I know not if her features moved  
 Remembrance of the wife he loved ;  
 But he would gaze upon her eye,  
 Till his mood soften'd to a sigh.  
 He, whom no living mortal sought  
 To question of his secret thought,  
 Now every thought and care confess'd  
 To his fair niece's faithful breast ;  
 Nor was there aught of rich and rare,  
 In earth, in ocean, or in air,  
 But it must deck Matilda's hair.  
 Her love still bound him unto life ;  
 But then awoke the civil strife,  
 And menials bore, by his commands,  
 Three coffers, with their iron bands,  
 From Mortham's vault, at midnight deep,  
 To her lone bower in Rokeby-Keep,

Ponderous with gold and plate of pride,  
His gift, if he in battle died.”—

## XXV.

“Then Denzil, as I guess, lays train,  
These iron-banded chests to gain ;  
Else, wherefore should he hover here,  
Where many a peril waits him near,  
For all his feats of war and peace,  
For plunder’d boors, and harts of grease ?  
Since, through the hamlets as he fared,  
What hearth has Guy’s marauding spared,  
Or where the chase that hath not rung  
With Denzil’s bow, at midnight strung ?” 10  
“I hold my wont—my rangers go,  
Even now to track a milk-white doe.  
By Rokeby-hall she takes her lair,  
In Greta wood she harbours fair,  
And when my huntsman marks her way,  
What think’st thou, Bertram, of the prey ?  
Were Rokeby’s daughter in our power,  
We rate her ransom at her dower.”—

## XXVI.

“Tis well !—there’s vengeance in the thought.  
Matilda is by Wilfrid sought ;  
And hot-brain’d Redmond, too, ’tis said,  
Pays lover’s homage to the maid.  
Bertram she scorn’d—If met by chance,  
She turn’d from me her shuddering glance,  
Like a nice dame, that will not brook  
On what she hates and loathes to look ;  
She told to Mortham she could ne’er  
Behold me without secret fear, 10  
Foreboding evil :—She may rue  
To find her prophecy fall true !—

The war has weeded Rokeby's train,  
 Few followers in his halls remain ;  
 If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,  
 We are enow to storm the hold ;  
 Bear off the plunder, and the dame,  
 And leave the castle all in flame."—

## XXVII.

"Still art thou Valour's venturous son !  
 Yet ponder first the risk to run :  
 The menials of the castle, true,  
 And stubborn to their charge, though few,  
 The wall to scale—the moat to cross—  
 The wicket-grate—the inner fosse"—  
 —"Fool ! if we blench for toys like these,  
 On what fair guerdon can we seize ?  
 Our hardest venture, to explore  
 Some wretched peasant's fenceless door, 10  
 And the best prize we bear away,  
 The earnings of his sordid day."—  
 "A while thy hasty taunt forbear :  
 In sight of road more sure and fair,  
 Thou would'st not choose, in blindfold wrath,  
 Or wantonness, a desperate path ?  
 List, then ;—for vantage or assault,  
 From gilded vane to dungeon vault,  
 Each pass of Rokeby-house I know :  
 There is one postern, dark and low, 20  
 That issues at a secret spot,  
 By most neglected or forgot.  
 Now, could a spial of our train  
 On fair pretext admittance gain,  
 That sally-port might be unbarr'd :  
 Then, vain were battlement and ward !"—

## XXVIII

“ Now speak'st thou well :—to me the same  
 If force or art shall urge the game ;  
 Indifferent, if like fox I wind,  
 Or spring like tiger on the hind.—  
 But, hark ! our merry men so gay  
 Troll forth another roundelay.”—

## Song.

“ A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine !  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine ! 10  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
 No more of me you knew,  
 My love !  
 No more of me you knew.  
 “ This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain ;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two meet again.” 20  
 He turn'd his charger as he spake,  
 Upon the river shore,  
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
 Said, “ Adieu for evermore,  
 My love !  
 And adieu for evermore.” —

## XXIX.

“ What youth is this, your band among,  
 The best for minstrelsy and song ?  
 In his wild notes seem aptly met  
 A strain of pleasure and regret.”—

" Edmund of Winston is his name ;  
 The hamlet sounded with the fame  
 Of early hopes his childhood gave,—  
 Now center'd all in Brignall cave !  
 I watch him well—his wayward course  
 Shows oft a tincture of remorse. 10  
 Some early love-shaft grazed his heart,  
 And oft the scar will ache and smart.  
 Yet is he useful ;—of the rest,  
 By fits, the darling and the jest,  
 His harp, his story, and his lay,  
 Oft aid the idle hours away :  
 When unemploy'd, each fiery mate  
 Is ripe for mutinous debate.  
 He tuned his strings e'en now—again  
 He wakes them, with a blither strain." 20

XXX.

Song.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
 Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !  
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,  
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ; 10  
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;



Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-dale !

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;  
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home :       20  
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,  
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still ;  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles !" said Allen-a-dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :  
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !       30

## XXXI.

"Thou see'st that, whether sad or gay,  
Love mingles ever in his lay.  
But when his boyish wayward fit  
Is o'er, he hath address and wit ;  
O ! 'tis a brain of fire, can ape  
Each dialect, each various shape."—  
"Nay, then, to aid thy project, Guy—  
Soft ! who comes here ?"—"My trusty spy.  
Speak, Hamlin ! hast thou lodged our deer ?"—  
"I have—but two fair stags are near.       10  
I watch'd her, as she slowly stray'd  
From Egliston up Thorsgill glade ;  
But Wilfrid Wycliffe sought her side,  
And then young Redmond, in his pride,  
Shot down to meet them on their way :  
Much, as it seem'd, was theirs to say :

There's time to pitch both toil and net,  
 Before their path be homeward set."  
 A hurried and a whisper'd speech  
 Did Bertram's will to Denzil teach ; 20  
 Who, turning to the robber band,  
 Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

WHEN Denmark's raven soar'd on high,  
 Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
 Till, hovering near, her fatal croak  
 Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,  
 And the broad shadow of her wing  
 Blacken'd each cataract and spring,  
 Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,  
 Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Force ;  
 Beneath the shade the Northmen came,  
 Fix'd on each vale a Runic name, 10  
 Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,  
 And gave their Gods the land they won.  
 Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine,  
 And one sweet brooklet's silver line,  
 And Woden's Croft did title gain  
 From the stern Father of the Slain ;  
 But to the Monarch of the Mace,  
 That held in fight the foremost place,  
 To Odin's son, and Sifia's spouse,  
 Near Stratforth high they paid their vows, 20  
 Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,  
 And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

## II.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween,  
 Who gave that soft and quiet scene,

With all its varied light and shade,  
And every little sunny glade,  
And the blithe brook that strolls along  
Its pebbled bed with summer song,  
To the grim God of blood and scar,  
The grisly King of Northern war.  
O, better were its banks assign'd  
To spirits of a gentler kind ! 10  
For where the thicket-groups recede,  
And the rath primrose decks the mead,  
The velvet grass seems carpet meet  
For the light fairies' lively feet.  
You tufted knoll, with daisies strown,  
Might make proud Oberon a throne,  
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,  
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly ;  
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings  
Round ash and elm, in verdant rings, 20  
Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower  
Should canopy Titania's bower.

## III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade ;  
But, skirting every sunny glade,  
In fair variety of green  
The woodland lends its silvan screen.  
Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,  
Its boughs by weight of ages broke ;  
And towers erect, in sable spire,  
The pine tree scathed by lightning-fire ;  
The drooping ash and birch, between,  
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green, 10  
And all beneath, at random grow  
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,  
Or, round the stems profusely twined,  
Fling summer odours on the wind.

Such varied group Urbino's hand  
 Round Him of Tarsus nobly plann'd,  
 What time he bade proud Athens own  
 On Mars's Mount the God Unknown !  
 Then grey Philosophy stood nigh,  
 Though bent by age, in spirit high : 20  
 There rose the scar-seam'd veteran's spear,  
 There Grecian Beauty bent to hear,  
 While Childhood at her foot was placed,  
 Or clung delighted to her waist.

## IV.

" And rest we here," Matilda said,  
 And sat her in the varying shade.  
 " Chance-met, we well may steal an hour,  
 To friendship due from fortune's power.  
 Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must lend  
 Thy counsel to thy sister-friend ;  
 And, Redmond, thou, at my behest,  
 No farther urge thy desperate quest.  
 For to my care a charge is left,  
 Dangerous to one of aid bereft, 10  
 Wellnigh an orphan, and alone,  
 Captive her sire, her house o'erthrown."  
 Wilfrid, with wonted kindness graced,  
 Beside her on the turf she placed ;  
 Then paused, with downcast look and eye,  
 Nor bade young Redmond seat him nigh.  
 Her conscious diffidence he saw,  
 Drew backward as in modest awe,  
 And sat a little space removed,  
 Unmark'd to gaze on her he loved. 20

## V.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair  
 Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,

Half hid and half reveal'd to view  
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.  
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,  
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,  
That you had said her hue was pale ;  
But if she faced the summer gale,  
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,  
Or heard the praise of those she loved, 10  
Or when of interest was express'd  
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,  
The mantling blood in ready play  
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.  
There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye ;  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resign'd ;— 20  
'Tis that which Roman art has given,  
To mark their maiden Queen of Heaven.  
In hours of sport, that mood gave way  
To Fancy's light and frolic play ;  
And when the dance, or tale, or song,  
In harmless mirth sped time along,  
Full oft her doting sire would call  
His Maud the merriest of them all.  
But days of war, and civil crime,  
Allow'd but ill such festal time, 30  
And her soft pensiveness of brow  
Had deepen'd into sadness now.  
In Marston field her father ta'en,  
Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,  
While every ill her soul foretold,  
From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,  
And boding thoughts that she must part  
With a soft vision of her heart,—

All lower'd around the lovely maid,  
To darken her dejection's shade. 40

## VI.

Who has not heard—while Erin yet  
Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit—  
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale  
In English blood imbrued his steel,  
Against St. George's cross blazed high  
The banners of his Tanistry,  
To fiery Essex gave the foil,  
And reign'd a prince on Ulster's soil ?  
But chief arose his victor pride,  
When that brave Marshal fought and died, 10  
And Avon-Duff to ocean bore  
His billows red with Saxon gore.  
'Twas first in that disastrous fight,  
Rokeby and Mortham proved their might.  
There had they fallen amongst the rest,  
But pity touch'd a chieftain's breast ;  
The Tanist he to great O'Neale ;  
He check'd his followers' bloody zeal,  
To quarter took the kinsmen bold,  
And bore them to his mountain-hold, 20  
Gave them each silvan joy to know,  
Slieve-Donard's cliffs and woods could show,  
Shared with them Erin's festal cheer,  
Show'd them the chase of wolf and deer,  
And, when a fitting time was come,  
Safe and unransom'd sent them home,  
Loaded with many a gift, to prove  
A' generous foe's respect and love.

## VII.

Years speed away. On Rokeby's head  
Some touch of early snow was shed ;

Calm he enjoy'd, by Greta's wave,  
The peace which James the Peaceful gave,  
While Mortham far beyond the main,  
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain.—  
It chanced upon a wintry night,  
That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,  
The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,  
In Rokeby hall the cups were fill'd, 10  
And by the huge stone chimney sate,  
The Knight in hospitable state.  
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,  
When a loud summons shook the gate,  
And sore for entrance and for aid  
A voice of foreign accent pray'd.  
The porter answer'd to the call,  
And instant rush'd into the hall  
A Man, whose aspect and attire  
Startled the circle by the fire. 20

## VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread  
Around his bare and matted head ;  
On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,  
His vesture show'd the sinewy limb ;  
In saffron dyed, a linen vest  
Was frequent folded round his breast ;  
A mantle long and loose he wore,  
Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore.  
He clasp'd a burden to his heart,  
And, resting on a knotted dart, 10  
The snow from hair and beard he shook,  
And round him gazed with wilder'd look.  
Then up the hall, with staggering pace,  
He hasten'd by the blaze to place,  
Half lifeless from the bitter air,  
His load, a Boy of beauty rare.

To Rokeby, next, he louted low,  
Then stood erect his tale to show,  
With wild majestic port and tone,  
Like envoy of some barbarous throne. 20  
“ Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear !  
Turlough O’Neale salutes thee dear ;  
He graces thee, and to thy care  
Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.  
He bids thee breed him as thy son,  
For Turlough’s days of joy are done ;  
And other lords have seized his land,  
And faint and feeble is his hand ;  
And all the glory of Tyrone  
Is like a morning vapour flown. 30  
To bind the duty on thy soul,  
He bids thee think on Erin’s bowl !  
If any wrong the young O’Neale,  
He bids thee think of Erin’s steel.  
To Mortham first this charge was due,  
But, in his absence, honours you —  
Now is my master’s message by,  
And Ferraught will contented die.”

## IX.

His look grew fix’d, his cheek grew pale,  
He sunk when he had told his tale ;  
For, hid beneath his mantle wide,  
A mortal wound was in his side.  
Vain was all aid—in terror wild  
And sorrow, scream’d the orphan Child.  
Poor Ferraught raised his wistful eyes,  
And faintly strove to soothe his cries ;  
All reckless of his dying pain,  
He blest, and blest him o’er again ! 10  
And kiss’d the little hands outspread,  
And kiss’d and cross’d the infant head,



And, in his native tongue and phrase,  
Pray'd to each saint to watch his days ;  
Then all his strength together drew,  
The charge to Rokeby to renew.  
When half was falter'd from his breast,  
And half by dying signs express'd,  
" Bless thee, O'Neale !" he faintly said,  
And thus the faithful spirit fled.

20

## X.

'Twas long ere soothing might prevail  
Upon the Child to end the tale :  
And then he said, that from his home  
His grandsire had been forced to roam,  
Which had not been if Redmond's hand  
Had but had strength to draw the brand,  
The brand of Llenaugh More the Red,  
That hung beside the grey wolf's head.—  
'Twas from his broken phrase descried,  
His foster father was his guide,  
Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore  
Letters, and gifts a goodly store ;  
But ruffians met them in the wood,  
Ferraught in battle boldly stood,  
Till wounded and o'erpower'd at length,  
And stripp'd of all, his failing strength  
Just bore him here—and then the child  
Renew'd again his moaning wild.

10

## XI.

The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,  
Is like the dewdrop on the rose ;  
When next the summer breeze comes by  
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.  
Won by their care, the orphan Child  
Soon on his new protector smiled,

With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,  
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair,  
But blithest laugh'd that cheek and eye,  
When Rokeby's little Maid was nigh ; 10  
'Twas his, with elder brother's pride,  
Matilda's tottering steps to guide ;  
His native lays in Irish tongue,  
To soothe her infant ear he sung,  
And primrose twined with daisy fair,  
To form a chaplet for her hair.  
By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,  
The children still were hand in hand,  
And good Sir Richard smiling eyed  
The early knot so kindly tied. 20

## XII.

But summer months bring wilding shoot  
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit ;  
And years draw on our human span,  
From child to boy, from boy to man ;  
And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen  
A gallant boy in hunter's green.  
He loves to wake the felon boar,  
In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,  
And loves, against the deer so dun,  
To draw the shaft, or lift the gun : 10  
Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,  
The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,  
And down its cluster'd stores to hail,  
Where young Matilda holds her veil.  
And she, whose veil receives the shower,  
Is alter'd too, and knows her power ;  
Assumes a monitress's pride,  
Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide ;  
Yet listens still to hear him tell  
How the grim wild-boar fought and fell, 20

How at his fall the bugle rung,  
Till rock and greenwood answer flung ;  
Then blesses her, that man can find  
A pastime of such savage kind !

## XIII.

But Redmond knew to weave his tale  
So well with praise of wood and dale,  
And knew so well each point to trace,  
Gives living interest to the chase,  
And knew so well o'er all to throw  
His spirit's wild romantic glow,  
That, while she blamed, and while she fear'd,  
She loved each venturous tale she heard.  
Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain  
To bower and hall their steps restrain, 10  
Together they explor'd the page  
Of glowing bard or gifted sage ;  
Oft, placed the evening fire beside,  
The minstrel art altern .te tried,  
While gladsome harp and lively lay  
Bade winter-night flit fast away :  
Thus, from their childhood blending still  
Their sport, their study, and their skill,  
An union of the soul they prove,  
But must not think that it was love. 20  
But though they dared not, envious Fame  
Soon dared to give that union name ;  
And when so often, side by side,  
From year to year the pair she eyed,  
She sometimes blamed the good old Knight,  
As dull of ear and dim of sight,  
Sometimes his purpose would declare,  
That young O'Neale should wed his heir.

## XIV.

The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise  
And bandage from the lovers' eyes ;  
'Twas plain that Oswald, for his son,  
Had Rokeby's favour wellnigh won.  
Now must they meet with change of cheer,  
With mutual looks of shame and fear ;  
Now must Matilda stray apart,  
To school her disobedient heart :  
And Redmond now alone must rue  
The love he never can subdue. 10  
But factions rose, and Rokeby sware,  
No rebel's son should wed his heir ;  
And Redmond, nurtured while a child  
In many a bard's traditions wild,  
Now sought the lonely wood or stream,  
To cherish there a happier dream,  
Of maiden won by sword or lance,  
As in the regions of romance ;  
And court the heroes of his line,  
Great Nial of the Pledges Nine, 20  
Shane-Dymas wild, and Geraldine,  
And Connan-more, who vowed his race  
For ever to the fight and chase,  
And cursed him, of his lineage born,  
Should sheathe the sword to reap the corn,  
Or leave the mountain and the wold,  
To shroud himself in castled hold.  
From such examples hope he drew,  
And brighten'd as the trumpet blew.

## XV.

If brides were won by heart and blade,  
Redmond had both his cause to aid,  
And all beside of nurture rare  
That might beseem a baron's heir.

And bade their mournful musing fly,  
Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

## XVIII.

"I need not to my friends recall,  
 How Mortham shunn'd my father's hall ;  
 A man of silence and of woe,  
 Yet ever anxious to bestow  
 On my poor self whate'er could prove  
 A kinsman's confidence and love.  
 My feeble aid could sometimes chase  
 The clouds of sorrow for a space :  
 But oftener, fix'd beyond my power,  
 I mark'd his deep despondence lower. 10  
 One dismal cause, by all unguess'd,  
 His fearful confidence confess'd ;  
 And twice it was my hap to see  
 Examples of that agony,  
 Which for a season can o'erstrain  
 And wreck the structure of the brain,  
 He had the awful power to know  
 The approaching mental overthrow,  
 And while his mind had courage yet  
 To struggle with the dreadful fit, 20  
 The victim writhed against its throes,  
 Like wretch beneath a murderer's blows.  
 This malady, I well could mark,  
 Sprung from some direful cause and dark ;  
 But still he kept its source conceal'd  
 Till arming for the civil field ;  
 Then in my charge he bade me hold  
 A treasure huge of gems and gold,  
 With this disjointed dismal scroll,  
 That tells the secret of his soul, 30  
 In such wild words as oft betray  
 A mind by anguish forc'd astray."

## XIX.

## MORTHAM'S HISTORY.

"Matilda ! thou hast seen me start,  
 As if a dagger thrill'd my heart,  
 When it has happ'd some casual phrase  
 Waked memory of my former days.  
 Believe, that few can backward cast  
 Their thoughts with pleasure on the past ;  
 But I !—my youth was rash and vain,  
 And blood and rage my manhood stain,  
 And my grey hairs must now descend  
 To my cold grave without a friend ! 10  
 Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown  
 Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known.  
 And must I lift the bloody veil,  
 That hides my dark and fatal tale !  
 I must—I will—Pale phantom, cease !  
 Leave me one little hour in peace !  
 'Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill  
 Thine own commission to fulfil?  
 Or, while thou point'st with gesture fierce,  
 Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody hearse, 20  
 How can I paint thee as thou wert,  
 So fair in face, so warm in heart !—

## XX.

"Yes, she was fair !—Matilda, thou  
 Hast a soft sadness on thy brow ;  
 But hers was like the sunny glow,  
 That laughs on earth and all below !  
 We wedded secret—there was need—  
 Differing in country and in creed ;  
 And when to Mortham's tower she came,  
 We mentioned not her race and name,

Until thy sire, who fought afar,  
Should turn him home from foreign war, 10  
On whose kind influence we relied  
To soothe her father's ire and pride.  
Few months we lived retired, unknown,  
To all but one dear friend alone,  
One darling friend—I spare his shame,  
I will not write the villain's name !  
My trespasses I might forget,  
And sue in vengeance for the debt  
Due by a brother worm to me,  
Ungrateful to God's clemency, 20  
That spared me penitential time,  
Nor cut me off amid my crime.—

## XXI.

“ A kindly smile to all she lent,  
But on her husband's friend 'twas bent  
So kind, that from its harmless glee,  
The wretch misconstrued villany.  
Repulsed in his presumptuous love,  
A vengeful snare the traitor wove.  
Alone we sat—the flask had flow'd,  
My blood with heat unwonted glow'd,  
When through the alley d walk we spied  
With hurried step my Edith glide, 10  
Cowering beneath the verdant screen,  
As one unwilling to be seen.  
Words cannot paint the fiendish smile  
That curl'd the traitor's cheek the while !  
Fiercely I question'd of the cause ;  
He made a cold and artful pause,  
Then pray'd it might not chafe my mood—  
‘ There was a gallant in the wood !’  
We had been shooting at the deer ;  
My cross-bow (evil chance !) was near : 20

That ready weapon of my wrath  
 I caught, and, hasting up the path,  
 In the yew grove my wife I found,  
 A stranger's arms her neck had bound !  
 I mark'd his heart—the bow I drew—  
 I loosed the shaft—'twas more than true !  
 I found my Edith's dying charms  
 Lock'd in her murder'd brother's arms !  
 He came in secret to inquire  
 Her state, and reconcile her sire.

30

## XXII.

“ All fled my rage—the villain first,  
 Whose craft my jealousy had nursed ;  
 He sought in far and foreign clime  
 To 'scape the vengeance of his crime.  
 The manner of the slaughter done  
 Was known to few, my guilt to none ;  
 Some tale my faithful steward framed—  
 [ know not what—of shaft mis-aim'd ;  
 And even from those the act who knew,  
 He hid the hand from which it flew.  
 Untouch'd by human laws I stood,  
 But God had heard the cry of blood !  
 There is a blank upon my mind,  
 A fearful vision ill-defined,  
 Of raving till my flesh was torn,  
 Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn—  
 And when I waked to woe more mild,  
 And question'd of my infant child—  
 Have I not written, that she bare  
 A boy, like summer morning fair ?—  
 With looks confused my menials tell  
 That armed men in Mortham dell  
 Beset the nurse's evening way,  
 And bore her, with her charge, away.

10

20



My faithless friend, and none but he,  
Could profit by this villany ;  
Him then, I sought, with purpose dread  
Of treble vengeance on his head !  
He 'scaped me—but my bosom's wound  
Some faint relief from wandering found ; 30  
And over distant land and sea  
I bore my load of misery.

## XXIII.

"'Twas then that fate my footsteps led  
Among a daring crew and dread,  
With whom full oft my hated life  
I ventured in such desperate strife,  
That even my fierce associates saw  
My frantic deeds with doubt and awe.  
Much then I learned, and much can show,  
Of human guilt and human woe,  
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known  
A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my own !— 10  
It chanced, that after battle fray  
Upon the bloody field we lay ;  
The yellow moon her lustre shed  
Upon the wounded and the dead,  
While, sense in toil and wassail drown'd,  
My ruffian comrades slept around,  
There came a voice—its silver tone  
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—  
' Ah, wretch ! ' it said, ' what makest thou here,  
While unavenged my bloody bier,  
While unprotected lives mine heir,  
Without a father's name and care ? '

## XXIV.

"I heard—obey'd—and homeward drew ;  
The fiercest of our desperate crew

I brought, at time of need to aid  
 My purposed vengeance, long delay'd.  
 But, humble be my thanks to Heaven,  
 That better hopes and thoughts has given,  
 And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught  
 Mercy by mercy must be bought !—  
 Let me in misery rejoice—  
 I've seen his face—I've heard his voice—  
 I claim'd of him my only child—  
 As he disown'd the theft, he smiled !  
 That very calm and callous look,  
 That fiendish sneer his visage took,  
 As when he said, in scornful mood,  
 'There is a gallant in the wood !'—  
 I did not slay him as he stood—  
 All praise be to my Maker given !  
 Long suffrance is one path to heaven."

10

## XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard,  
 When something in the thicket stirr'd.  
 Up Redmond sprung ; the villain Guy,  
 (For he it was that lurk'd so nigh,)  
 Drew back--he durst not cross his steel  
 A moment's space with brave O'Neale,  
 For all the treasured gold that rests  
 In Mortham's iron-banded chests.  
 Redmond resumed his seat ;—he said,  
 Some roe was rustling in the shade.  
 Bertram laugh'd grimly when he saw  
 His timorous comrade backward draw ;  
 "A trusty mate art thou, to fear  
 A sing e arm, and aid so near !  
 Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.  
 Give me thy carabine—I'll show

10

An art that thou wilt gladly know,  
How thou may'st safely quell a foe."

## XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew  
The spreading birch and hazels through,  
Till he had Redmond full in view ;  
The gun he levell'd—Mark like this  
Was Bertram never known to miss,  
When fair opposed to aim there sate  
An object of his mortal hate.  
That day young Redmond's death had seen,  
But twice Matilda came between  
The carabine and Redmond's breast, 10  
Just ere the spring his finger press'd.  
A deadly oath the ruffian swore,  
But yet his fell design forebore :  
"It ne'er," he mutter'd, "shall be said,  
That thus I scathed thee, haughty maid !"  
Then moved to seek more open aim,  
When to his side Guy Denzil came :  
"Bertram, forbear !—we are undone  
For ever, if thou fire the gun.  
By all the fiends, an armed force 20  
Descends the dell, of foot and horse !  
We perish if they hear a shot—  
Madman ! we have a safer plot—  
Nay, friend, be ruled, and bear thee back !  
Behold, down yonder hollow track,  
The warlike leader of the band  
Comes, with his broadsword in his hand."  
Bertram look'd up ; he saw, he knew  
That Denzil's fears had counsell'd true,  
Then cursed his fortune and withdrew, 30  
Threaded the woodlands undescried,  
And gain'd the cave on Greta side.

## XXVII.

They whom dark Bertram, in his wrath,  
Doom'd to captivity or death,  
Their thoughts to one sad subject lent,  
Saw not nor heard the ambushment.  
Heedless and unconcern'd they sate,  
While on the very verge of fate ;  
Heedless and unconcern'd remain'd,  
When Heaven the murderer's arm restrain'd ;  
As ships drift darkling down the tide,  
Nor see the shelves o'er which they glide. 10  
Uninterrupted thus they heard  
What Mortham's closing tale declared.  
He spoke of wealth as of a load,  
By fortune on a wretch bestow'd,  
In bitter mockery of hate,  
His cureless woes to aggravate ;  
But yet he pray'd Matilda's care  
Might save that treasure for his heir—  
His Edith's son—for still he raved,  
As confident his life was saved ; 20  
In frequent vision, he averr'd,  
He saw his face, his voice he heard,  
Then argued calm—had murder been,  
The blood, the corpses, had been seen ;  
Some had pretended, too, to mark  
On Windermere a stranger bark,  
Whose crew, with jealous care, yet mild,  
Guarded a female and a child.  
While these faint proofs he told and press'd,  
Hope seem'd to kindle in his breast ; 30  
Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,  
It warp'd his judgment and his brain.

## XXVIII.

These solemn words his story close :—  
 “Heaven witness for me, that I chose  
 My part in this sad civil fight,  
 Moved by no cause but England’s right.  
 My country’s groans have bid me draw  
 My sword for gospel and for law ;—  
 These righted, I fling arms aside,  
 And seek my son through Europe wide.  
 My wealth, on which a kinsman nigh  
 Already casts a grasping eye, 10  
 With thee may unsuspected lie.  
 When of my death Matilda hears,  
 Let her retain her trust three years ;  
 If none, from me, the treasure claim,  
 Perish d is Mortham’s race and name.  
 Then let it leave her generous hand,  
 And flow in bounty o’er the land ;  
 Soften the wounded prisoner’s lot,  
 Rebuild the peasant’s ruin’d cot ;  
 So spoils, acquired by fight afar, 20  
 Shall mitigate domestic war.”

## XXIX.

The generous youths, who well had known  
 Of Mortham’s mind the powerful tone,  
 To that high mind, by sorrow swerved,  
 Gave sympathy his woes deserved ;  
 But Wilfrid chief, who saw reveal’d  
 Why Mortham wish’d his life conceal’d,  
 In secret, doubtless, to pursue  
 The schemes his wilder’d fancy drew.  
 Thoughtful he heard Matilda tell,  
 That she would share her father’s cell, 10  
 His partner of captivity,  
 Where’er his prison-house should be ;

Yet grieved to think that Rokeby-hall,  
 Dismantled, and forsook by all,  
 Open to rapine and to stealth,  
 Had now no safeguard for the wealth  
 Intrusted by her kinsman kind,  
 And for such noble use design'd.  
 "Was Barnard Castle then her choice,"  
 Wilfrid inquired with hasty voice, 20  
 "Since there the victor's laws ordain  
 Her father must a space remain?"  
 A flutter'd hope his accents shook,  
 A flutter'd joy was in his look.  
 Matilda hasten'd to reply,  
 For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye ;—  
 "Duty," she said, with gentle grace,  
 "Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place ;  
 Else had I for my sire assign'd  
 Prison less galling to his mind, 30  
 Than that his wild-wood haunts which sees  
 And hears the murmur of the Tees,  
 Recalling thus, with every glance,  
 What captive's sorrow can enhance ;  
 But where those woes are highest, there  
 Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care."

## xxx.

He felt the kindly check she gave,  
 And stood abash'd—then answer'd grave :—  
 "I sought thy purpose, noble maid,  
 Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid.  
 I have beneath mine own command,  
 So wills my sire, a gallant band,  
 And well could send some horsemen wight  
 To bear the treasure forth by night,  
 And so bestow it as you deem  
 In these ill days may safest seem."— 10

"Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she said :  
"O, be it not one day delay'd !  
And, more thy sister-friend to aid,  
Be thou thyself content to hold,  
In thine own keeping, Mortham's gold,  
Safest with thee."—While thus she spoke,  
Arm'd soldiers on their converse broke,  
The same of whose approach afraid,  
The ruffians left their ambuscade.  
Their chief to Wilfrid bended low, 20  
Then look'd around as for a foe.  
"What mean'st thou, friend," young Wycliffe said,  
"Why thus in arms beset the glade ?"—  
"That would I gladly learn from you ;  
For up my squadron as I drew,  
To exercise our martial game  
Upon the moor of Barningham,  
A stranger told you were waylaid,  
Surrounded, and to death betray'd.  
He had a leader's voice, I ween, 30  
A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.  
He bade me bring you instant aid ;  
I doubted not, and I obey'd."

## XXXI.

Wilfrid changed colour, and, amazed,  
Turn'd short, and on the speaker gazed ;  
While Redmond every thicket round  
Track'd earnest as a questing hound,  
And Denzil's carabine he found ;  
Sure evidence, by which they knew  
The warning was as kind as true.  
Wisest it seem'd, with cautious speed  
To leave the dell. It was agreed,  
That Redmond, with Matilda fair, 10  
And fitting guard, should home repair ;

At nightfall Wilfrid should attend,  
With a strong band, his sister-friend,  
To bear with her from Rokeby's bowers  
To Barnard Castle's lofty towers,  
Secret and safe the banded chests,  
In which the wealth of Mortham rests.  
This hasty purpose fix'd, they part,  
Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## I.

THE sultry summer day is done,  
The western hills have hid the sun,  
But mountain peak and village spire  
Retain reflection of his fire.  
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,  
To those that gaze from Toller-hill ;  
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes  
Like steel upon the anvil glows ;  
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,  
Rich with the spoils of parting day,  
In crimson and in gold array'd,  
Streaks yet a while the closing shade,  
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven  
The tints which brighter hours had given.  
Thus aged men, full loath and slow,  
The vanities of life forego,  
And count their youthful follies o'er,  
Till memory lends her light no more.

10

## II.

The eve, that slow on upland fades,  
Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,  
Where, sunk within their banks profound,  
Her guardian streams to meeting wound.



The stately oaks, whose sombre frown  
Of noontide made a twilight brown,  
Impervious now to fainter light,  
Of twilight make an early night.  
Hoarse into middle air arose  
The vespers of the roosting crows, 10  
And with congenial murmurs seem  
To wake the Genii of the stream ;  
For louder clamour'd Greta's tide,  
And Tees in deeper voice replied,  
And fitful waked the evening wind,  
Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.  
Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul  
Felt in the scene a soft control,  
With lighter footstep press'd the ground,  
And often paused to look around ; 20  
And, though his path was to his love,  
Could not but linger in the grove,  
To drink the thrilling interest dear,  
Of awful pleasure check'd by fear.  
Such inconsistent moods have we,  
Even when our passions strike the key.

## III.

Now, through the wood's dark mazes past,  
The opening lawn he reach'd at last,  
Where, silver'd by the moonlight ray,  
The ancient Hall before him lay.  
Those martial terrors long were fled,  
That frown'd of old around its head :  
The battlements, the turrets gray,  
Seem'd half abandon'd to decay ;  
On barbican and keep of stone  
Stern Time the foeman's work had done. 10  
Where banners the invader braved,  
The harebell now and wallflower waved ;

In the rude guard-room, where of yore  
Their weary hours the warders wore,  
Now, while the cheerful fagots blaze,  
On the paved floor the spindle plays ;  
The flanking guns dismounted lie,  
The moat is ruinous and dry,  
The grim portcullis gone—and all  
The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall.

20

## IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en,  
Show'd danger's day revived again ;  
The court-yard wall show'd marks of care,  
The fall'n defences to repair,  
Lending such strength as might withstand  
The insult of marauding band.  
The beams once more were taught to bear  
The trembling drawbridge into air,  
And not, till question d o'er and o'er,  
For Wilfrid oped the jealous door,  
And when he entered, bolt and bar  
Resumed their place with sullen jar ;  
Then, as he cross'd the vaulted porch,  
The old grey porter raised his torch,  
And view'd him o'er, from foot to head,  
Ere to the hall his steps he led.  
That huge old hall, of knightly state,  
Dismantled seem'd and desolate.  
The moon through transom-shafts of stone,  
Which cross'd the latticed oriels, shone,  
And by the mournful light she gave,  
The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.  
Pennon and banner waved no more  
O'er beams of stag and tusks of boar,  
Nor glimmering arms were marshall'd seen,  
To glance those silvan spoils between.

10

20

Those arms, those ensigns, borne away,  
Accomplish'd Rokeby's brave array,  
But all were lost on Marston's day !  
Yet here and there the moonbeams fall 30  
Where armour yet adorns the wall,  
Cumbersome of size, uncouth to sight,  
And useless in the modern fight !  
Like veteran relic of the wars,  
Known only by neglected scars.

## v.

Matilda soon to greet him came,  
And bade them light the evening flame ;  
Said, all for parting was prepared,  
And tarried but for Wilfrid's guard.  
But then, reluctant to unfold  
His father's avarice of gold,  
He hinted, that lest jealous eye  
Should on their precious burden pry,  
He judged it best the castle gate 10  
To enter when the night wore late ;  
And therefore he had left command  
With those he trusted of his band,  
That they should be at Rokeby met,  
What time the midnight-watch was set.  
Now Redmond came, whose anxious care  
Till then was busied to prepare  
All needful, meetly to arrange  
The mansion for its mournful change.  
With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleased,  
His cold unready hand he seized, 20  
And press'd it, till his kindly strain  
The gentle youth return'd again.  
Seem'd as between them this was said,

And let our contest be, whose care  
Shall best assist this helpless fair."

## VI.

There was no speech the truce to bind,  
It was a compact of the mind,  
A generous thought, at once impress'd  
On either rival's generous breast.  
Matilda well the secret took,  
From sudden change of mien and look ;  
And—for not small had been her fear  
Of jealous ire and danger near—  
Felt, even in her dejected state,  
A joy beyond the reach of fate. 10  
They closed beside the chimney's blaze,  
And talk'd, and hoped for happier days,  
And lent their spirits' rising glow  
A while to gild impending woe ;—  
High privilege of youthful time,  
Worth a' the pleasures of our prime !  
The bickering fagot sparkled bright,  
And gave the scene of love to sight,  
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,  
Play'd on Matilda's neck of snow, 20  
Her nut-brown curls and forehead high,  
And laugh'd in Redmond's azure eye.  
Two lovers by the maiden sate,  
Without a glance of jealous hate ;  
The maid her lovers sat between,  
With open brow and equal mien ;  
It is a sight but rarely spied,  
Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

## VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate,  
A knock alarm'd the outer gate,

And ere the tardy porter stirr'd,  
The tinkling of a harp was heard.  
A manly voice of mellow swell,  
Bore burden to the music well :—

*Song.*

“ Summer eve is gone and past,  
Summer dew is falling fast ;  
I have wander'd all the day,  
Do not bid me farther stray !  
Gentle hearts, of gentle kin,  
Take the wandering harper in ! ” 10

But the stern porter answer gave,  
With “ Get thee hence, thou strolling knave !  
The king wants soldiers ; war, I trow,  
Were meeter trade for such as thou.”  
At this unkind reproof, again  
Answer'd the ready Minstrel's strain :—

*Song resumed.*

“ Bid not me, in battle-field,  
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield !  
All my strength and all my art  
Is to touch the gentle heart,  
With the wizard notes that ring  
From the peaceful minstrel-string.”— 20

The porter, all unmoved, replied.—  
“ De-part in peace, with Heaven to guide ;  
If longer by the gate thou dwell,  
Trust me, thou shalt not part so well.”

VIII.

With somewhat of appealing look,  
The harper's part young Wilfrid took :  
“ These notes so wild and ready thrill,  
They show no vulgar minstrel's skill ;

Hard were his task to seek a home  
More distant, since the night is come ;  
And for his faith I dare engage—  
Your Harpool's blood is sour'd by age ;  
His gate, once readily display'd,  
To greet the friend, the poor to aid, 10  
Now even to me, though known of old,  
Did but reluctantly unfold."—  
"O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime,  
An evil of this evil time.  
He deems dependent on his care  
The safety of his patron's heir,  
Nor judges meet to ope the tower  
To guest unknown at parting hour,  
Urging his duty to excess  
Of rough and stubborn faithfulness. 20  
For this poor harper, I would fain  
He may relax :—Hark to his strain !"—

## IX.

**Song resumed.**

"I have song of war for knight,  
Lay of love for lady bright,  
Fairy tale to lull the heir,  
Goblin grim the maids to scare.  
Dark the night, and long till day,  
Do not bid me farther stray !  
"Rokeby's lords of martial fame,  
I can count them name by name ;  
Legends of their line there be,  
Known to few, but known to me ; 10  
If you honour Rokeby's kin,  
Take the wandering harper in !  
"Rokeby's lords had fair regard  
For the harp, and for the bard ;

Baron's race throve never well,  
 Where the curse of minstrel fell.  
 If you love that noble kin,  
 Take the weary harper in !"—

"Hark ! Harpool parleys—there is hope,"  
 Said Redmond, "that the gate will ope."— 20  
 —"For all thy brag and boast, I trow,  
 Nought know'st thou of the Felon Sow,"  
 Quoth Harpool, "nor how Greta-side  
 She roam'd, and Rokeby forest wide ;  
 Nor how Ralph Rokeby gave the beast  
 To Richmond's friars to make a feast.  
 Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale  
 Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale,  
 That well could strike with sword amain,  
 And of the valiant son of Spain, 30  
 Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir Ralph ;  
 There were a jest to make us laugh !  
 If thou canst tell it, in yon shed,  
 Thou'st won thy supper and thy bed."

## x.

Matilda smiled ; "Cold hope," said she,  
 "From Harpool's love of minstrelsy !  
 But, for this harper, may we dare,  
 Redmond, to mend his couch and fare ?"—  
 —"O, ask me not !—At minstrel-string  
 My heart from infancy would spring ;  
 Nor can I hear its simplest strain,  
 But it brings Erin's dream again,  
 When placed by Owen Lysagh's knee,  
 (The Filea of O'Neale was he, 10  
 A blind and bearded man, whose eld  
 Was sacred as a prophet's held,)

I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,  
With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern,  
Enchanted by the master's lay,  
Linger around the livelong day,  
Shift from wild rage to wilder glee,  
To love, to grief, to ecstasy,  
And feel each varied change of soul  
Obedient to the bard's control.— 20  
Ah, Clandeboy ! thy friendly floor  
Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more ;  
Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,  
Tell maiden's love or hero's praise !  
The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,  
Centre of hospitable mirth ;  
All undistinguish'd in the glade,  
My sires' glad home is prostrate laid,  
Their vassals wander wide and far,  
Serve foreign lords in distant war, 30  
And now the stranger's sons enjoy  
The lovely woods of Clandeboy !"  
He spoke, and proudly turn'd aside,  
The starting tear to dry and hide.

## XI.

Matilda's dark and soften'd eye  
Was glistening ere O'Neale's was dry.  
Her hand upon his arm she laid,—  
"It is the will of Heaven," she said.  
"And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part  
From this loved home with lightsome heart,  
Leaving to wild neglect whate'er  
Even from my infancy was dear ?  
For in this calm domestic bound  
Were all Matilda's pleasures found. 10  
That hearth, my sire was wont to grace,  
Full soon may be a stranger's place ;



'This hall, in which a child I play'd,  
Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly laid,  
The bramble and the thorn may braid ;  
Or, pass'd for aye from me and mine,  
It ne'er may shelter Rokeby's line.  
Yet is this consolation given,  
My Redmond,—'tis the will of Heaven."  
Her word, her action, and her phrase,  
Were kindly as in early days ;  
For cold reserve had lost its power,  
In sorrow's sympathetic hour.  
Young Redmond dared not trust his voice ;  
But rather had it been his choice  
To share that melancholy hour,  
Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,  
In full possession to enjoy  
Slieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

20

## XII.

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek ;  
Matilda sees, and hastes to speak.—  
"Happy in friendship's ready aid,  
Let all my murmurs here be staid !  
And Rokeby's maiden will not part  
From Rokeby's hall with moody heart.  
This night at least, for Rokeby's fame,  
The hospitable hearth shall flame,  
And, ere its native heir retire,  
Find for the wanderer rest and fire,  
While this poor harper, by the blaze,  
Recounts the tale of other days.  
Bid Harpool ope the door with speed,  
Admit him, and relieve each need.—  
Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try  
Thy minstrel skill ?—Nay, no reply—

10

And look not sad !—I guess thy thought,  
Thy verse with laurels would be bought ;  
And poor Matilda, landless now,  
Has not a garland for thy brow. 20  
True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,  
Nor wander more in Greta shades ;  
But sure, no rigid jailer, thou  
Wilt a short prison-walk allow,  
Where summer flowers grow wild at will,  
On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill ;  
Then holly green and lily gay  
Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay."  
The mournful youth, a space aside,  
To tune Matilda's harp applied ; 30  
And then a low sad descant rung,  
As prelude to the lay he sung.

## XIII.

*The Cypress Wreath.*

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !  
Too lively glow the lilies light,  
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,  
The May-flower and the eglantine  
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;  
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the cypress-tree !  
  
Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine  
With tendrils of the laughing vine ; 10  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due ;  
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give ;  
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;  
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ; 20  
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green—  
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;  
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;  
But when you hear the passing-bell, 30  
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress-bough ;  
But, O Matilda, twine not now !  
Stay till a few brief months are past,  
And I have look'd and loved my last !  
When villagers my shroud bestrew  
With panzies, rosemary, and rue,—  
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,  
And weave it of the cypress-tree. 40

## XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting tear,  
And spoke with kind and blithesome cheer—  
“ No, noble Wilfrid ! ere the day  
When mourns the land thy silent lay,  
Shall many a wreath be freely wove  
By hand of friendship and of love.  
I would not wish that rigid Fate  
Had doom'd thee to a captive's state,

Whose hands are bound by honour's law,  
Who wears a sword he must not draw ; 10  
But were it so, in minstrel pride  
The land together would we ride,  
On prancing steeds, like harpers old,  
Bound for the halls of barons bold,  
Each lover of the lyre we'd seek,  
From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's Peak,  
Survey wild Albin's mountain strand,  
And roam green Erin's lovely land,  
While thou the gentler souls should move,  
With lay of pity and of love, 20  
And I, thy mate, in rougher strain,  
Would sing of war and warriors slain.  
Old England's bards were vanquish'd then,  
And Scotland's vaunted Hawthornden,  
And, silenced on Iernian shore,  
M'Curtin's harp should charm no more !"  
In lively mood he spoke, to wile  
From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek a smile.

## XV.

"But," said Matilda, "ere thy name,  
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,  
Say, wilt thou kindly deign to call  
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall ?  
Bid all the household, too, attend,  
Each in his rank a humble friend ;  
I know their faithful hearts will grieve,  
When their poor Mistress takes her leave ;  
So let the horn and beaker flow  
To mitigate their parting woe." 10  
The harper came ;—in youth's first prime  
Himself ; in mode of olden time  
His garb was fashion'd, to express  
The ancient English minstrel's dress,

A seemly gown of Kendal green,  
With gorget closed of silver sheen ;  
His harp in silken scarf was slung,  
And by his side an anlace hung.  
It seem'd some masquer's quaint array,  
For revel or for holiday.

20

## XVI.

He made obeisance with a free  
Yet studied air of courtesy.  
Each look and accent, framed to please,  
Seem'd to affect a playful ease ;  
His face was of that doubtful kind,  
That wins the eye, but not the mind ;  
Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss  
Of brow so young and smooth as this.  
His was the subtle look and sly,  
That, spying all, seems nought to spy ;  
Round all the group his glances stole,  
Unmark'd themselves, to mark the whole,  
Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,  
Nor could the eye of Redmond brook.  
To the suspicious, or the old,  
Subtle and dangerous and bold  
Had seem'd this self-invited guest ;  
But young our lovers,—and the rest,  
Wrapt in their sorrow and their fear  
At parting of their Mistress dear,  
Tear-blinded, to the Castle-hall,  
Came as to bear her funeral pall.

20

## XVII.

All that expression base was gone,  
When waked the guest his minstrel tone ;  
It fled at inspiration's call,  
As erst the demon fled from Saul.

More noble glance he cast around,  
 More free-drawn breath inspired the sound,  
 His pulse beat bolder and more high,  
 In all the pride of minstrelsy !  
 Alas ! too soon that pride was o'er,  
 Sunk with the lay that bade it soar ! 10  
 His soul resumed, with habit's chain,  
 Its vices wild and follies vain,  
 And gave the talent, with him born,  
 To be a common curse and scorn.  
 Such was the youth whom Rokeby's Maid,  
 With condescending kindness, pray'd  
 Here to renew the strains she loved,  
 At distance heard, and well approved.

## XVIII.

## Song.

## THE HARP.

I was a wild and wayward boy,  
 My childhood scorn'd each childish toy ;  
 Retired from all, reserved and coy,  
     To musing prone,  
 I woo'd my solitary joy,  
     My Harp alone.

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood,  
 Despised the humble stream and wood,  
 Where my poor father's cottage stood,  
     To fame unknown ;— 10  
 What should my soaring views make good ?  
     My Harp alone !

Love came with all his frantic fire,  
 And wild romance of vain desire :  
 The baron's daughter heard my lyre,  
     And praised the tone ;—

What could presumptuous hope inspire ?  
My Harp alone !

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,  
And manhood's pride the vision curst, 20  
And all that had my folly nursed  
Love's sway to own ;  
Yet spared the spell that lull'd me first,  
My Harp alone !

Woe came with war, and want with woe ;  
And it was mine to undergo  
Each outrage of the rebel foe :—  
Can aught atone  
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low ? 30  
My Harp alone !

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,  
Have rued of penury the smart,  
Have felt of love the venom'd dart,  
When hope was flown ;  
Yet rests one solace to my heart,—  
My Harp alone !

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,  
My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still ;  
And when this life of want and ill  
Is wellnigh gone, 40  
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,  
My Harp alone !

## XIX.

“ A pleasing lay ! ” Matilda said ;  
But Harpool shook his old grey head,  
And took his baton and his torch,  
To seek his guard-room in the porch.  
Edmund observed—with sudden change,  
Among the strings his fingers range,

Until they waked a bolder glee  
Of military melody ;  
Then paused amid the martial sound,  
And look'd with well-feign'd fear around ;— 10  
“None to this noble house belong,”  
He said, “that would a Minstrel wrong,  
Whose fate has been, through good and ill,  
To love his Royal Master still ;  
And, with your honour'd leave, would fain  
Rejoice you with a loyal strain.”  
Then, as assured by sign and look,  
The warlike tone again he took ;  
And Harpool stopp'd, and turn'd to hear  
A ditty of the Cavalier. 20

## XX.

## Song.

## THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray,  
My true love has mounted his steed and away,  
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down ;  
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown !

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear,  
He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long-flowing hair,  
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down,—  
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown !

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws,  
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause ; 10  
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—  
God strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown !

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all  
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall ;  
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,  
That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.



There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes ;  
There's Erin's high Ormond and Scotland's Montrose !  
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown,  
With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown ? 20

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier !  
Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear,  
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,  
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown.

## XXI.

"Alas !" Matilda said, "that strain,  
Good Harper, now is heard in vain !  
The time has been, at such a sound,  
When Rokeby's vassals gather'd round,  
An hundred manly hearts would bound ;  
But now, the stirring verse we hear,  
Like trump in dying soldier's ear !  
Listless and sad the notes we own,  
The power to answer them is flown.  
Yet not without his meet applause 10  
Be he that sings the rightful cause,  
Even when the crisis of its fate  
To human eye seems desperate.  
While Rokeby's Heir such power retains,  
Let this slight guerdon pay thy pains :—  
And, lend thy harp ; I fain would try  
If my poor skill can aught supply,  
Ere yet I leave my fathers' hall,  
To mourn the cause in which we fall."

## XXII.

The harper, with a downcast look,  
And trembling hand, her bounty took.—  
As yet, the conscious pride of art  
Had steel'd him in his treacherous part ;

A powerful spring, of force unguess'd,  
That hath each gentler mood suppress'd,  
And reign'd in many a human breast ;  
From his that plans the red campaign,  
To his that wastes the woodland reign.  
The failing wing, the blood-shot eye, 10  
The sportsman marks with apathy,  
Each feeling of his victim's ill  
Drown'd in his own successful skill.  
The veteran, too, who now no more  
Aspires to head the battle's roar,  
Loves still the triumph of his art,  
And traces on the pencill'd chart  
Some stern invader's destined way,  
Through blood and ruin, to his prey ;  
Patriots to death, and towns to flame, 20  
He dooms, to raise another's name,  
And shares the guilt, though not the fame.  
What pays him for his span of time  
Spent in premeditating crime ?  
What against pity arms his heart ?—  
It is the conscious pride of art.

## XXIII.

But principles in Edmund's mind  
Were baseless, vague, and undefined.  
His soul, like bark with rudder lost,  
On Passion's changeful tide was tost ;  
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power  
Beyond the impression of the hour ;  
And, O ! when Passion rules, how rare  
The hours that fall to Virtue's share !  
Yet now she roused her—for the pride,  
That lack of sterner guilt supplied, 10  
Could scarce support him when arose  
The lay that mourned Matilda's woes.

*Song.*

## THE FAREWELL.

The sound of Rokeby's woods I hear,  
 They mingle with the song :  
 Dark Greta's voice is in mine ear,  
 I must not hear them long.  
 From every loved and native haunt  
 The native Heir must stray,  
 And, like a ghost whom sunbeams daunt,  
 Must part before the day. 20

Soon from the halls my fathers rear'd,  
 Their scutcheons may descend,  
 A line so long beloved and fear'd  
 May soon obscurely end.  
 No longer here Matilda's tone  
 Shall bid those echoes swell ;  
 Yet shall they hear her proudly own  
 The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again  
 Resumed the lay in loftier strain.— 30

## XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay,  
 Be our name and line forgot,  
 Lands and manors pass away,—  
 We but share our Monarch's lot.  
 If no more our annals show  
 Battles won and Banners taken,  
 Still in death, defeat, and woe,  
 Ours be loyalty unshaken !

Constant still in danger's hour,  
 Princes own'd our fathers' aid ; 10  
 Lands and honours, wealth and power,  
 Well their loyalty repaid.

Perish wealth, and power, and pride !  
Mortal boons by mortals given ;  
But let Constancy abide,  
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

## XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,  
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd.  
In peasant life he might have known  
As fair a face, as sweet a tone ;  
But village notes could ne'er supply  
That rich and varied melody ;  
And ne'er in cottage maid was seen  
The easy dignity of mien,  
Claiming respect, yet waving state,  
That marks the daughters of the great. 10  
Yet not, perchance, had these alone  
His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown ;  
But while her energy of mind  
Superior rose to griefs combined,  
Lending its kindling to her eye,  
Giving her form new majesty,—  
To Edmund's thought Matilda seem'd  
The very object he had dream'd ;  
When, long ere guilt his soul had known,  
In Winston bowers he mused alone, 20  
Taxing his fancy to combine  
The face, the air, the voice divine,  
Of princess fair, by cruel fate  
Reft of her honours, power, and state,  
Till to her rightful realm restored  
By destined hero's conquering sword.

## XXVI.

“Such was my vision !” Edmund thought ;  
“And have I, then, the ruin wrought

Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er  
 In fairest vision form'd her peer?  
 Was it my hand that could uncloze  
 The pos'ern to her ruthless foes?  
 Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith,  
 Their kindest mercy sudden death!  
 Have I done this? I! who have sworn,  
 That if the globe such angel bore, 10  
 I would have traced its circle broad,  
 To kiss the ground on which she trode!—  
 And now—O! would that earth would rive,  
 And close upon me while alive!—  
 Is there no hope?—is all then lost?—  
 Bertram's already on his post!  
 Even now, beside the Hall's arch'd door,  
 I saw his shadow cross the floor!  
 He was to wait my signal strain—  
 A little respite thus we gain: 20  
 By what I heard the menials say,  
 Young Wycliffe's troop are on their way—  
 Alarm precipitates the crime!  
 My harp must wear away the time.”—  
 And then, in accents faint and low,  
 He falter'd forth a tale of woe.

## XXVII.

## Ballad.

“And whither would you lead me then?”  
 Quoth the Friar of orders gray;  
 And the Ruffians twain replied again,  
 “By a dying woman to pray.”—  
 “I see,” he said, “a lovely sight,  
 A sight bodes little harm,  
 A lady as a lily bright,  
 With an infant on her arm.”—

“Then do thine office, Friar gray,  
And see thou shrive her free ! 10  
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,  
Fling all its guilt on thee.

“Let mass be said, and trentals read,  
When thou’rt to convent gone,  
And bid the bell of St. Benedict  
Toll out its deepest tone.”

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,  
Blindfolded as he came—  
Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall  
Were weeping for their dame. 20

Wild Darrell is an alter’d man,  
The village crones can tell ;  
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,  
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell’s way,  
He’ll beard him in his pride—  
If he meet a Friar of orders gray,  
He droops and turns aside.

## XXVIII.

“Harper ! methinks thy magic lays,”  
Matilda said, “can goblins raise !  
Wellnigh my fancy can discern,  
Near the dark porch a visage stern ;  
E’en now, in yonder shadowy nook,  
I see it !—Redmond, Wilfrid, look !—  
A human form distinct and clear—  
God, for thy mercy !—It draws near !”  
She saw too true. Stride after stride,  
The centre of that chamber wide 10  
Fierce Bertram gain’d ; then made a stand,  
And, proudly waving with his hand,

Thunder'd—"Be still, upon your lives!—  
 He bleeds who speaks, he dies who strives."  
 Behind their chief the robber crew  
 Forth from the darken'd portal drew  
 In silence—save that echo dread  
 Return'd their heavy measured tread.  
 The lamp's uncertain lustre gave  
 Their arms to gleam, their plumes to wave ;                   20  
 File after file in order pass,  
 Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.  
 Then, halting at their leader's sign,  
 At once they form'd and curved their line,  
 Hemming within its crescent drear  
 Their victims, like a herd of deer.  
 Another sign, and to the aim  
 Levell'd at once their muskets came,  
 As waiting but their chieftain's word,  
 To make their fatal volley heard.                               30

## XXIX.

Back in a heap the menials drew ;  
 Yet, even in mortal terror, true,  
 Their pale and startled group oppose  
 Between Matilda and the foes.  
 "O, haste thee, Wilfrid !" Redmond cried ;  
 "Undo that wicket by thy side !  
 Bear hence Matilda—gain the wood—  
 The pass may be a while made good—  
 Thy band, ere this, must sure be nigh—  
 O speak not—dally not--but fly !"                               10  
 While yet the crowd their motions hide,  
 Through the low wicket door they glide.  
 Through vaulted passages they wind,  
 In Gothic intricacy twined ;  
 Wilfrid half led, and half he bore,  
 Matilda to the postern door,

And safe beneath the forest tree,  
The Lady stands at liberty.  
The moonbeams, the fresh gale's caress,  
Renew'd suspended consciousness ;— 20  
“Where's Redmond?” eagerly she cries :  
“Thou answer'st not—he dies ! he dies !  
And thou hast left him, all bereft  
Of mortal aid—with murderers left !  
I know it well—he would not yield  
His sword to man—his doom is seal'd !  
For my scorn'd life, which thou hast bought  
At price of his, I thank thee not.”

## xxx.

The unjust reproach, the angry look,  
The heart of Wilfrid could not brook.  
“Lady,” he said, “my band so near,  
In safety thou may'st rest thee here.  
For Redmond's death thou shalt not mourn,  
If mine can buy his safe return.”  
He turn'd away--his heart throbb'd high,  
The tear was bursting from his eye ;  
The sense of her injustice press'd  
Upon the Maid's distracted breast,— 10  
“Stay, Wilfrid, stay ! all aid is vain !”  
He heard, but turn'd him not again !  
He reaches now the postern-door,  
Now enters—and is seen no more.

## xxxI.

With all the agony that e'er  
Was gender'd 'twixt suspense and fear,  
She watch'd the line of windows tall,  
Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall,  
Distinguish'd by the paly red  
The lamps in dim reflection shed,



While all beside in wan moonlight,  
 Each grated casement glimmer'd white.  
 No sight of harm, no sound of ill,  
 It is a deep and midnight still. 10  
 Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd  
 All in the Castle were at rest—  
 When sudden on the windows shone  
 A lightning flash, just seen and gone !  
 A shot is heard—Again the flame  
 Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came !  
 Then echo'd wildly, from within,  
 Of shout and scream the mingled din,  
 And weapon-clash and maddening cry,  
 Of those who kill, and those who die !— 20  
 As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke,  
 More red, more dark, the death-flash broke ;  
 And forms were on the lattice cast,  
 That struck, or struggled, as they past.

## XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind  
 Approach so rapidly behind ?  
 It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,  
 Matilda hears the sound, she speeds,  
 Seizes upon the leader's rein—  
 “O, haste to aid, ere aid be vain !  
 Fly to the postern—gain the Hall !”  
 From saddle spring the troopers all ;  
 Their gallant steeds, at liberty,  
 Run wild along the moonlight lea. 10  
 But, ere they burst upon the scene,  
 Full stubborn had the conflict been.  
 When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight,  
 It gave the signal for the fight ;  
 And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd with scars  
 Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars,

Their momentary panic o'er,  
Stood to the arms which then they bore ;  
(For they were weapon'd, and prepared  
Their mistress on her way to guard.) 20  
Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,  
Then peal'd the shot, and clash'd the steel ;  
The war-smoke soon with sable breath  
Darken'd the scene of blood and death,  
While on the few defenders close  
The Bandits, with redoubled blows,  
And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell  
Renew the charge with frantic yell.

## XXXIII. .

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood  
Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and blood,  
Cheering his mates with heart and hand  
Still to make good their desperate stand.—  
“Up, comrades, up ! In Rokeby halls  
Ne'er be 't said our courage falls.  
What ! faint ye for their savage cry,  
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye ?  
These rafters have return'd a shout  
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout, 10  
As thick a smoke these hearths have given  
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.  
Stand to it yet ! renew the fight,  
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right !  
These slaves ! they dare not, hand to hand,  
Bide buffet from a true man's brand.”  
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young  
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.  
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent  
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent ! 20  
Backward they scatter'd as he came,  
Like wolves before the levin flame,

When, 'mid their howling conclave driven,  
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.  
Bertram rush'd on—But Harpool clasp'd  
His knees, although in death he gasp'd,  
His falling corpse before him flung,  
And round the trammell'd ruffian clung.  
Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome,  
And, shouting, charged the felons home  
So fiercely, that, in panic dread,  
They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled.  
Bertram's stern voice they heed no more,  
Though heard above the battle's roar ;  
While, trampling down the dying man,  
He strove, with volley'd threat and ban,  
In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,  
To rally up the desperate fight.

30

## XXXIV.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold,  
Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd,  
So dense, the combatants scarce know  
To aim or to avoid the blow.  
Smothering and blindfold grows the fight—  
But soon shall dawn a dismal light !  
Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came  
The hollow sound of rushing flame ;  
New horrors on the tumult dire  
Arise—the Castle is on fire !  
Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand,  
Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand.  
Matilda say—for frequent broke  
From the dim casements gusts of smoke.  
Yon tower, which late so clear defined  
On the fair hemisphere reclined,  
That, pencill'd on its azure pure,  
The eye could count each embrazure,

10

Now, swath'd within the sweeping cloud,  
Seems giant-spectre in his shroud ; 20  
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,  
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,  
And, gathering to united glare,  
Streams high into the midnight air ;  
A dismal beacon, far and wide  
That waken'd Greta's slumbering side.  
Soon all beneath, through gallery long,  
And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong,  
Snatching whatever could maintain,  
Raise, or extend, its furious reign ; 30  
Startling, with closer cause of dread,  
The females who the conflict fled,  
And now rush'd forth upon the plain,  
Filling the air with clamours vain.

## xxxv.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,  
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din,  
Till bursting lattices give proof  
The flames have caught the rafter'd roof.  
What ! wait they till its beams amain  
Crash on the slayers and the slain ?  
The alarm is caught—the drawbridge falls,  
The warriors hurry from the walls,  
But, by the conflagration's light,  
Upon the lawn renew the fight. 10  
Each straggling felon down was hew'd,  
Not one could gain the sheltering wood ;  
But forth the affrighted harper sprung,  
And to Matilda's robe he clung.  
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,  
Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.  
Denzil and he alive were ta'en ;  
The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

## XXXVI.

And where is Bertram ?— Soaring high,  
 The general flame ascends the sky ;  
 In gather'd group the soldiers gaze  
 Upon the broad and roaring blaze,  
 When, like infernal demon, sent  
 Red from his penal element,  
 To plague and to pollute the air,—  
 His face all gore, on fire his hair,  
 Forth from the central mass of smoke  
 'The giant form of Bertram broke ! 10  
 His brandish'd sword on high he rears,  
 Then plunged among opposing spears ;  
 Round his left arm his mantle truss'd,  
 Received and foil'd three lances' thrust ;  
 Nor these his headlong course withstood,  
 Like reeds he snapp'd the tough ash-wood.  
 In vain his foes around him clung ;  
 With matchless force aside he flung  
 Their boldest,—as the bull, at bay,  
 Tosses the ban-dogs from his way, 20  
 Through forty foes his path he made,  
 And safely gain'd the forest glade.

## XXXVII.

Scarce was this final conflict o'er,  
 When from the postern Redmond bore  
 Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,  
     'In the fatal Hall been left,  
     'Led there by all his train ;  
     Redmond saw, and turn'd again.—  
     In an oak he laid him down,  
     The blaze glean'd ruddy brown,  
     His mantle's clasp undid ;  
     His drooping head, 10

Till, given to breathe the freer air,  
Returning life repaid their care.  
He gazed on them with heavy sigh,—  
“I could have wish'd even thus to die !”  
No more he said,—for now with speed  
Each trooper had regain'd his steed ;  
The ready palfreys stood array'd,  
For Redmond and for Rokeby's Maid ;  
Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,  
One leads his charger by the rein. 20  
But oft Matilda look'd behind,  
As up the vale of Tees they wind,  
Where far the mansion of her sires  
Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires.  
In gloomy arch above them spread,  
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red ;  
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood  
Appear'd to roll in waves of blood.  
Then, one by one, was heard to fall  
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall. 30  
Each rushing down with thunder sound,  
A space the conflagration drown'd ;  
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,  
Announced its triumph in its close,  
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,  
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more !

## CANTO SIXTH.

## I.

THE summer sun, whose early power  
Was wont to gild Matilda's bower,  
And rouse her with his matin ray  
Her duteous orisons to pay,

That morning sun has three times seen  
The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,  
But sees no more the slumbers fly  
From fair Matilda's hazel eye ;  
That morning sun has three times broke  
On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak, 10  
But, rising from their silvan screen,  
Marks no grey turrets glance between.  
A shapeless mass lie keep and tower,  
That, hissing to the morning shower,  
Can but with smouldering vapour pay  
The early smile of summer day.  
The peasant, to his labour bound,  
Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,  
Striving, amid the ruin'd space,  
Each well-remember'd spot to trace. 20  
That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall  
Once screen'd the hospitable hall ;  
When yonder broken arch was whole,  
'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole ;  
And where yon tottering columns nod,  
The chapel sent the hymn to God.—  
So flits the world's uncertain span !  
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,  
Gives mortal monuments a date  
Beyond the power of Time and Fate. 30  
The towers must share the builder's doom ;  
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb :  
But better boon benignant Heaven  
To Faith and Charity has given,  
And bids the Christian hope sublime  
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

## II.

Now the third night of summer came,  
Since that which witness'd Rokeby's flame.

On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake  
 The owlet's homilies awake,  
 The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,  
 The raven slumber'd on his crag,  
 Forth from his den the otter drew,—  
 Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,  
 As between reed and sedge he peers,  
 With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears, 10  
 Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,  
 Watches the stream or swims the pool ;—  
 Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high,  
 Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye,  
 That all the day had watch'd so well  
 The cushat dart across the dell.  
 In dubious beam reflected shone  
 That lofty cliff of pale grey stone,  
 Beside whose base the secret cave  
 To rapine late a refuge gave. 20  
 The crag's wild crest of copse and yew  
 On Greta's breast dark shadows threw ;  
 Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight,  
 With every change of fitful light ;  
 As hope and fear alternate chase  
 Our course through life's uncertain race.

## III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood green,  
 A solitary form was seen  
 To trace with stealthy pace the wold,  
 Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,  
 And pauses oft, and cowers dismay'd,  
 At every breath that stirs the shade.  
 He passes now the ivy bush,—  
 The owl has seen him, and is hush ;  
 He passes now the dodder'd oak,—  
 Ye heard the startled raven croak ; 10



Lower and lower he descends,  
Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends ;  
The otter hears him tread the shore,  
And dives, and is beheld no more ;  
And by the cliff of pale grey stone  
The midnight wanderer stands alone.  
Methinks, that by the moon we trace  
A well-remember'd form and face !  
That stripling shape, that cheek so pale,  
Combine to tell a rueful tale,  
Of powers misused, of passion's force,  
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse !  
'Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound  
That flings that guilty glance around ;  
'Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides  
The brushwood that the cavern hides ;  
And, when its narrow porch lies bare,  
'Tis Edmund's form that enters there.

20

## IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright,  
A lamp hath lent the cavern light.  
Fearful and quick his eye surveys  
Each angle of the gloomy maze.  
Since last he left that stern abode,  
It seem'd as none its floor had trod ;  
Untouch'd appear'd the various spoil,  
The purchase of his comrades' toil ;  
Masks and disguises grimed with mud,  
Arms broken and defiled with blood,  
And all the nameless tools that aid  
Night-felons in their lawless trade,  
Upon the gloomy walls were hung,  
Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.  
Still on the sordid board appear  
The relics of the noontide cheer :

10

Flagons and emptied flasks were there,  
And bench o'erthrown, and shatter'd chair ;  
And all around the semblance show'd,  
As when the final revel glow'd, 20  
When the red sun was setting fast,  
And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.  
"To Rokeby treasure-vaults !" they quaff'd,  
And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd,  
Pour'd maddening from the rocky door,  
And parted—to return no more !  
They found in Rokeby vaults their doom,—  
A bloody death, a burning tomb !

## v.

There his own peasant dress he spies,  
Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise ;  
And shuddering thought upon his glee,  
When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.  
"O, be the fatal art accurst,"  
He cried, "that moved my folly first ;  
Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,  
I burst through God's and Nature's laws !  
Three summer days are scantily past  
Since I have trod this cavern last, 10  
A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err—  
But, O, as yet no murderer !  
Even now I list my comrades' cheer,  
That general laugh is in mine ear,  
Which raised my pulse and steel'd my heart,  
As I rehearsed my treacherous part—  
And would that all since then could seem  
The phantom of a fever's dream !  
But fatal Memory notes too well  
The horrors of the dying yell, 20  
From my despairing mates that broke,  
When flash'd the fire and roll'd the smoke ;

When the avengers shouting came,  
And hemm'd us 'twixt the sword and flame !  
My frantic flight,—the lifted brand,—  
That angel's interposing hand !——  
If, for my life from slaughter freed,  
I yet could pay some grateful meed !  
Perchance this object of my quest  
May aid "—he turn'd, nor spoke the rest. 30

## VI.

Due northward from the rugged hearth,  
With paces five he metes the earth,  
Then toil'd with mattock to explore  
The entrails of the cavern floor,  
Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,  
His search a small steel casket found.  
Just as he stoop'd to loose its hasp,  
His shoulder felt a giant grasp ;  
He started, and look'd up aghast,  
Then shriek'd !—"Twas Bertram held him fast. 10  
"Fear not !" he said ; but who could hear  
That deep stern voice, and cease to fear ?  
"Fear not !—By heaven, he shakes as much  
As partridge in the falcon's clutch :"—  
He raised him, and unloosed his hold,  
While from the opening casket roll'd  
A chain and reliquaire of gold.  
Bertram beheld it with surprise,  
Gazed on its fashion and device,  
Then, cheering Edmund as he could, 20  
Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood :  
For still the youth's half-lifted eye  
Quiver'd with terror's agony,  
And sidelong glanced, as to explore,  
In meditated flight, the door.

"Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free :  
 Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee.  
 Chance brings me hither ; hill and plain  
 I've sought for refuge-place in vain.  
 And tell me now, thou aguish boy, 30  
 What makest thou here ? what means this toy ?  
 Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were ta'en ;  
 What lucky chance unbound your chain ?  
 I deem'd, long since on Baliol's tower  
 Your heads were warp'd with sun and shower.  
 Tell me the whole—and, mark ! nought e'er  
 Chafes me like falsehood, or like fear."  
 Gathering his courage to his aid,  
 But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

## VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er  
 In fetters on the dungeon floor.  
 A guest the third sad morrow brought ;  
 Our hold dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,  
 And eyed my comrade long askance,  
 With fix'd and penetrating glance.  
 'Guy Denzil art thou call'd ?'—'The same.'  
 'At Court who served wild Buckinghame ;  
 Thence banish'd, won a keeper's place,  
 So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase ; 10  
 That lost—I need not tell thee why—  
 Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply,  
 Then fought for Rokeby :—Have I guess'd  
 My prisoner right ?'—'At thy behest.'—  
 He paused a while, and then went on  
 With low and confidential tone ;—  
 Me, as I judge, not then he saw,  
 Close nestled in my couch of straw.—  
 'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great  
 Have frequent need of what they hate ; 20

Hence, in their favour oft we see  
 Unscrupled, useful men like thee.  
 Were I disposed to bid thee live,  
 What pledge of faith hast thou to give ?'

## VIII.

"The ready Fiend, who never yet  
 Hath fail'd to sharpen Denzil's wit,  
 Prompted his lie—'His only child  
 Should rest his pledge.'—The Baron smiled,  
 And turn'd to me—'Thou art his son ?'  
 I bowed—our fetters were undone,  
 And we were led to hear apart  
 A dreadful lesson of his art.  
 Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,  
 Had fair Matilda's favour won ; 10  
 And long since had their union been,  
 But for her father's bigot spleen,  
 Whose brute and blind-fold party-rage  
 Would, force per force, her hand engage  
 To a base kern of Irish earth,  
 Unknown his lineage and his birth,  
 Save that a dying ruffian bore  
 The infant brat to Rokeby door.  
 Gentle restraint, he said, would lead  
 Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed ; 20  
 But fair occasion he must find  
 For such restraint well meant and kind,  
 The Knight being render'd to his charge  
 But as a prisoner at large.

c

## IX.

"He school'd us in a well-forged tale,  
 Of scheme the Castle walls to scale,  
 To which was leagued each Cavalier  
 That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear,

That Rokeby, his parole forgot,  
 Had dealt with us to aid the plot.  
 Such was the charge, which Irenzil's zeal  
 Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale  
 Proffer'd, as witness, to make good,  
 Even though the forfeit were their blood. 10  
 I scrupled, until o'er and o'er  
 His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore ;  
 And then—alas ! what needs there more ?  
 I knew I should not live to say  
 The proffer I refused that day ;  
 Ashamed to live, yet loath to die,  
 I soil'd me with their infamy !”—  
 “ Poor youth ! ” said Bertram, “ wavering still,  
 Unfit alike for good or ill !  
 But what fell next ? ”—“ Soon as at large 20  
 Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,  
 There never yet, on tragic stage,  
 Was seen so well a painted rage  
 As Oswald's show'd ! With loud alarm  
 He call'd his garrison to arm ;  
 From tower to tower, from post to post,  
 He hurried as if all were lost ;  
 Consign'd to dungeon and to chain  
 The good old Knight and all his train ;  
 Warn'd each suspected Cavalier, 30  
 Within his limits, to appear  
 To-morrow, at the hour of noon,  
 In the high church of Eglistone.”—

## X.

“ Of Eglistone !—Even now I pass'd,”  
 Said Bertram, “ as the night closed fast ;  
 Torches and cressets gleam'd around,  
 I heard the saw and hammer sound,

And I could mark they toil'd to raise  
 A scaffold, hung with sable baize,  
 Which the grim headsman's scene display'd,  
 Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.  
 Some evil deed will there be done,  
 Unless Matilda wed his son ;— 10  
 She loves him not—'tis shrewdly guess'd  
 That Redmond rules the damsel's breast.  
 This is a turn of Oswald's skill ;  
 But I may meet, and foil him still !—  
 How camest thou to thy freedom ?"—“ There  
 Lies mystery more dark and rare.  
 In midst of Wycliffe's well-feign'd rage,  
 A scroll was offer'd by a page,  
 Who told, a muffled horseman late 20  
 Had left it at the Castle-gate.  
 He broke the seal—his cheek show'd change  
 Sudden, portentous, wild, and strange ;  
 The mimic passion of his eye  
 Was turn'd to actual agony ;  
 His hand like summer sapling shook,  
 Terror and guilt were in his look.  
 Denzil he judged, in time of need,  
 Fit counsellor for evil deed ;  
 And thus apart his counsel broke,  
 While with a ghastly smile he spoke :— 30

## XI.

“ ‘ As in the pageants of the stage,  
 The dead awake in this wild age.  
 Mortham—whom all men deem'd decreed  
 In his own deadly snare to bleed,  
 Slain by a bravo, whom, o'er sea,  
 He train'd to aid in murdering me,—  
 Mortham has 'scaped ! The coward shot  
 The steed, but harm'd the rider not.’ ”

Here, with an execration fell,  
 Bertram leap'd up, and paced the cell :— 10  
 "Thine own grey head, or bosom dark,"  
 He mutter'd, "may be surer mark!"  
 Then sat, and sign'd to Edmund, pale  
 With terror, to resume his tale.  
 "Wycliffe went on :—'Mark with what flights  
 Of wilder'd reverie he writes :—

The Letter.

"'Ruler of Mortham's destiny !  
 Though dead, thy victim lives to thee.  
 Once had he all that binds to life,  
 A lovely child, a lovelier wife ; 20  
 Wealth, fame, and friendship, were his own—  
 Thou gavest the word, and they are flown.  
 Mark how he pays thee :—To thy hand  
 He yields his honours and his land,  
 One boon premised ;—Restore his child !  
 And, from his native land exiled,  
 Mortham no more returns to claim  
 His lands, his honours, or his name ;  
 Refuse him this, and from the slain  
 Thou shalt see Mortham rise again.'— 30

XII.

"This billet while the baron read,  
 His faltering accents show'd his dread ;  
 He press'd his forehead with his palm,  
 Then took a scornful tone and calm ;  
 'Wild as the winds, as billows wild !  
 What wot I of his spouse or child ?  
 Hither he brought a joyous dame,  
 Unknown her lineage or her name :  
 Her, in some frantic fit, he slew ;  
 The nurse and child in fear withdrew. 10





Gilt tablets to the chain were hung, 20  
With letters in the Irish tongue.  
I hid my spoil, for there was need  
That I should leave the land with speed ;  
Nor then I deem'd it safe to bear  
On mine own person gems so rare.  
Small heed I of the tablets took,  
But since have spell'd them by the book,  
When some sojourn in Erin's land  
Of their wild speech had given command.  
But darkling was the sense ; the phrase 30  
And language those of other days,  
Involved of purpose, as to foil  
An interloper's prying toil.  
The words, but not the sense, I knew,  
Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

## XIV.

“Three days since, was that clew reveal'd  
In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd,  
And heard at full when Rokeby's Maid  
Her uncle's history display'd ;  
And now I can interpret well  
Each syllable the tablets tell.  
Mark, then : Fair Edith was the joy  
Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy ;  
But from her sire and country fled,  
In secret Mortham's Lord to wed. 10  
O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,  
Despatch'd his son to Greta's shore,  
Enjoining he should make him known  
(Until his farther will were shown)  
To Edith, but to her alone.  
What of their ill-starr'd meeting fell,  
Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

## XV.

“ ‘O’Neale it was, who, in despair,  
 Robb’d Mortham of his infant heir ;  
 He bred him in their nurture wild,  
 And call’d him murder’d Connel’s child.  
 Soon died the nurse ; the Clan believed  
 What from their Chieftain they received.  
 His purpose was, that ne’er again  
 The boy should cross the Irish main ;  
 But, like his mountain sires, enjoy  
 The woods and wastes of Clandeboy. 10  
 Then on the land wild troubles came,  
 And stronger Chieftains urged a claim,  
 And wrested from the old man’s hands  
 His native towers, his father’s lands.  
 Unable then, amid the strife,  
 To guard young Redmond’s rights or life,  
 Late and reluctant he restores  
 The infant to his native shores,  
 With goodly gifts and letters stored,  
 With many a deep conjuring word, 20  
 To Mortham and to Rokeby’s Lord.  
 Nought knew the clod of Irish earth,  
 Who was the guide, of Redmond’s birth ;  
 But deem’d his Chief’s commands were laid  
 On both, by both to be obey’d.  
 How he was wounded by the way,  
 I need not, and I list not say.’—

## XVI.

“ ‘A wond’rous tale ! and, grant it true,  
 What,’ Wycliffe answer’d, ‘might I do ?  
 Heaven knows, as willingly as now  
 I raise the bonnet from my brow,  
 Would I my kinsman’s manors fair  
 Restore to Mortham, or his heir ;

But Mortham is distraught—O'Neale  
Has drawn for tyranny his steel,  
Malignant to our rightful cause,  
And train'd in Rome's delusive laws. 10  
Hark thee apart !—They whisper'd long,  
Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong :—  
'My proofs ! I never will,' he said,  
'Show mortal man where they are laid.  
Nor hope discovery to foreclose,  
By giving me to feed the crows ;  
For I have mates at large, who know  
Where I am wont such toys to stow.  
Free me from peril and from band,  
These tablets are at thy command ; 20  
Nor were it hard to form some train,  
To wile old Mortham o'er the main.  
Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand  
Should wrest from thine the goodly land.'—  
—'I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'well ;  
But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.  
Thy son, unless my purpose err,  
May prove the trustier messenger.  
A scroll to Mortham shall he bear  
From me, and fetch these tokens rare. 30  
Gold shalt thou have, and that good store,  
And freedom, his commission o'er ;  
But if his faith should chance to fail,  
The gibbet frees thee from the jail.'

## XVII.

"Mesh'd in the net himself had twined,  
What subterfuge could Denzil find ?  
He told me, with reluctant sigh,  
That hidden here the tokens lie ;  
Conjured my swift return and aid,  
By all he scoff'd and disobey'd,

And look'd as if the noose were tied,  
 And I the priest who left his side.  
 This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe gave,  
 Whom I must seek by Greta's wave ; 10  
 Or in the hut where chief he hides,  
 Where Thorsgill's forester resides.  
 (Thence chanced it, wandering in the glade,  
 That he descried our ambuscade.)  
 I was dismissed as evening fell,  
 And reach'd but now this rocky cell."—  
 "Give Oswald's letter."—Bertram read,  
 And tore it fiercely, shred by shred :—  
 "All lies and villany ! to blind  
 His noble kinsman's generous mind, 20  
 And train him on from day to day,  
 Till he can take his life away.--  
 And now, declare thy purpose, youth,  
 Nor dare to answer, save the truth ;  
 If aught I mark of Denzil's art,  
 I'll tear the secret from thy heart !"—

## XVIII.

"It needs not. I renounce," he said,  
 "My tutor and his deadly trade.  
 Fix'd was my purpose to declare  
 To Mortham, Redmond is his heir ;  
 To tell him in what risk he stands,  
 And yield these tokens to his hands.  
 Fix'd was my purpose to atone,  
 Far as I may, the evil done ;  
 And fix'd it rests—if I survive  
 This night, and leave this cave alive."— 10  
 "And Denzil ?"—"Let them ply the rack,  
 Even till his joints and sinews crack !  
 If Oswald tear him limb from limb,  
 What ruth can Denzil claim from him,

Whose thoughtless youth he led astray,  
 And damn'd to this unhallow'd way?  
 He school'd me, faith and vows were vain;  
 Now let my master reap his gain."—  
 "True," answer'd Bertram, "'tis his meed;  
 There's retribution in the deed. 20  
 But thou—thou art not for our course,  
 Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse:  
 And he, with us the gale who braves,  
 Must heave such cargo to the waves,  
 Or lag with overloaded prore,  
 While barks unburden'd reach the shore."

## XIX.

He paused, and, stretching him at length,  
 Seem'd to repose his bulky strength.  
 Communing with his secret mind,  
 As half he sat, and half reclined,  
 One ample hand his forehead press'd,  
 And one was dropp'd across his breast.  
 The shaggy eyebrows deeper came  
 Above his eyes of swarthy flame;  
 His lip of pride a while forbore  
 The haughty curve till then it wore; 10  
 The unalter'd fierceness of his look  
 A shade of darken'd sadness took,—  
 For dark and sad a presage press'd  
 Resistlessly on Bertram's breast,—  
 And when he spoke, his wonted tone,  
 So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.  
 His voice was steady, low, and deep,  
 Like distant waves when breezes sleep;  
 And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear,  
 Its low unbroken depth to hear. 20

## XX.

"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find  
 The woe that warp'd my patron's mind :  
 'Twould wake the fountains of the eye  
 In other men, but mine are dry.  
 Mortham must never see the fool,  
 That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool ;  
 Yet less from thirst of sordid gain,  
 Than to avenge supposed disdain.  
 Say, Bertram rues his fault ;—a word,  
 Till now, from Bertram never heard : 10  
 Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays  
 To think but on their former days,  
 On Quariana's beach and rock,  
 On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,  
 On Darien's sands and deadly dew,  
 And on the dart Tlatzeca threw ;—  
 Perchance my patron yet may hear  
 More that may grace his comrade's bier.  
 My soul hath felt a secret weight,  
 A warning of approaching fate : 20  
 A priest had said, 'Return, repent !'  
 As well to bid that rock be rent.  
 Firm as that flint I face mine end ;  
 My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

## XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe  
 And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw ;  
 For over Rēdesdale it came,  
 As bodeful as their beacon-flame.  
 Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,  
 When, challenging the Clans of Tyne  
 To bring their best my brand to prove,  
 O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove 》

But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,  
Held champion meet to take it down. 10  
My noontide India may declare ;  
Like her fierce sun, I fired the air !  
Like him, to wood and cave bade fly  
Her natives, from mine angry eye.  
Panama's maids shall long look pale  
When Risingham inspires the tale ;  
Chili's dark matrons long shall tame  
The froward child with Bertram's name.  
And now, my race of terror run,  
Mine be the eve of tropic sun ! 20  
No pale gradations quench his ray,  
No twilight dews his wrath allay ;  
With disk like battle-target red,  
He rushes to his burning bed,  
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,  
Then sinks at once—and all is night.—

## XXII.

“Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,  
Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie  
To Richmond, where his troops are laid,  
And lead his force to Redmond's aid.  
Say, till he reaches Eglistone,  
A friend will watch to guard his son.  
Now, fare-thee-well ; for night draws on,  
And I would rest me here alone.”  
Despite his ill-dissembled fear,  
There swam in Edmund's eye a tear ; 10  
A tribute to the courage high,  
Which stoop'd not in extremity,  
But strove, irregularly great,  
To triumph o'er approaching fate !  
Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,  
It almost touch'd his iron heart :



"I did not think there lived," he said,  
 "One, who would tear for Bertram shed."  
 He loosen'd then his baldric's hold,  
 A buckle broad of massive gold ;—  
 "Of all the spoil that paid his pains,  
 But this with Risingham remains ;  
 And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take,  
 And wear it long for Bertram's sake.  
 Once more—to Mortham speed amain ;  
 Farewell ! and turn thee not again."

20

## XXIII.

The night has yielded to the morn,  
 And far the hours of prime are worn.  
 Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,  
 Had cursed his messenger's delay,  
 Impatient question'd now his train,  
 "Was Denzil's son return'd again ?"  
 It chanced there answer'd of the crew,  
 A menial, who young Edmund knew ;  
 "No son of Denzil this,"—he said ;  
 "A peasant boy from Winston glade,  
 For song and minstrelsy renown'd,  
 And knavish pranks, the hamlets round."  
 "Not Denzil's son !—from Winston vale !—  
 Then it was false, that specious tale ;  
 Or, worse—he hath despatch'd the youth  
 To show to Mortham's lord its truth.  
 Fool that I was !—but 'tis too late ;—  
 This is the very turn of fate !—  
 The tale, of true or false, relies  
 On Denzil's evidence !—He dies !—  
 Ho ! Provost Marshal ! instantly  
 Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree !  
 Allow him not a parting word ;  
 Short be the shrift, and sure the corse !

10

20

Then let his gory head appal  
 Marauders from the Castle-wall.  
 Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,  
 With best despatch to Eglistone.—  
 —Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight  
 Attend me at the Castle-gate.”—

30

## XXIV.

“Alas !” the old domestic said,  
 And shook his venerable head,  
 “Alas, my Lord ! full ill to-day  
 May my young master brook the way !  
 The leech has spoke with grave alarm  
 Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,  
 Of sorrow lurking at the heart,  
 That mars and lets his healing art.”—  
 “Tush ! tell not me !—Romantic boys  
 Pine themselves sick for airy toys,  
 I will find cure for Wilfrid soon ;  
 Bid him for Eglistone be boune,  
 And quick !—I hear the dull death-drum  
 Tell Denzil’s hour of fate is come.”  
 He paused with scornful smile, and then  
 Resumed his train of thought agen.  
 “Now comes my fortune’s crisis near !  
 Entreaty boots not—instant fear,  
 Nought else, can bend Matilda’s pride,  
 Or win her to be Wilfrid’s bride.  
 But when she sees the scaffold placed,  
 With axe and block and headsman graced,  
 And when she deems, that to deny  
 Dooms Redmond and her sire to die,  
 She must give way.—Then, were the line  
 Of Rokeby once combined with mine,  
 I gain the weather-gage of fate !  
 If Mortham come, he comes too late,

10

20

While I, allied thus and prepared,  
 Bid him defiance to his beard.— 30  
 —If she prove stubborn, shall I dare  
 To drop the axe?—Soft! pause we there.  
 Mortham still lives—yon youth may tell  
 His tale—and Fairfax loves him well;—  
 Else, wherefore should I now delay  
 To sweep this Redmond from my way?—  
 But she to piety perforce  
 Must yield.—Without there! Sound to horse!”

## XXV.

’Twas bustle in the court below,—  
 “Mount, and march forward!”—Forth they go;  
 Steeds neigh and trample all around,  
 Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound.—  
 Just then was sung his parting hymn;  
 And Denzil turn’d his eyeballs dim,  
 And, scarcely conscious what he sees,  
 Follows the horsemen down the Tees;  
 And scarcely conscious what he hears,  
 The trumpets tingle in his ears. 10  
 O’er the long bridge they’re sweeping now,  
 The van is hid by greenwood bough;  
 But ere the rearward had pass’d o’er,  
 Guy Denzil heard and saw no more!  
 One stroke, upon the Castle bell,  
 To Oswald rung his dying knell.

## XXVI.

O, for that pencil, erst profuse  
 Of chivalry’s emblazon’d hues,  
 That traced of old, in Woodstock bower,  
 The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,  
 And bodied forth the tourney high,  
 Held for the hand of Emily!

Then might I paint the tumult broad,  
 That to the crowded abbey flow'd,  
 And pour'd, as with an ocean's sound,  
 Into the church's ample bound ! 10  
 Then might I show each varying mien,  
 Exulting, woeful, or serene ;  
 Indifference, with his idiot stare,  
 And Sympathy, with anxious air ;  
 Paint the dejected Cavalier,  
 Doubtful, disarm'd, and sad of cheer ;  
 And his proud foe, whose formal eye  
 Claim'd conquest now and mastery ;  
 And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal  
 Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel, 20  
 And loudest shouts when lowest lie  
 Exalted worth and station high.  
 Yet what may such a wish avail ?  
 'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,  
 Hurrying, as best I can, along,  
 The hearers and the hasty song ;—  
 Like traveller when approaching home,  
 Who sees the shades of evening come,  
 And must not now his course delay,  
 Or choose the fair, but winding way ; 30  
 Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,  
 Where o'er his head the wildings bend,  
 To bless the breeze that cools his brow,  
 Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

## XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,  
 Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced.  
 Through storied lattices no more  
 In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,  
 Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich  
 Of shrine, and monument, and niche.

The Civil fury of the time  
Made sport of sacrilegious crime ;  
For dark Fanaticism rent  
Altar, and screen, and ornament, 10  
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew  
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.  
And now was seen, unwonted sight,  
In holy walls a scaffold dight !  
Where once the priest of grace divine  
Dealt to his flock the mystic sign ;  
There stood the block display'd, and there  
The headsman grim his hatchet bare ;  
And for the word of Hope and Faith,  
Resounded loud a doom of death. 20  
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,  
And echo'd thrice the herald's word,  
Dooming, for breach of martial laws,  
And treason to the Commons' cause,  
The Knight of Rokeby, and O'Neale,  
To stoop their heads to block and stool.  
The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill,  
Then was a silence dead and still ;  
And silent prayers to Heaven were cast,  
And stifled sobs were bursting fast, 30  
Till from the crowd begun to rise  
Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,  
And from the distant aisles there came,  
Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name.

## XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his hand,  
Powerful in evil, waved his hand,  
And bade Sedition's voice be dead,  
On peril of the murmurer's head.  
Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight,  
Who gazed on the tremendous sight,

As calm as if he came a guest  
To kindred Baron's feudal feast,  
As calm as if that trumpet-call  
Were summons to the banner'd hall ; 10  
Firm in his loyalty he stood,  
And prompt to seal it with his blood.  
With downcast look drew Oswald nigh,—  
He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye !—  
And said, with low and faltering breath,  
"Thou know'st the terms of life and death."  
The Knight then turn'd, and sternly smiled :  
"The maiden is mine only child,  
Yet shall my blessing leave her head,  
If with a traitor's son she wed." 20  
Then Redmond spoke : "The life of one  
Might thy malignity atone,  
On me be flung a double guilt !  
Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt !"  
Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,  
But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

## XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear  
In secret on Matilda's ear ;  
"An union form'd with me and mine,  
Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.  
Consent, and all this dread array,  
Like morning dream, shall pass away ;  
Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,  
I give the word—thou know'st the rest."  
Matilda, still and motionless,  
With terror heard the dread address, 10  
Pale as the sheeted maid who dies  
To hopeless love a sacrifice ;  
Then wrung her hands in agony,  
And round her cast bewilder'd eye,

Now on the scaffold glanced, and now  
On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.  
She veil'd her face, and, with a voice  
Scarce audible,—“I make my choice !  
Spare but their lives !—for aught beside,  
Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide. 20  
He once was generous !”—As she spoke,  
Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke :—  
“Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late ?  
Why upon Basil rest thy weight ?—  
Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand ?—  
Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand ;  
Thank her with raptures, simple boy !  
Should tears and trembling speak thy joy ?”  
“O hush, my sire ! To prayer and tear  
Of mine thou hast refused thine ear ; 30  
But now the awful hour draws on,  
When truth must speak in loftier tone.”

## xxx.

He took Matilda's hand :—“Dear maid,  
Could'st thou so injure me,” he said,  
“Of thy poor friend so basely deem,  
As blend with him this barbarous scheme ?  
Alas ! my efforts made in vain  
Might well have saved this added pain.  
But now, bear witness earth and heaven,  
That ne'er was hope to mortal given,  
So twisted with the strings of life,  
As this—to call Matilda wife ! 10  
I bid it now for ever part,  
And with the effort bursts my heart.”  
His feeble frame was worn so low,  
With wounds, with watching, and with woe,  
That nature could no more sustain  
The agony of mental pain.

He kneel'd—his lip her hand had press'd,  
 Just then he felt the stern arrest.  
 Lower and lower sunk his head,—  
 They raised him,—but the life was fled ! 20  
 Then first alarm'd, his sire and train  
 Tried every aid, but tried in vain.  
 The soul, too soft its ills to bear,  
 Had left our mortal hemisphere,  
 And sought in better world the meed,  
 To blameless life by Heaven decreed.

## XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,  
 With Wilfrid all his projects past.  
 All turn'd and centred on his son,  
 On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.  
 “And I am childless now,” he said ;  
 “Childless, through that relentless maid !  
 A lifetime's arts, in vain essay'd,  
 Are bursting on their artist's head !  
 Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and there  
 Comes hated Mortham for his heir, 10  
 Eager to knit in happy band  
 With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's hand.  
 And shall their triumph soar o'er all  
 The schemes deep-laid to work their fall ?  
 No !—deeds, which prudence might not dare,  
 Appal not vengeance and despair.  
 The murd'ress weeps upon his bier—  
 I'll change to real that feigned tear !  
 They all shall share destruction's shock ;  
 —Hb ! lead the captives to the block !” 20  
 But ill his Provost could divine  
 His feelings, and forbore the sign.  
 “Slave ! to the block !—or I, or they,  
 Shall face the judgment-seat this day !”



## XXXII.

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,  
Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground ;  
Nearer it came, and yet more near,—  
The very death's-men paused to hear.  
'Tis in the churchyard now—the tread  
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead !  
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,  
Return the tramp in varied tone.  
All eyes upon the gateway hung,  
When through the Gothic arch there sprung 10  
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—  
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.  
Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,  
The vaults unwonted clang return'd !—  
One instant's glance around he threw,  
From saddlebow his pistol drew.  
Grimly determined was his look !  
His charger with the spurs he strook—  
All scatter'd backward as he came,  
For all knew Bertram Risingham ! 20  
Three bounds that noble courser gave ;  
The first has reach'd the central nave,  
The second clear'd the chancel wide,  
The third—he was at Wycliffe's side.  
Full levell'd at the Baron's head,  
Rung the report—the bullet sped—  
And to his long account, and last,  
Without a groan dark Oswald past !  
All was so quick, that it might seem  
A flash of lightning, or a dream. 30

## XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,  
Bertram his ready charger wheel's ;

But flounder'd on the pavement-floor  
The steed, and down the rider bore,  
And, bursting in the headlong sway,  
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.  
'Twas while he toil'd him to be freed,  
And with the rein to raise the steed,  
That from amazement's iron trance  
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once. 10  
Sword, halberd, musket-butt, their blows  
Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose ;  
A score of pikes, with each a wound,  
Bore down and pinn'd him to the ground ;  
But still his struggling force he rears,  
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears ;  
Thrice from assailants shook him free,  
Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee.  
By tenfold odds oppress'd at length,  
Despite his struggles and his strength, 20  
He took a hundred mortal wounds,  
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds ;  
And when he died, his parting groan  
Had more of laughter than of moan !  
—They gazed, as when a lion dies,  
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,  
But bend their weapons on the slain,  
Lest the grim king should rouse again !  
Then blow and insult some renew'd,  
And from the trunk, the head had hew'd, 30  
But Basil's voice the deed forbade ;  
A mantle o'er the corse he laid :—  
“ Fell as he was in act and mind,  
He left no bolder heart behind :  
Then give him, for a soldier meet,  
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet.”

## XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang,  
No more of trump and bugle clang,  
Though through the sounding woods there come  
Banner and bugle, trump and drum.  
Arm'd with such powers as well had freed  
Young Redmond at his utmost need,  
And back'd with such a band of horse,  
As might less ample powers enforce ;  
Possess'd of every proof and sign  
That gave an heir to Mortham's line, 10  
And yielded to a father's arms  
An image of his Edith's charms,—  
Mortham is come, to hear and see  
Of this strange morn the history.  
What saw he?—not the church's floor,  
Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with gore ;  
What heard he?—not the clamorous crowd,  
That shout their gratulations loud :  
Redmond he saw and heard alone,  
Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, “ My son ! my son ! ”— 20

## XXXV.

This chanced upon a summer morn,  
When yellow waved the heavy corn :  
But when brown August o'er the land  
Call'd forth the reapers' busy band,  
A gladsome sight the silvan road  
From Eglistone to Mortham show'd.  
A while the hardy rustic leaves  
The task to bind and pile the sheaves,  
And maids their sickles fling aside,  
To gaze on bridegroom and on bride, 10  
And childhood's wondering group draws near,  
And from the gleaner's hands the ear

Drops, while she folds them for a prayer  
And blessing on the lovely pair.

'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby gave  
Her plighted troth to Redmond brave ;  
And Teesdale can remember yet  
How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,  
And, for their troubles, bade them prove  
A lengthen'd life of peace and love.

20

Time and Tide had thus their sway,  
Yielding, like an April day,  
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,  
Years of joy for hours of sorrow !

## NOTES.

### CANTO FIRST.

I. 3. **Racking**, driving in broken fragments across the sky. The noun 'rack' means broken clouds driven by the wind.

4. **her shroud**. Compare *Marmion*, 5. XXV. 23—

“When flings the moon upon her shroud  
A wavering tinge of flame.”

In both passages the moon's shroud seems to mean the moonlight which covers everything, rather than the clouds which cover the face of the moon. 'Shroud' here only means covering, and has not its later special meaning of winding-sheet for the dead. Milton (*P.L.*, iv. 611) calls the moonlight a "silver mantle."

5. "‘Barnard Castle,’ says old Leland, ‘standeth stately upon Tees.’ It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the operations of some persons to whom the tower has been leased for the purpose of making patent shot! The prospect from the top of Baliol's tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.”—*Scott*.

8. **sleeping Fancy**, the imagination of one sleeping. As Oswald's Fancy is described as being actively awake, it is evident that the epithet 'sleeping' is transferred by hypallage from the person to his imagination. Compare Byron's rather ghastly line in the *Giaour*—

“To revel o’er their rotting sleep,”

i.e. to revel over the sleep of those who are rotting in the grave.

**wild career.** It is doubtful whether 'wild' is a proleptic adjective or not, that is, whether Conscience is represented as goading the sleeper's fancy so as to make its career wild, or as goading to increased wildness the already wild career of the sleeper's fancy.

9. To resemble a blush the moonlight must have been reddish. This shows that the variation of hues in ll. 4 and 15 means more than a mere difference in brightness. But Scott seems here untrue to nature. Moonlight, although its light may sometimes be more and sometimes less intense, is always of the same colour. Observers of nature do not find it easy to decide what that colour is. It is sometimes called golden, more often silver (see note on xxxii. 12), and is perhaps somewhere between these two colours.

11. **come and go**, alternately appear and disappear in rapid succession.

14. **Like** must be taken as an adjective, agreeing with 'darkness.' The modified darkness suggesting sorrow in the previous line died away, and was succeeded by far deeper darkness resembling despair.

17. **Balliol's tower.** See note on l. 5.

18. **mustering.** This military word compares the clouds to troops assembling for a review or a campaign.

II. 3. **Those towers of Barnard** is a redundant subject.

**a guest**, Oswald Wycliffe, who is represented in the poem as holding Barnard Castle for the Parliamentary party (xxviii. 23). The castle did not belong to him, but to the Vanes. It had been "granted to Sir Henry Vane the Elder, and was therefore, in all probability, occupied for the Parliament, whose interest during the civil war was so keenly espoused by the Vanes."

6. The emotions resemble the broken clouds in their rapid succession one after another.

8. He had often become tired of lying on one side, and tried to get to sleep by changing and lying on the other.

15. **anticipating time.** Oswald was conscience-stricken by anticipation, that is, *before* he heard that the crime was committed.

18. Here Scott is thinking of the furies of classic mythology, who were represented with snakes clustered round their head instead of hair, and armed with scourges to punish sinners.

21. The lesson taught is that sinners suffer terrible mental tortures.

III. 4. Notice in this elaborate comparison how cause resembles cause, and effect effect. The emotions in Oswald's breast resemble the broken clouds driven across the sky (ii. 6),

and the changes in his sleeping face (the face of him sleeping) caused by these emotions resemble the changes in the colour of the moonlight which are due to the passing clouds.

9. **Relax'd that grasp**, when the sleeper no longer dreamt that he was grasping sword or dagger, and his hand was consequently unclenched.

13. **Nor paused that mood**, nor was that mood of long continuance.

IV. 2. **In such dire repose**. These words give the reason why he feared to fall asleep again. His sleep had been so disturbed that he preferred to lie awake.

3. **tell**, count the strokes of the bell announcing the hour of the night. Just as 'tell' sometimes means to count, so the noun 'tale' sometimes means a number, as in the expression 'a tale of bricks.'

7. **by fits**, every now and then at irregular intervals.

11. **fancy-free**, free from the disturbing influence of the imagination. Scott borrows the expression from a well-known line of Shakespeare's—

"In maiden meditation, fancy-free."—

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, 2. II.

In Shakespeare 'fancy' means love and 'fancy-free' means free from love.

12. **like careless infancy**, like an infant free from care. The abstract is used for the concrete. Compare with these lines the similar reflections on the subject of sleep in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, Part 2. 3. 1.

V. 3. **though no human ear** etc. "I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in giving acuteness to the organs of sense."—*Scott*.

8. **The warder's challenge** generally takes the form of the question 'Who goes there?'

10. Castles were generally surrounded by a deep ditch full of water called the moat. The moat was crossed by a drawbridge which in time of danger was drawn up and of course had to be dropped to allow any one to enter the castle.

16. **comes post**, comes expeditiously, like a messenger carrying despatches.

VI. 2. Scott originally wrote—

'The plumed morion hid his face.

But as the morion had neither beaver nor visor it could hardly conceal the face. This difficulty seems to have induced him to alter the line so as to make it more clear that not the metal of the

helmet but the plumes hid Bertram's visage. But it is surely not possible that the plumes of a helmet should have fallen down, so as to hide the face of the wearer.

3. **buff-coat.** 'Buff' is a kind of leather made of the skin of the buffalo or bull's hide (see l. 14) dressed with oil. From the colour of leather so prepared 'buff' sometimes means light yellow.

**an ample fold,** an ample infolding garment, a great garment wrapping him round.

8. This noun sentence is the object of 'mark'd' in the preceding line.

11. **partial.** The lustre would be partial because in this position it would not shine equally on both.

12. **his looks,** Bertram's. **his own,** Oswald's.

14. Buff leather was tough enough to offer successful resistance to the edge of the sword, and was sometimes considered sufficient protection by itself. In the case of Bertram however we see that the buff coat was worn over a metal corslet, so that he was doubly defended.

18. As dew in the ordinary sense of the word does not fall on windy and cloudy nights, 'dew' must here mean the moisture of rain. Compare l. 20.

19. **gloves of mail,** gauntlets.

VII. 2. **gorge his cheer,** greedily devour the food placed before him. 'Cheer' is derived from the Low Latin *cara*, a face. It originally meant the countenance whether glad or sorrowful, then the state of mind indicated by the countenance, and afterwards a glad state of mind or, as in the present passage, good victuals that produce a glad state of mind. In the last meaning the noun is generally qualified by the epithet 'good,' as, "the tables groaned under abundance of good cheer."

14. This line is not quite consistent with v. 20, in which the servants were ordered to retire immediately after bringing food and wine. They seem to have remained in spite of Oswald's order, until Bertram had satisfied his hunger.

18. We should rather expect Scott to have written "a struggle between fear and shame on the one hand and intense eagerness to know what had happened on the other." His fear of Bertram and his consciousness of shame were not opposing motives, but both together urged him to be silent.

VIII. 3-8. Compare with these lines the very similar description of Marmion:—

"His eye-brow dark and eye of fire  
Show'd spirit proud and prompt to ire ;



His forehead by his casque worn bare,  
His thick moustache and curly hair  
Coal black, and grizzled here and there,  
But more through toil than age."

8. **lip of pride.** See 6. XIX. 9.

16. **Tornades**, usually spelt 'tornadoes,' are violent tempests that prevail in the West Indies, near the scene of Bertram's piratical exploits, at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. 'Tornado' is derived from the Portuguese *tornar* (to turn), and connected with the English 'turn.' These tempests are so called because they turn in a circular or spiral form.

IX. 2. **brook** (derived from A.S. *brucan*, to use) is used by Chaucer in its original sense. In modern English the word generally expresses submission to something degrading, as, to brook an insult. Compare 5. xxx. 2. But Scott uses it here and elsewhere, without any sense of humiliation, to express successful endurance of or management of anything difficult to endure and manage. Thus, Marmion when complimented on his horsemanship is said "well to brook his gallant roan," and in *The Lady of the Lake* Douglas has a sword which only he could "brook to wield."

4. **callous face**, face indicating no tenderness of conscience or feeling. 'Callous' (Lat. *callum*, hard skin) in its literal derivative sense is applied to hard portions of flesh that have lost their sensitiveness.

14. **The 'hardier fruits**, *e.g.*, patriotism, liberality (l. 18), love of glory (l. 20), zeal for law and liberty, etc., as opposed to the more delicate and refined virtuous qualities mentioned in line 16, which could not under any circumstances have flourished in such a mind as Bertram's. 'Hardy' is an adjective applied to plants that can bear exposure to all kinds of weather and grow in almost any soil.

15. **Not that** etc., even under those circumstances, *i.e.* with the advantage of good training in youth, his heart would not have known.

17. **had been refined**, would have been refined.

21. **And, frantic then no more, his pride**, etc., and then, instead of madly priding himself upon the attainment of lower aims, he would have aimed at satisfying his pride by securing a high reputation for virtue.

X. 11. **on far other subject** etc., in hesitating accents he spoke of very different matters from the thoughts that really engrossed his mind at the time. He spoke of the political and religious questions of the day, but in his heart he was thinking of nothing but the question whether Mortham was alive or dead.

14. **note**, make any remark to show that he noticed That he really read Oswald's thoughts is clear; but he refrained from making any remark upon his embarrassment, as such a remark would have made it easier for his host while explaining his embarrassment to ask for the news which would set his mind at rest.

19. Oswald was not to get the information he longed for without undergoing the humiliation of revealing his inmost thoughts by asking directly about Mortham's fate.

XI. 1. **glozed**, spoke speciously, hypocritically. The noun 'gloss,' with which 'gloze' is connected, means an interpretation, and often suggests a specious interpretation.

2. **Covenant**, the Solemn League and Covenant made in 1643 between the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and commissioners from the English Parliament to establish the Presbyterian form of worship in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was as a consequence of the alliance then made that the Scots invaded England and fought in the battle of Marston Moor.

3. **Church Reform'd**. The subject of his conversation was not the Reformation as opposed to Roman Catholicism, but the attempts then being made by the Presbyterians and other Puritans to further reform the Protestant Church. Indian students need to be continually reminded that the struggle of the Great Rebellion was not between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, but between Puritanism and Episcopalianism. In the war the Roman Catholics played a subordinate part on the Royalist side.

5. **A field**, a battle. 'Field' is cognate subject of 'has been fought.' For this use of 'field,' compare Milton, *P. L.*, ii. 768—  
"And fields were fought in heaven."

11. **your towers**, the towers occupied by you. See note on II. 3.

19. **To mar** etc. Rupert, with an army of 20,000 men, had come to raise the siege of York, which was besieged by the Scotch under the Earl of Leven, and by a Parliamentarian army commanded by Fairfax. "In this he so completely succeeded that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the town."

20. **Encamp'd** agrees with the possessive 'army's.' See 3. xv. 11.

22. **how went the day?** what was the result of the battle?

XII. 10. **phrenesy** is a longer way of spelling 'phrensy' or 'frensy.' Scott spells the word in this unusual way for metrical convenience.

13. **Some for a dream** etc. To this class would belong General Harrison, "one of the chief leaders of those who were called

Fifth-monarchy men, who, going even beyond the general fanaticism of the age, presumptuously interpreted the Book of Revelations after their own fancies, considered that the second Advent of the Messiah, and the Millennium, or reign of the Saints upon earth, was close at hand, and that they themselves, illuminated as they believed with the power of foreseeing these approaching events, were the chosen instruments for the establishment of the New Reign or Fifth Monarchy, as it was called." *Woodstock*, chap. xi.

14. **church-tippet, gown and hood** are symbols of Episcopalianism as opposed to Puritanism. The Puritans objected to all the ornamental ecclesiastical vestments retained by the Episcopalian Church of England, and condemned them as showing a tendency towards Roman Catholicism.

17-26. "The author, surely, cannot require to be told, that the feebleness of those jingling couplets is less offensive than their obscurity. The first line is unintelligible, because the conditional word 'if,' on which the meaning depends, is neither expressed or implied in it; and the third line is equally faulty, because the sentence, when restored to its natural order, can only express the exact converse of the speaker's intention. We think it necessary to remonstrate against these barbarous inversions, because we consider the rules of grammar as the only shackles by which the Hudibrastic metre, already so licentious, can be confined within tolerable limits."—*Quarterly Review*.

Most of this criticism is very unjust. The lines are neither obscure nor feeble, and the only ground for calling them jingling couplets seems to be the fact that they rhyme. The assertion that 'if' is not implied in the first line is distinctly incorrect. Even in prose the practice of expressing a conditional sentence without a conditional particle by putting the subject after the verb is common, and perfectly admissible. The critic is nearer the mark when he declares that the third line, when restored to its natural order, can only express the exact converse of the speaker's intention, although even here the critic seems to deserve criticism himself for using 'converse' in the sense of 'reverse' or 'opposite.' No doubt the sentence if arranged, 'I, no (i.e., not a) superstitious fool, would have sought El Dorados in the sky,' could only mean the exact opposite to the sense intended. Bertram, of course, really means, 'I would not have been a superstitious fool, and would not have sought El Dorados in the sky, but would instead have led my forces to sack some rich city in this world.' Scott makes the negative in 'no' do double duty.

20. **El Dorados in the sky**, such as the heavenly Jerusalem in which the religious zealots expected to be rewarded after death for their energetic defence of what they thought the true religion. El

Dorado (Spanish for 'the golden') was the name given to a country abounding in gold that one of Pizarro's lieutenants pretended to have discovered in South America. The term is now applied to anything which is the subject of extravagant hopes of wealth, particularly to unknown countries supposed to be wonderfully rich. In Kingsley's *Westward Ho* it is narrated how Amyas Leigh for three years tried to find El Dorado.

21. **Chili** is a country in South America on the coast of the Pacific Ocean. It was invaded by the Spaniards in 1541, and found to be rich in mineral wealth, especially in silver and gold.

**her states**, the political divisions of the country.

22. **Lima**, the modern capital of Peru, was founded by Pizarro in 1535. When the Spaniards under Pizarro invaded the country, they found in it great abundance of gold and silver, especially in Cuzco, the ancient capital, in which city the Temple of the Sun is said to have been profusely decorated with gold on the outside. The wonderful stories told of the immense wealth of the native kingdoms of the Incas in Peru, and of the Aztecs in Mexico, are here transferred to the Spanish colonies established after the victories of Pizarro and Cortez.

25. **Pizarro's daring name** is hypallage for 'the name of daring Pizarro.'

26. Cortez conquered Mexico in 1520.

**Cortez, thine**. This is an instance of the figure of speech called apostrophe, in which the poet or one of his characters addresses a person or thing different from the person or persons to whom the rest of the passage is addressed.

27. **the purpose**, the matter in hand, the subject about which I want information. As Bertram has not answered the question put in the end of the previous stanza, he is blamed by Oswald for not speaking to the purpose, that is, for discussing irrelevant topics, and is recalled from his wandering discourse by a repetition of the original question, "How went the day?"

XIII. 1-4. In these four lines Bertram cynically discusses the appropriateness of the two epithets applied to him by Oswald in the last line of the previous stanza. "The epithet 'good' is," he says, "applicable to me in some of its uses. When war is raging and the trumpets are sounding, I am considered a good soldier, and, when the wine cup goes merrily round the table, I am good at drinking, i.e. can drink hard without being intoxicated. But the epithet 'gentle' is so utterly inapplicable, so entirely incongruous with the hard-heartedness that is plainly expressed in the sternness of my brow, that till this moment it has never been predicated of me."

1. **at trumpet sound**, at the time when the trumpet sounds, i.e. in war.

2. **dance the round**, go merrily round the table. 'Round' means the act of going round, and is a cognate object governed by 'dance.'

7. **Orinoco, in his pride**. The absence of the definite article before 'Orinoco' and the word 'pride' show that the river is personified.

8. **no tribute tide**. The emphasis is on the word 'tribute.' The huge Orinoco is more like another ocean than an ordinary river paying its contribution of water to the ocean. Scott's description of the grandeur of the Orinoco is based on the account of Humboldt, who with Bonpland explored it for four months in 1800.

13. **pale**, *sc.* from fear. The picture is more impressive because we are made to look at it from the point of view of the pilot, who trembles for his own safety and that of the vessel under his charge.

17. **Ambiguous**, undecided. The tides of battle are called ambiguous because it was long doubtful which way they would flow, that is, whether the Royalists or the Parliamentarians would drive their enemies off the field of battle.

18. **Rupert**, nephew of Charles I., is called a "heart of flame," on account of the fiery impetuosity he displayed as a leader of cavalry in almost all the battles of the Great Civil War. On this account the late Earl of Derby, who was distinguished as an orator for similar qualities, was called the Rupert of debate. In the reign of Charles II., Rupert commanded English fleets as admiral in several actions against the Dutch. It is rather surprising to find that this Prince, who in his youth had been the rashest and boldest of cavalry officers, in the end of his life quietly settled down to scientific investigations, in which he succeeded so well that the invention of mezzotint engraving, and of the scientific toys called after his name, Rupert's drops, was ascribed to him.

22. **began to reel**. According to Whitelocke's *Memoirs*, and a contemporary Scotch account followed by Scott, Rupert commanded on the left, and, charging with his usual impetuosity and success, drove out of the field the Parliamentary right, consisting chiefly of the main body of Scots under General Lesley, Earl of Leven. But the more generally accepted account is that Rupert commanded the Royalist right, and was there driven back without obtaining any success by English and Scotch cavalry, commanded respectively by Cromwell and David Lesley, the Scotch lieutenant-general.

23. **What would'st thou more?** you surely have now all the information you could possibly wish for.

26. **the Houses**, the two Houses of Parliament, namely, the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

**the Word**, the Bible or Word of God. The Puritans professed to be guided in matters of Church discipline and in all their conduct by the Bible.

27. **grange** (Low Lat. *granea*, a barn), a farmhouse with barns, stables, and other outhouses.

28. **To curb** etc., to reduce the power of the king and the prelates. The **crozier** and **mitre** (l. 30) are usual symbols of prelacy. The crozier, according to Ogilvie, is derived through the French from Lat. *crux*, a cross, and means the archbishop's staff surmounted by a cross. Skeat, however, says that the word is derived, not from *crux*, but from a Teutonic root connected with *crux*, and meaning anything crooked, so that 'crozier,' though in its ultimate origin connected with 'cross,' would be much more nearly akin to 'crook' and 'crutch.' If this derivation is correct, 'crozier' may, in accordance with its derivation, mean the ordinary crooked pastoral staff of a bishop, rather than the more uncommon archbishop's staff. The mitre is the cap cleft at the top worn by bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Presbyterians and other Puritans objected to grades of dignity, and thought that all ecclesiastics should be equal in rank to one another. Therefore they are represented as railing at the crozier and the mitre, the outward signs of the superior authority exercised by bishops, archbishops, etc., over the ordinary clergy.

XIV. 10. **Bought by their death** etc., by their physical death became deathless in fame. This is an instance of the figure of speech called oxymoron, or apparent contradiction.

18. **would'st thou know**, if thou wouldst know. Here, as in XII. 17, the position of the subject after the verb shows that the sentence is conditional.

21. **high**, above the reach of an ordinary understanding, difficult.

XV. 1. **suppress'd** has for object 'which' understood.

3. **brave** is here a noun meaning 'affront.' The affront consisted in the fact that Bertram, though his inferior in rank, spoke to him with the disrespectful familiarity of an equal.

4. **hereditary scorn**, the contempt for men of low birth that he had inherited from his ancestors.

8. **Trait'rous or perjured, one or both**. As Bertram had sworn to kill Philip of Mortham, he was impaled on the horns of a dilemma. If he killed Mortham, he was false and traitorous to his patron; if he spared him, he was perjured and false to his oath. He would be both, i.e. both traitorous and perjured, if he tried to take Mortham's life, but failed through cowardice or any other cause.

20. **bucanier**, sometimes spelt 'buccaneer,' is derived, through the French *boucan*, from a Carib, or, according to Murray, a Brazilian word meaning a gridiron for smoking meat. The term was originally applied to the French settlers in Hayti and Hispaniola, who hunted wild cattle and swine and smoked the flesh. Afterwards, when they took to piracy, they and all who adopted the same lawless trade in the West Indies were called bucaniers. As might have been expected, a large number of adventurous spirits from England crossed the sea to get their share in the spoil, and emulate the exploits of Drake and Raleigh. "The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. The Windward Islands, which the Spaniards did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. But Frederic of Toledo, who was despatched in 1630 with a powerful fleet against the Dutch, had orders from the court of Madrid to destroy these colonies, whose vicinity at once offended the pride and excited the jealous suspicions of their Spanish neighbours. This order the Spanish admiral executed with sufficient rigour, but the only consequence was, that the planters, being rendered desperate by persecution, began, under the well-known name of Bucaniers, to commence a retaliation so horridly savage that the perusal makes the reader shudder. When they carried on their depredations at sea, they boarded, without respect to disparity of numbers, every Spanish vessel that came in their way; and, demeaning themselves both in the battle and after the conquest more like demons than human beings, they succeeded in impressing their enemies with a sort of superstitious terror, which rendered them incapable of offering effectual resistance. From piracy at sea they advanced to making predatory descents on the Spanish territories, in which they displayed the same furious and irresistible valour, the same thirst of spoil, and the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licentiousness in gaming, women, wine, and debauchery of every species." —*Scott*.

23. **beleaguer'd York**. See note on XI. 19.

25. **his best**, *sc.* soldiers.

28. **the dye**, the red colour with which Marston Moor is tinged owing to the number of slain soldiers.

XVI. 1-4. Bertram means by these four lines that, when he forgives an insult or foregoes vengeance, he will deserve to be called a wretch and a mean-spirited slave, and will therefore allow himself to be called by these names without showing any resentment.

2. I will not feel enmity against any one who chooses to call me a wretch.

4. I will not kill the man who calls me a slave.

5. Here at last Bertram condescends to relieve Oswald from the agonies of suspense and gives him the information required.

7. This is intended to be a warning to Oswald. The truth of Bertram's words is terribly exemplified by the final catastrophe of the poem.

14. *Rokeby's kindred banner*. 'Kindred' is here used as an adjective in the sense of 'related,' the epithet being transferred by hypallage from Rokeby, who was Mortham's kinsman (xxviii. 14), to his banner.

17. *turn'd the battle's tide*, gained victory by our exertions when we were in danger of being defeated.

20. *deserts pale*, pestilential deserts which make the face pale with disease. The adjective here expresses the effect produced by the noun. Compare 3. iii. 12; 5. xiii. 10; Milton's "forgetful lake," i.e., lake producing forgetfulness, *P.L.* ii. 74; Goldsmith's "pensive plains," *D.V.* 136. This usage is most common in cases of personification, e.g., "pale Death," "Laughter holding both his sides" (Milton, *All.*). If this interpretation of "deserts pale" is rejected, the epithet must be taken to be descriptive of the colour of a sandy desert. Perhaps both notions are combined in the one word. For the unhealthiness of the isthmus of Darien or Panama, see the account of the disastrous Darien scheme in Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*.

26. *wrath*. Here the emotions of human beings are attributed to the waves, which are thereby partially personified.

29. Like the poison of the cobra, the liquid, with which weapons are poisoned by savages, though deadly if introduced into the blood through even a slight scratch, may be drunk with impunity. Thus the man who sucks such poison from a wound does not endanger his own life unless he happens to have a scar in his mouth. Eleanor of Castille, wife of Edward I., is said to have saved her husband's life in this manner, when he was wounded by an assassin in Palestine.

XVII. 1-2. These two lines give premisses leading to the conclusion, that the human heart cannot reasonably be expected to be absolutely firm and inflexible. As flints are rent, and hearts are not flints, i.e., are not so hard as flint, hearts can be rent; as steel is bent, and the heart is less inflexible than steel, the heart can be bent.

7. *Lost, sc. to me*. Bertram was so absorbed in thought that he was scarcely conscious of what was going on around him.

18. *free-born deed*, deed befitting a freeman.



20. **shook**, disturbed.

**dome** (Gr. *doma*, a house) is usually an architectural term meaning a hemispherical roof. The word can also mean a cathedral, as cathedrals often have such roofs, and may be used poetically for any large house with pretensions to architectural beauty.

27. **hardy**, bold, full of assurance. The word was used in a different sense in IX. 14.

XVIII. 6. **cant**, speak with religious affectation. The favourite cant of the Puritans consisted in the continual use of biblical phrases.

7. **Sour**, morose, gloomy. The stricter Puritans were averse to all kinds of gaiety.

**each trust**, every responsible position.

13. **honour**. Bertram means that he must tell all the circumstances of Mortham's death in order to show that he has honourably fulfilled his part of the bargain. Of course his idea of honour is a perverted one. As he had sworn to do a dastardly deed, we may say of him, as Tennyson says of Lancelot, that—

“His honour rooted in dishonour stood  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.”

Compare with Bertram's idea of honour, the claim to the possession of a certain amount of virtue made by Dirck Hatteraick in *Guy Mannering*. “Wretch,” said MacMorlan, “you have crowned a life spent without a single virtue with the murder of your own miserable accomplice.” “Virtue!” exclaimed the prisoner, “I was always faithful to my shipowners, always accounted for cargo to the last stiver.”

XIX. 1. **Thoughts**, etc. Sometimes a succession of thoughts which pass through the mind with the rapidity of lightning cannot be quickly expressed in words. The swiftness of thought is similarly illustrated by Cowper:—

“How fleet is the glance of the mind !  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
Even the lightning itself lags behind  
And the swift winged arrows of light.”

6. **His plea was cast**, all that could be urged in his defence was determined by me to be insufficient excuse for his conduct. ‘To cast’ is a legal phrase meaning to give an unfavourable decision in a law suit.

8. **March's moody day**. ‘Moody’ means changeable, capricious. In an English March sunshine and storm often succeed each other in rapid succession on the same day. Compare the concluding lines of the poem.

10. **flank.** Prince Rupert, according to the accounts of the battle followed by Scott, routed the right wing of the Parliamentary army. As he is not represented as having made a flank attack, 'wing' would be better than 'flank' here, but for the requirements of the rhyme.

13. **petronel** (L. *pectus*, the breast), a carbine so called because it was discharged with the stock placed against the breast.

15. **dying look**, look at the point of death. 'Dying' is either a verbal noun used adjectivally to qualify 'look,' or a participle transferred by hypallage from the dying man to his look. Compare 'dying accents' (Lat. *morientes voces*), 'dying bed,' and 'dying groan.'

19. **clear'd that bloody press**, extricated myself from the crowd.

20. **Our northern horse**, the Scotch cavalry.

**masterless**, in disorder, unless, as in *Marmion*, 3. Int. 183, 'horse' is used as a collective term meaning 'horses,' in which case 'masterless' would mean 'riderless,' as in the ballad of Jamie Telfer (*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. I. p. 144):—

"O mony a horse ran masterless."

21. **Monckton and Mitton** are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle.

22. **Roundheads.** The Parliamentarians were called Roundheads because they had their hair cut short, while the Cavaliers wore their hair long.

23. **bonny Scot.** In old songs the epithets 'bonny' and 'merry' are applied respectively to Scotland and England. In the combination 'bonny Scot,' the epithet seems to have been transferred from the country to the people, just as Goldsmith in the *Traveller*, l. 167, calls the inhabitants of Switzerland "bleak Swiss," because they inhabit bleak mountains.

26 **their Lesley**, General Lesley, Earl of Leven, the commander of the Scotch army. His cavalry being driven off the field, he fled through the night and never drew bridle till he reached Leeds, where on the following day to his great chagrin he heard the news of the victory won by the Parliamentary army.

**o'er the Tweed**, into England. The river Tweed marks the boundary line between Scotland and England.

28. **another tale.** As has happened in the case of Waterloo and many other battles, the first rumour about the battle of Marston Moor was false. The first news that reached the Cavalier headquarters at Oxford was, as we learn from Lord Clarendon's history, that "Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public fires of joy for the victory."

29. **barb'd horse.** As 'barb' means armour for horses, 'barb'd horse' will mean cavalry riding on horses provided with armour. The horses in the stable of Branksome Hall are described as "barb'd with frontlet of steel." *Lay*, 1. v. 5.

XX. 4. **guilt's equality**, the equality of the guilty. A man of the highest position by committing a crime reduces himself to the level of the lowest criminal, and is treated as an equal by those who like himself have made themselves liable to the punishment of the law.

8. **broke professions short**, brusquely interrupted him in the middle of his professions.

13. **prolong**, make it survive for a long time, refuse to allow it to be forgotten. Compare xxvi. 2.

14. "In a poem, entitled *The Lay of the Redewater Minstrel*, Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Rede, is commemorated:—'The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Rede of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Rede. From his account it appears that Percival Rede, Esquire, a keeper of Redesdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crozier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Rede. The Halls were, after the murder of Percy Rede, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Redesdale for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country.' In another passage we are informed that the ghost of the injured borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle."—*Scott*.

20. **mound** is in apposition to 'spot.'

21. "Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called *Habitancum*. Camden says, that in his time the popular account bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed, *DEO MOGONTI CADENORUM*. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock in *alto relievo* a remarkable figure called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Redesdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. Dr. Horsley, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines

to think this figure a Roman archer ; and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size than that which was so formidable in the hands of the English archers of the middle ages. But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents our founding strongly upon mere accuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that he represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game become too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraven. What strange and tragic circumstances may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is merely apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.”—*Scott*.

26. *With quiver'd back* etc., with a quiver slung on his back, and a kirtle or long coat reaching to his knee.

29. *age and infancy*, old and young. The abstract is used for the concrete.

XXI. 1. *this deed*, the assassination of Mortham. See note on 6. XIII. 19.

3. *Or* is used poetically for ‘either.’

12. Scott in a long note gives the principal regulations according to which the bucaniers distributed their spoil. These rules were, he remarks, more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. Even robbers, as moralists have remarked, cannot exist without certain rules of justice to regulate their conduct in their relations with one another.

13. This sentence may best be explained as an anacoluthon or change of construction. The sentence begins as if Scott had intended to write ‘Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn to all that on her waves are borne, the Bucanier inherits the spoil of his fallen comrade ;’ in which case ‘friend’ and ‘foeman’ would have been in apposition to ‘Bucanier.’ The difficulty of the construction would be avoided if we might venture to alter the punctuation and put a comma after ‘Bucanier,’ a full stop after ‘borne.’ The same antithetical description of a pirate’s life is given in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, where Thomas de Longueville is described as being “by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element.”

16. *heirs*, inherits. Compare Dryden—

“One only daughter heired the royal state.”

23. *Chalice* (Lat. *calix*, a cup) generally means the cup used to hold the wine in the communion service.

29. *Thou must along*, thou must go along with me. Here by an ellipse the adverb ‘along’ stands for a verb of motion. Com-

pare the similar use of 'up' (5. XXXIII. 5) and 'down' as imperatives.

30. **The heir**, Bertram, who regards himself as the heir of Mortham's trans-Atlantic treasures. See l. 16.

XXII. 5. **veer**, change. The word is ordinarily used of a ship altering her course or of a wind blowing from a different quarter.

7. **Joy'd at the soul** etc., rejoicing heartily at the thought of Bertram's departure. The word 'flies' is used to describe Bertram's departure, because he is going to depart hastily and under the influence of fear, namely, the fear of treachery. See xx. 9-12.

10. **wend**. To express motion there were two verbs in English, 'wend,' 'went,' and 'go,' 'yode.' Of these forms the present 'wend' is rarely used, while the past tense 'yode' is quite obsolete, though used by Scott in *Marmion*. Thus practically 'went' is regarded as the past tense of 'go,' though the two words come from different roots.

13-16. Oswald's words are in oblique speech, with the introductory particle 'that' omitted. His actual words would be, "My charge will ill allow my absence from the fortress now; Wilfrid shall attend on you, my son shall journey with my friend."

XXIII. 2. **Wreathed** etc., changed his incipient frown of anger into a smile of disdain that curled his lips. The language is harsh, as a frown on the *brow*, though it may be succeeded by, cannot naturally be said to be converted into, a movement of the *lips*.

3. **'tis one to me**, it is all the same to me, I do not care. The next line is a noun sentence subject to 'is,' and 'which-ever' is an interrogative, not a relative, pronoun.

4. **golden key**, key that gives admittance to the hoarded gold. The epithet 'golden' is applied to 'key' by hypallage.

13. **Start not**. From these words we must infer that Oswald shrank back in terror when Bertram coolly discussed the feasibility of stabbing him.

16. **hath done**. He might have added "and will do in the future." See 6. XXXII., XXXIII.

XXIV. 6. **were Wycliffe's grace**, belonged to Wycliffe by the favour of heaven. In XXVI. 10 we learn that all these sons had died.

7. **On Wilfrid** etc., stigmatised him as a contemptible weakling and craven.

9. This line explains how the good and gentle Wilfrid could be the son of such a villain as Oswald. He evidently inherited

his better nature from his mother, who died before the date of the action of the poem.

16. **Sir John Falstaff** in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* is the chief of Prince Henry's boon companions. His leading characteristics are conviviality, humour, and love of sack.

**Percy**, in the same play, is a valiant warrior, surnamed Hotspur on account of his fiery temper. He won a great victory over the Scotch, and was slain in the battle of Shrewsbury.

17. **Jacques** in *As You Like It* is a melancholy character, fond of moralising. His best known speech is his comparison of life to a play, beginning—

“All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.”

18. **Hamlet** was “wise in vain,” because in the play called by his name his wisdom could not save him from misfortune and an early death.

19. This is a poetical variation of the common phrase to ‘cry oneself to sleep.’

20. **Desdemona** in *Othello* was unjustly suspected of infidelity and smothered by her husband.

XXV. 7. **dizzy peak**. A high peak is called dizzy because it makes those who stand on it dizzy. Compare 1. xvi. 20.

11. **ceaseless spring**. A land the inhabitants of which enjoy everlasting spring and neither suffer the extreme heat of summer nor the cold of winter is a favourite dream of poets.

12. This metaphor implies a comparison of the enthusiast to a bird rising in the sky till its wings are wearied and it has to return to the earth.

**Contemplation's wing** is the motive power supplied by Contemplation; or perhaps Contemplation is regarded as itself the wing that raises the enthusiast, in which case ‘Contemplation's’ is a definitive genitive, that is, a genitive used instead of a noun in apposition, of which we have an instance in ‘Scio's rocky isle,’ meaning ‘the rocky isle, Scio.’ (Byron, *Bride of Abydos*, 2. 2.)

XXVI. 2. **Preserved**, retained in the memory of the country people as popular love songs long after Wilfrid's death. Compare xx. 13.

4. This line is in accordance with the well-known aphorism *Poeta nascitur non fit* (The poet is born not made).

8. Men of a gentle feminine nature seldom win woman's love.

9, 10. Like Shakespeare's Viola in *Twelfth Night* he “never told his love.” He spoke of friendship, but his impassioned look showed that he was in love.

15. **darkling**, in the dark. See 4. xxvii. 9.

16. **clue** originally meant a ball of thread, and then, from the well-known story of Theseus finding his way out of the Cretan labyrinth by the help of a thread, it came to mean anything that guides one in circumstances of perplexity.

XXVII. 1. **must love**, because his father requires him to do so.

3. **an easy hest**, a command easily obeyed.

12. **the lays** etc., his own poems or poems written by other poets which he loved.

15. **In kind caprice**. She sometimes pretended to be less friendly than at others, fearing lest her friendliness might inspire a stronger passion in him which she could not return. Thus she acted as if she were capricious, but she did so out of kindness.

18. **dangerous**, because they encouraged his hopeless love.

XXVIII. 7. **frowning defiance**, a verb with a cognate object, like 'look daggers.'

11. **the valiant northern earls**, the Earls of Derby and Newcastle. The latter was an earl at the beginning of the civil war, though he was a marquis when he fought at Marston Moor (2. xxxi. 6), and was eventually in the reign of Charles II. made a duke.

20. **wily Vane**. Hume in his history describes Sir Henry Vane the younger as a man "who in eloquence, address, capacity, as well as in art and dissimulation, was not surpassed by any one during that age so famous for active talents." Cromwell when he violently dissolved the Long Parliament called him a juggler. The estates of his family lay in the neighbourhood of Rokeby, and included Raby Castle and Barnard Castle. See note on 1. ii. 3. Milton praises Vane in his twelfth sonnet.

24. **his Lunedale powers**, his forces raised in the valley of the Lune (2. iii. 11), where we may suppose that Wycliffe's property lay.

XXIX. 1. Scott in his original ms. wrote—

'Dame Alice and Matilda bright,  
Daughter and wife of Rokeby's knight';

but on revising what he had written he left Dame Alice's name out and made Matilda motherless. By this alteration he both secured more sympathy for his heroine and also improved his poem in simplicity by reducing the number of persons who take part in the action. In the previous stanza we are told that Rokeby's wife was Mortham's sister, and that she died long before the outbreak of the great rebellion.

11. **fond hypocrisy**. It is doubtful whether 'fond' here means affectionate, or has its older meaning of foolish, or combines the two meanings.

12. **vacant eye**, eye not intent upon anything seen, or, in the present case, expected. Wilfrid pretended he was not eagerly looking for Matilda.

16. The literary and artistic tastes they had in common afforded Wilfrid excuses for these constant meetings. He had always some book to recommend to Matilda, some picture to show her, or one of his own poetical compositions upon which he wished her opinion.

'Muse' does not rhyme well with the noun 'excuse.' The verb 'excuse' would make a correct rhyme, and in Scotland the noun is often pronounced in the same way as the verb. Scott, it must be remembered, spoke English with a Scotch accent.

27. **wonted round**, usual walk.

30. **cheat his weary night**, while away the night; make his night, which would otherwise be weary, pass less slowly. As he lies awake, he takes pleasure in the thought that he has seen his beloved, and this makes the time pass with less irksomeness.

36. **a transitory shade**, as transitory as Matilda's shadow when she passes the window.

XXX. 1-6. Though his reason told him that the happiness he hoped for was beyond his reach and that misery was sure to be the result of his love for Matilda, he refused to listen to the unpleasant truth that reason taught him, and preferred to go on indulging in dreams of happiness that were sure never to be realised.

6. Truth's voice is called intrusive because it forced itself upon his mind when he did not wish to hear it.

7. **indifferent**, careless about ordinary matters.

**subdued**, submissive.

11. A spoiled child is a child habituated to such continual indulgence that he cannot bear calmly the least disappointment or contradiction.

13. **one fair form**, Matilda.

15. **high**, elevating. See note on 2. xx. 8.

18. **gave**, allowed, caused. See note on 4. xvi. 3.

Fancy is said to administer opiates, because under the influence of imagination men are insensible to the stern realities of life, and indulge in visions like those produced by opium. For gorgeous descriptions of the visions produced by opium, see De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater*.

XXXI. 6. **spare to press**, forbear to press, do not press.

7. **anneal** means literally to temper iron and make it malleable by gradually decreasing heat. Here it is metaphorically applied



to the training of the mind so as to enable it to bear the trials of life, just as annealed iron can bear a severe strain without breaking. 'To anneal' may either express the purpose of pressing the rights of truth or may be co-ordinate with 'to press.'

8. **stithy**, anvil. The process of annealing can only be employed when the iron is red hot, just as the mind can only be properly trained when young and still docile.

10. **To judge** etc., to expect that the future will resemble the past, to profit by the lessons of experience.

16. **shoot by Fancy's aim**, allow ourselves to be deluded by imagination with regard to the ends we pursue, aim at impracticable ends suggested by the imagination.

17. **him**, himself.

19-28. These lines explain how, as stated in l. 15, the game is unequal, and all who engage in it are doomed to disappointment, whether they win or lose. The winner is disappointed at the prize he gains, and the loser exaggerates the value of what he has failed to gain, whereas in ordinary contests the pleasure of winning is proportionate to the pain of losing.

25. **fairy gold**, gold given by fairies which presently turns into something worthless. In like manner the end aimed at by an imaginative person while he is striving for it seems valuable as gold, but, when attained, suddenly becomes in his eyes worthless as dross. But this transformation does not take place in the mind of the loser, who would thereby be consoled. He is not disenchanted by his failure, and continues to exaggerate the worth of the end he has vainly sought to obtain and bitterly "rues" (regrets the loss of) that which is found to be worthless by his successful rival.

25-28. Notice the epigrammatic antithesis in these lines. The victor finds the supposed gold to be really dross; the vanquished thinks what is really dross to be gold.

XXXII. 2. **unpress'd**, not slept upon.

3. **untrimm'd lamp**. The fact that he could not take the trouble even to trim his lamp showed how preoccupied his mind was.

5. **hectic red**, red colour produced not by good health but by fever.

6. **unequal spread**, because such feverish redness appears in spots on the cheeks while the rest of the face is pale.

In the ms. Scott had written

"The short and painful sighs that show  
The shrivell'd lip, the teeth's white row";

but these two lines, which would have added an unpleasant and

almost repulsive feature to the description of Wilfrid's appearance, were wisely expunged.

8. **air, look.** Notice the various meanings of the word.

9. **See, he looks up.** Scott very often makes his description more vivid by using as here words which might naturally be spoken by one who actually saw the scene described.

10. **a while,** for a time. Here 'while' is a noun.

12. **gild the ruin.** This metaphor compares fancy to the moonlight illuminating some ruined castle with golden light, and Wilfrid to the ruin. 'Gild' is used again to express the effect of moonlight in 2. XVIII. 20: more usually as in 5. III. 3, and in Milton's celebrated description of evening, *P.L.*, iv. 611, the light of the moon is compared to silver.

13. **the bat of Indian brakes,** the vampire bat which is supposed to fan its victim with its wings in order to prevent him from waking while it sucks his blood. The vampire bat is a native of South America, so that the Indian brakes meant are the forests of that continent. The first discoverers of America called the natives Indians because they thought that they had discovered the other side of India. The same false idea explains the name West Indies.

13-16. Here we have a mixture of simile and metaphor. 'Like the bat of Indian brakes' is a simile, a direct comparison introduced by the word 'like.' The three following lines are metaphorical, predicating of fancy such words as in their ordinary meaning would be applicable to the vampire bat.

18. **hope.** He longs for sunrise because he is weary of the long sleepless night.

20. **by fits.** See note on iv. 7.

XXXIII. 4. Compare 1. I. 4.

8. Notice the alliteration. The repetition of the 'w' sound, so common in words of lamentation, is a favourite form of alliteration. Compare 3. xv. 15, 5. XVIII. 25, 6. XXX. 14; *Æneid*, 6. 834, and

"Viva videns vivo sepeliri viscera busto."—Lucretius, 5. 993.

10. **fairy side.** 'Fairy' is here an adjective meaning beautiful as fairy land. These lines imply that on some former occasion when walking with Matilda by moonlight he had blamed the moon for allowing her light to be partially obscured by passing clouds so that he could not quite distinctly see the beautiful face of his beloved.

21. **Sleeping** agrees with 'ray' in l. 17. Compare—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"  
*Merchant of Venice.*

The verb 'sleep' is intended to express the calm peaceful beauty of moonlight.

XXXIV. 12. **have its way**, be obeyed without opposition.

15. This line is an instance of aposiopesis. The sentence is broken off in the middle; but this unfinished sentence is more expressive than it would have been, had Oswald distinctly declared that Bertram was a desperate villain. For it indicates that he could not venture to reveal in words the depth of Bertram's villany.

## CANTO SECOND.

I. 2. **sigh'd itself to rest**. This is another poetical variation of 'cry oneself to sleep.' See 1. XXIV. 19.

17. **he**. Barnard Castle is personified by the use of the masculine pronoun.

II. 1-2. These lines make us look upon the spectacle of sunrise from the point of view of the watchman on the watch tower of Barnard Castle.

8. **Brackenbury's dungeon-tower**. The dungeon or donjon-tower or keep was the strongest tower in the castle, and afforded a refuge to the garrison when they could no longer defend the outer walls of the castle. The word dungeon has come to mean a strong subterranean prison, because prisoners were generally placed for security in a low dark room under the strongest tower of the castle. It is used in its ordinary modern sense in XXVIII.

11. For the name of this tower see note on XXVIII. 12.

10. When the mists disappear they will leave moisture sparkling like dewdrops on the leaves.

12. **living stone**, unhewn stone, stone in its natural state.

14. **Reclines him**, bends. 'Him' is used reflexively. By the use of the masculine pronoun the trunks are to a certain extent personified.

16. **Wears with his rage** etc., has to exert his power in cutting his way through no ordinary obstacles. The next two lines give what are the ordinary obstacles to a river's course, and the last line of the stanza mentions the extraordinary obstacle with which the Tees has to contend. The lines, though written of the Tees, read like a description of the celebrated marble rocks at Jubbulpore.

III. 2. **ravish'd**, enraptured, delighted.

6. **Raby**, Raby Castle, the family seat of Sir Henry Vane.

8. **Balder**, a stream bearing the name of Balder, the son of Odin. See 4. I. 13.

9-10. The scene of the action of the poem will presently be on the banks of the Greta. Those who care for the poem will presently be led there in imagination.

12. *fairly*. See note on l. XXXIII. 10.

13. *still*, nevertheless. This line is a variation of the common antithesis 'Last but not least.'

15-32. The general meaning of these lines is that the scenery described in *Rokeby* is as beautiful as the most beautiful scenes to be found in Scotland, but that it lacks the charm of historic association, whereas nearly every hill and valley in Scotland is connected with some poetical legend or historic event.

15, 16. Anyone wandering in the shady glen of Deepdale would be so perfectly satisfied with its beauty that he would prefer neither the enchanting scenery of Roslin, nor the valley described in ll. 18-20, two of the most picturesque regions in Scotland.

19. *fantastic rent*, broken into fragments the strange shapes of which suggest fanciful comparisons. Thus a rocky hill that looked like a castle or a cathedral would be called fantastic. The Cartland Crags, as we are told in the next line, resemble spires. 'Fantastic' is used as an adverb.

21. *Albin* is a not quite accurate spelling of Alba or Alban, the old name of Scotland. From Albania, the latinised form of the same name, comes Albany, which appears in the ducal title given to the late Prince Leopold and to several other dukes of the blood royal in previous reigns.

21, 22. *Yet, Albin* etc., thou must not be refused due recognition of thy special ground of praise, which consists in the fact that thy most picturesque scenes are closely connected with historic and legendary events. Here 'praise' means ground of praise, as 'pride' and 'joy' often mean subject of pride and subject of joy. For this use of 'praise' compare Dryden—

"Praiseworthy actions are by thee embraced,  
And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last."

Scott's patriotic feelings eventually get the better of him in comparing Scotch and English scenery, and he gives the preference to Scotland. When he was at Rokeby, he remarked the absence of legendary tales connected with the scenery. "From his boyish habits," Mr. Morritt, his host at Rokeby, remarks, "he was but half satisfied with the most beautiful scenery when he could not connect it with some local legend, and when I was forced sometimes to confess that I had none to tell, he would laugh and say, 'Then let us make one; nothing so easy to make as a tradition.'"

24. *deeds of other days*, such as the story of Rosabelle, which is the subject of one of Scott's most beautiful ballads. See *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, c. xxiii.

26. **thy champion brave**, Sir William Wallace, one of the heroes of the Scotch struggle for independence, who often found refuge in the neighbourhood of Cartland Crag when hard pressed by his enemies.

29. **moral band**, the bond of association. 'Moral' is here the opposite of 'physical.' The word is often used by Burke in this sense.

32. **Which genius beams** etc., which authors of genius cause to shine from the eyes of the beautiful. Scott has before his mind the picture of some beautiful reader, or listener, who by her flashing eye shows the vivid interest she takes in a historic legend told by a true poet. It is owing to his mind being imbued with the spirit of chivalrous times that Scott speaks in this rather affected way, as if writers of genius looked chiefly to beautiful women for appreciation of their works. 'Beam' is here used in a causative sense, and means to 'cause to shine.'

IV. 3. **preventing day**, anticipating day, before sunrise. Here 'prevent' (Lat. *præ*, before, *venio*, I come) is used in its derivative sense. In ordinary English 'prevent' means hinder.

10. Egliston was an abbey or priory, the ruins of which are beautifully situated at the junction of the Thorsgill and the Tees.

15. **bold** suggests the reason for the contempt. Bertram, because he was a bold warrior, despised the gentle Wilfrid.

V. 2. **chase**. A chase is a piece of ground supplied with deer or other wild animals, and differing from a park by not being inclosed. See 3. xxx. 10.

8. **den** originally meant a narrow valley. In this sense it still survives in the names of places, e.g. Hawthornden (5. xiv. 24). 'Den' (a cave) is the same word.

10. **that Legion**, the sixth legion. Near Greta bridge are the remains of a Roman camp. Among the Roman relics found in the neighbourhood of the camp was a votive altar with the inscription "LEG. VI. VIC. P. F. F." which may stand for *Legio sexta victrix pia fortis fidelis*, the sixth legion victorious, pious, brave, faithful.

17. **moral strain**, discourse in a moralising style, moral reflections.

18. **were address'd**, would have been addressed.

VI. 1. **Of different mood**, because his new sigh was a sigh of love, while in the previous stanza his sigh expressed melancholy reflection on the transitoriness of human greatness.

2. **Rokeby's turrets high**. "This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downwards, and who are at different times

distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland in the reign of Henry IV. The Rokeby, or Rokesby, family continued to be distinguished until the great civil war, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I., they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present occupier."—*Scott*. The poet's friend was Mr. Morritt, who entertained him at Rokeby when he was collecting materials for the poem. See note on 3. VIII. 6.

7. **rich luxuriant glow of fancy** may appropriately be attributed to Spenser, who on account of the richness of his imagination has been called the most poetical of the poets.

9. **Pointing**. See note on 4. XIX. 19.

20. **bulwark** is in apposition to champions.

VII. 9. Both 'rent' and 'riven' mean 'torn violently asunder.'

12. **beetling**, overhanging. Thus a person with a prominent brow is called "beetle-browed."

19. **chafe her waves to spray**, cause her waves to rage so violently that they turn into spray. Here 'to' expresses the effect produced.

22. **Thick**, following one another in quick succession, numerous. The adjective in this sense can be predicated of the whole mass of foam-globes (globes of foam) collectively, not distributively of each individual foam-globe.

VIII. 1. **haughty** ascribes to cliffs the feelings of human beings, and so personifies them. Compare 5. IV. 10, 6. XXI. 22.

3, 4. **now ... Now**, in one place, in another.

4. Here 'spray' means twigs or branches, not, as in VII. 19, small particles of water flying through the air. 'Spray' in this sense is by derivation the same word as 'sprig.'

11. **spires**, the sharp points of the cliffs rising like spires, i.e. turrets tapering to a point. Compare III. 20.

**flare** here expresses fluttering motion, as in Shakespeare (*Merry Wives*, 4. VI.)—

"With ribands pendent flaring about her head."

12. **tendrils** are the shoots by means of which ivy and other climbing plants clasp the branch or wall on which they depend for support.

15. **rout**, noisy crowd.

17-20. Notice the three points in the comparison. The tendrils resemble banners, the noise of the Greta the tumultuous revelry

of the Baron's feudal retainers, and the echoes from the shore of the river are like the echoes from the arch'd halls of the castle.

19. **banners**, the tendrils resembling banners. This is a metaphorical word introduced into a simile. If Scott had kept strictly to the language of simile, he would have written—

“And so the ivied tendrils gleam”;

but he preferred to blend simile and metaphor together.

IX. 3. **spot of pebbly sand**, such as Loch Katrine's “silver strand,” described in the *Lady of the Lake* as “a beach of pebbles bright as snow.”

8. A **rosary** is a string of beads used by Roman Catholics when they say their prayers: one bead is dropped along the string for each prayer said.

10. **dismal grove**. Yew trees on account of their dark colour are commonly planted in grave-yards, from which fact they are associated in the imagination with death and the grave.

12. **sepulchral green**, dark green, suitable for a church-yard.

13. The subject of ‘seem’d’ is the following noun sentence. In such cases the verb is usually preceded by the redundant pronominal subject ‘it.’

16. **The verdant hue**, the light green of ordinary fresh leaves as opposed to the dark colours of the yew and pine mentioned above.

20. The ground was carpeted with withered leaves instead of green grass.

30. **spray**. See note on VIII. 4.

X. 1. **lated** (formed from the adjective ‘late’), belated, overtaken by the darkness of night.

2. **wont**, was accustomed. ‘Wont’ here is the past tense either of ‘wont’ or of ‘won,’ which both mean ‘to be accustomed.’ The verb ‘wont’ is formed from the participle of the older verb ‘won.’

4. **its path**, the dell's path, the path through the dell.

5. **Christmas logs**. It was formerly customary in England to burn at Christmas in the fire great logs of wood called yule-logs. Christmas fires composed of those great logs are naturally described as “blazing high and wide.”

6. The relation of such marvellous stories makes the festive time of Christmas pass quickly. ‘Tide’ here means time.

7. These lines give a picture of a Christmas party gathered <sup>in</sup> ~~at~~ the fire to listen with breathless interest to a ghost story.

7. **Curiosity and Fear, Pleasure and Pain** stand for persons having those feelings. The abstract is used for the concrete.

8. **Pleasure and Pain.** The audience derive pleasure from the interest of the story, though their superstitious alarm causes them pain at the same time.

**crouching** gives the natural attitude of a person suffering from superstitious terror.

9. **no longer glows**, loses its usual brightness, becomes pale under the influence of fear. The same meaning is expressed in the next meaning by the words "lose the rose," which means 'lose their natural rosy colour.'

12. **The circle**, the audience gathered round the fire. They crowd together in order to be near each other and the cheerful fire, and occasionally cannot help looking back into the darker part of the room behind them, where, owing to the excited state of their imaginations, they are predisposed to see the shadowy form of a ghost or demon.

13. They imagine that the rising of the tempest may be due to diabolical influence, and may betoken an approaching apparition.

22. **upper heaven**, the upper air, the air above the surface of the earth as opposed to hell, which is supposed to be under the earth. We should rather expect 'upper air' than 'upper heaven,' as 'heaven' generally means either the blue vault high above the earth or the abode of God and his angels.

23. **had seem'd**, would have seemed.

XI. 3. Some think that only women and uneducated members of the lower classes are superstitious. Scott does not agree with this opinion.

4. **ague**, disease. The specific word 'ague' is better than the generic word 'disease' to express superstitious terror, as those suffering from ague shiver as if they were under the influence of terror.

5. **firm as steel, as marble hard**. When, as here, corresponding parts of a sentence are arranged in such a way as to exactly reverse the order observed by the previous words to which they correspond, the arrangement is called chiasmus. For other instances, see XIX. 24; 3. I. 11.

7. **aspen leaves tremble** in the lightest breeze. Compare 3. v. 36.

9. 'List' and the ordinary longer form 'listen' are both occasionally used by poets as transitive verbs.

**many a tale**. It is doubtful whether 'many' preceding 'a' is by derivation a noun or an adjective. If it is an adjective then 'a' is the indefinite article following the adjective 'many,' as it follows 'such' and 'what,' e.g. 'such a man,' 'what a spectacle.' But according to another view 'many' is by derivation a noun meaning a crowd, so that 'many a tale' means a crowd of tales;



the 'a' being a corruption of 'of,' and the singular 'tale' being used instead of the plural 'tales,' because it was erroneously thought that the 'a' was the singular indefinite article. 'Many' is still used as a noun in the common expression 'a good many.' Grammatically 'many a' goes with a singular noun, so that in l. 12 strict grammar requires the singular 'it,' not the plural 'they.'

13. **his wild adventurous youth**, he in his wild adventurous youth.

16. **steady sail**, as opposed to a sail flapping in an insufficient breeze.

20. **portent, a prodigy** portending calamity. A prodigy need not be prophetic. A spell is an exertion of magic power.

21. "The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of gentilsme, to sell winds to merchants that were stopped on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price they knit three magical knots, not, like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a thong, and they gave them unto the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first they should have a good gale of wind, when the second a stronger wind, but when they untied the third they should have such cruel tempests that they should not be able to look out of the forecastle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it who denied that there was any such power in those knots."—Olaus Magnus's *History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals*.

22. Sailors believe that whistling causes the wind to blow. Therefore they whistle in a calm when they want wind, and fear to whistle in a storm.

23. Mermaids (from Fr. *mer*, Lat. *mare*, the sea, and 'maid') are women with the tails of fish.

24. **Erick's cap**. "This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called windy cap."—Olaus Magnus's *History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals*.

**Elmo's light**, or Elmo's fire, is the name given to a ball of electric light seen in tempestuous nights on the masts and rigging of ships. It is named after St. Elmo, an Italian saint invoked by sailors in the Mediterranean during storms.

25. **that Phantom Ship**. "This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from

earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour, for fear of the contagion that was devouring them, and that as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens. My late lamented friend, Dr. John Leyden, has introduced this phenomenon into his *Scenes of Infancy*, imputing, with poetical ingenuity, the dreadful judgment to the first ship which commenced the slave trade.”—*Scott*.

27. **scud** means a violent tempest or the clouds driven by a violent tempest. The verb ‘to scud’ when applied to a ship means to drive before a tempest with few or no sails set.

29. **wove in earthly looms**, as opposed to the enchanted sails of the Flying Dutchman, which dares to encounter the most violent tempest with all her canvas spread, including even the top-sails and topgallant-sails (l. 32).

32. The top-sails and topgallant-sails are respectively the second and third square-sails above the deck on any mast. On account of their height above the deck they have to be lowered in a strong wind.

33. ‘To crowd sail’ or ‘crowd every sail’ is a nautical phrase meaning to spread every sail that the ship is constructed to carry.

XII. 1. **stified tone**. They spoke in smothered tones, as if by speaking aloud they might attract the notice of the evil spirits about whom they were telling stories.

2. **all their own**, superstitions peculiar to the Bucaniers. The superstitions mentioned in the previous stanza are or were believed by all kinds of seamen.

3. **key**. “What contributed much to the security of the buccaneers, about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country *keys*. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and in general much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on

their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain on shore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been contaminated."—*Scott*.

6. **Repaid it home.** The outrages inflicted by the Bucaniers on the Spaniards was a kind of war of retaliation. See note on **l.** xv. 20.

**home** is an adverb meaning effectively, thoroughly, as in the expressions to charge home, strike home.

9. **light-armed shallop**, a two-masted vessel with lug-sails and not armed with heavy guns. Such vessels were used by pirates because by being able to sail in shallow water they could elude the pursuit of heavy-armed ships of war.

14. **wearies memory**, tries hard to remember a prayer. This phrase is nearly equivalent in meaning to the homely phrase 'cudgel one's brains.'

18. Superstitious terrors alarm him but do not make him repent. Frightened out of one bay owing to its having been the scene of some terrible atrocity he nevertheless does not hesitate to perpetrate similar atrocities in some other bay, which will therefore in time be regarded as similarly haunted by the ghosts of his victims, when the crime committed there has given rise to some new superstitious legend.

XIII. 2. **train'd** agrees with the possessive 'Bertram's' in the following line.

3. **With this**, together with and partly in consequence of this tendency to superstition.

5. **their form.** The images of his crimes passed through his stormy soul as the phantom ship drives through the stormy sea.

6. **pale Death-ship.** It would be difficult to determine whether the death-ship is called 'pale' because it is dim and shadowy, or because it makes pale the sailors who see it. Compare **l.** xvi. 20.

7. **And such their omen** etc., they foretold misfortune like the voices of the dead mentioned in stanza XII.

9. **That pang**, the dark feeling mentioned in **l.** 4.

10. **remorse** is the pain inflicted by conscience upon those who have done evil deeds. That Bertram felt remorse or something like remorse shows that his conscience was not entirely callous. Though he would not allow conscience to restrain him from vice (see **l.** x. 1), he still felt its sting, and therefore had not reached the lowest depth of depravity, in which the voice of conscience is no longer heard.

16. **dog**, follow close like a dog.

25. **Whate'er**. The neuter is used because Bertram does not know whether he is addressing a man or a spectre.

XIV. 1. **levin**, lightning.

2. **shot him down**, threw himself down, rushed violently down.

5. The subject of 'seems' is the noun sentence following. The ellipse of the usual redundant 'it' before 'seems' expresses the hurry and excitement of Bertram's thoughts.

9. **Straining**, (he) straining, as he strained. The construction is absolute with the pronoun understood.

13. **warp'd**, twisted.

16. **An unsupported leap in air** is a leap without any help from the hands. Generally, when a person climbing makes a leap, he secures himself from falling by holding on to a rock or tree with his hands in the way described in the two previous lines.

18. **mark him**, trace his course.

20. **spurn'd**, driven away by his foot. This is the original literal sense of the verb 'spurn,' which is connected with 'spur.' See 6. XXXII. 13.

XV. 1. All through this stanza Scott makes the narrative more vivid by writing as if he were pointing out the successive points in Bertram's ascent to an actual spectator. Compare 3. xv. 1, 3, 9; 5. XXXV. 5; 6. III. 10, 17. The common use of the historic present not only in poetry but also in prose is similarly intended to make the reader have the feelings which those actually present would have had. But the force of the historic present has been weakened by constant employment. Therefore Scott when he describes exciting events is not content with using the historic present, but directly addresses his reader as if he were one spectator of the event described addressing another spectator.

5. **tendril**. See note on VIII. 12.

6. **angle**, sharp projecting piece of rock, such as the climber could lay hold of.

8. **jetting** (otherwise spelt 'jutting'), projecting.

XVI. 8. "The castle of Mortham is a picturesque tower surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices. . . . At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text (XVII. 24). It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Eglstone Priory, and, from the armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs."—*Scott*.

11-20. Ruskin quotes this passage to illustrate "Scott's habit

of looking at nature neither as dead or merely material, in the way that Homer regards it, nor as altered by his own feelings, in the way that Keats and Tennyson regard it, but as having an animation and pathos of *its own*, wholly irrespective of human presence or passion,—an animation which Scott loves and sympathises with, as he would with a fellow-creature, forgetting himself altogether, and subduing his own humanity before what seems to him the power of the landscape." Scott being free from what Ruskin calls the pathetic fallacy, paints landscapes as they are, without trying to make them express his own joy or sorrow. "Is Scott," the great critic goes on, "or are the persons of his story gay at this moment? Far from it. Neither Scott nor Risingham are happy, but the Greta is: and all Scott's sympathy is ready for the Greta on the instant." Notice that Ruskin in using the plural 'are' after two singular subjects connected by 'nor' transgresses a grammatical rule.

15. **softening vale.** As the Greta approaches the Tees, the valley through which it flows becomes less rugged, gloomy, and tremendous, and begins to show a milder form of beauty.

17. **her bridal bed** is her junction with the Tees.

XVII. 11. **offices**, the out-houses, such as the stables, servants' houses, etc.

13. **delay** in bringing him his morning feed of corn.

16. **alley'd walk**, garden walk inclosed by hedges or trees planted on either side.

17. **All spoke** etc., everything showed the absence of the master's care. The grammatical object of spoke is 'care,' but, if we look to the sense rather than the grammar, the real object is contained in the adjective 'absent.' This construction is practically the same as the participial construction in Latin (e.g. *post urbem conditam*), which is imitated by Milton in such expressions as "after Eve seduced" (after the seduction of Eve).

19. **flight** is an objective case denoting measure of distance, showing how far to the south of the gate the elms were.

23. **bent** is past indicative, not past participle.

25. **Carved o'er**, covered with carvings.

26-8. **scutcheon.** See note on 5. XXIII. 22.

A **device** is an emblem representing a person or family. Thus the device of the Plantagenets was a sprig of broom (*planta genista*), and the red and white roses were respectively the devices of the Houses of Lancaster and York.

XVIII. 1. It is in the neuter gender for the reason given in note on XIII. 25.

7. **weightier reasons**, the fear of the discovery of the secret receptacle of his treasures.

14. **Raleigh, Forbisher** (commonly spelt Frobisher), and **Drake** were sailors in the reign of Elizabeth, celebrated for their voyages of discovery and their triumphs over the Spaniards. Raleigh was beheaded in the reign of James I.

15. **who barter'd** etc., who, by the help of their swords, plundered the Spaniards of their wealth, and so enriched themselves. As during the reign of Elizabeth England and Spain were generally at war, the English sailors were continually engaged in attacks upon the Spanish colonies and ships trading with those colonies.

21. **There dig** etc. "If time did not permit the buccaneers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious, and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry."—*Scott*.

XIX. 4. **fond**, foolish.

7. **The power**, conscience. See note on XIII. 10.

12. **In his despite**, in spite of himself, in spite of his attempts at concealment.

13. **That power** is a redundant subject introduced for greater clearness, as the original subject is separated from its verb by a rather long relative sentence. "All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many occasions in which malefactors appear to have conducted themselves with a species of infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the case of Eugene Aram. . . . It happened to the author himself, while conversing with a person accused of an atrocious crime, for the purpose of rendering him professional assistance upon his trial, to hear the prisoner, after the most solemn and reiterated protestations that he was guiltless, suddenly, and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of his communications, make such an admission as was altogether incompatible with innocence."—*Scott*.

17. **right as when**, exactly as he appeared when, i.e. with the same armour, dress, and look.

24. Notice the chiasmus. See xi. 5.

25. **thankless pride**, proud contempt and ingratitude to his follower who had served him so long.

XX. 8. **His blood beat high**. The more rapid motion of the blood is a sign of excited emotion, here of indignation. It is not easy to determine in such phrases as this, whether 'high' is used in a mental sense, meaning 'with exalted feeling,' or in a physical sense. If we prefer the physical meaning, we must interpret 'high' as meaning 'fast,' and compare the expressions 'high pulse,' 'high wind,' in both of which 'high' means 'rapid,' 'violent.' Very possibly the physical manifestation and the mental state manifested are blended together in the one word 'high' when applied to the quickened circulation of a person animated by noble feelings. The very frequent use of 'high' by Scott to express exalted feeling (1. xxx. 15, 2. iii. 31, xxii. 3, xxiv. 15, 3. xxiii. 15, 5. xxx. 7, 6. xxvi. 5) is an argument against attaching a purely physical meaning to the word here. Compare also *Lord of the Isles*, 4. xx. 19, where the heart-strings are said to vibrate 'high,' a parallel expression, in which 'high' seems to bear a psychical meaning.

12. He showed such courage as could hardly have been expected in one so weak in bodily strength.

14. See note on l. 8.

20. **Attach** is a legal word meaning 'to arrest.'

XXI. 10. **Had drench'd**, would have drenched.

11. **it**, the blade.

17. **unscabbarded**. The fact that Mortham did not even draw his sword from the scabbard shows his proud feeling of superiority over his faithless follower.

XXII. 7. **spare-built**, lean.

8. **war-bleach'd locks**, hair whitened by toil and the exposure to all kinds of hardships that a soldier has to endure in war. Similarly, Marmion's hair is described as being—

"Coal black and grizzled here and there,  
But more through toil than age."

10. **all of fear**, all are thoughts of fear, alarming thoughts.

22. **his sullen pace**, his slow steps, which showed him to be sullen and not cheerfully obedient.

24. **dark** is used as an adverb describing the manner in which he glared.

**rated**, rebuked by its master.

28. The participle 'retiring' would naturally express some action that Mortham did while he stood there. But of course it was impossible for him to stand and retire at the same time,

unless he had been standing on some moving vehicle that carried him away through the wood. The sentence is irregular. The action of retiring is really contemporaneous with the action implied by the negative principal sentence. The words 'nor stood' imply that he went away; so that the meaning of the two lines is, 'The warrior, instead of standing still, moved away, retiring eastward through the wood.'

XXIII. 2. Suggesting to his mind a vague feeling of alarm.

10. As Mortham had saved his life, he felt bound in honour to obey his injunction and keep secret a good deal of what had happened.

16. The consciousness of guilt made him hope that Bertram might be killed outright by the pursuers (see XXVI. 15), and so be prevented from revealing who had instigated him to commit the murder. But at the same time he feared that he might be taken alive and reveal everything. What he says at the beginning of the following stanza shows that his fear was stronger than his hope.

17. **dewdrop**, bead of perspiration owing to his extreme terror of the result.

XXIV. 3. **Wilfrid** is in the vocative case, and the first 'or' stands for 'either.'

5. **were vain**, would prove vain if attempted.

9. **an embassy of weight**. For the important message Redmond had to convey see XXXI. 11, 12.

15. **high**, proudly, in a way indicating high spirit. Compare the use of the same adverb in xx. 8. The word occurs very frequently throughout Scott's poetry both as an adjective and an adverb, and generally implies the exalted sentiment which distinguishes the hero or man of genius from ordinary men. For instances see note on xx. 8.

18. **the old faith**, Roman Catholicism, which is distinguished from Protestantism by the invocation of saints and belief in their protecting power. The Roman Catholics believe that the Apostles of Christ and other saints take an active part in the affairs of the world, and that each saint bestows special favour on certain nations and individuals whom he takes under his patronage. For instance Saint George is the patron saint of England, Saint Andrew of Scotland, and any individual Roman Catholic might choose some particular saint as the especial object of his prayers.

XXV. 3. **measure sword**, engage in combat.

7. **Escape**, (shall he) escape?

**Dew**, in the ordinary sense of the word, could scarcely have fallen in the preceding night. See II. 10, I. XXXII. 19, 20, and note on I. VI. 18.



8. **his gigantic pace**, his enormous stride. A pace as a measure of length is the distance between the two feet in walking, which is ordinarily estimated at about thirty inches, but would be longer in the case of a tall man like Bertram.

13. **Gallants**. See 3. xxii. 8. The term would have been more applicable to the Cavaliers whom Redmond was in the habit of commanding than to Wycliffe's austere Puritan troopers.

18. **Else** etc., if you do not do so, may you lose your reputation as warriors, be branded as cowards, and may the very mention of your names be immediately followed by suspicious mistrust of your courage and honour.

**crests**. Redmond's appeal is expressed in the language of chivalry, which appears rather antiquated in the age of the civil war. The same overstrained sentimental spirit of chivalry appears in his longing to cross swords with Mortham, and in the parenthetical words in which he characterises that longing as too ambitious, as if a soldier who had fought well in five pitched battles (4. xvi. 9), would be too highly honoured by a fight with any officer however famous on the other side.

19. **name**. As he is addressing the whole troop the plural 'names' should be used just as the plural 'crests' is used in the previous line. They probably had as many names as they had crests. Compare 5. ii. 12.

XXVI. 2. **the harness rung**. Here, according to a figure common in poetry and rhetoric, an action is described by mentioning its effect. Their leaping to the ground was what made their harness ring, so that Scott here tells us indirectly that they leapt to the ground. Compare 6. xxi. 15-18. 'Harness' is an old word for armour which survives in the common phrase 'to die in one's harness,' that is, to die while engaged in professional or other work. In ordinary English 'harness' commonly means the tackle by which horses draw carriages, etc.

5. He took off his spurs, as they would have been likely to catch in the undergrowth of the wood and so retard him.

10. **To cover, hark!** 'Hark' is a cry used to urge on the chase. It must have originally meant, and sometimes still means, 'listen to the hounds,' being used to call the attention of the hunters when the barking of the hounds shows that they are on the scent of the game; but is now commonly addressed to the hounds. 'Cover' in hunting means whatever conceals game. Thus Redmond addresses Wycliffe's dismounted horsemen as if they were hounds, and calls upon them to enter the wood in pursuit of Bertram.

15. **shoot him dead**. Wycliffe does not wish him to be taken alive for the reason given in note on xxiii. 16. 'Dead' is a proleptic adjective.

16. **nobles.** A noble was a coin struck in the reign of Edward III. It was originally worth 6s. 8d., but increased in value to 10s.

**for his head.** to the man who takes his life. Such phrases originated in ancient times when it was usual for any one commissioned to commit a murder to cut off the head of his victim as the best proof that he had done the deed. Thus the murderers of Cicero brought his head to Antony.

XXVII. 1. **make good,** secure, guard. To 'make good' generally means to give compensation for a loss or to establish a charge.

4. **rout.** See VIII. 15.

11. **elmin tree.** To express material in English 'en' is added to Saxon words, as 'oaken,' 'golden'; 'ine' to words of Greek and Latin derivation, as 'crystalline,' 'cedrine.' As 'elm' is a Saxon word, we should expect here 'elmen' not 'elmin' as its adjectival form.

XXVIII. In the previous stanzas the base cunning and dastard fears of Oswald were contrasted with the chivalrous indignation of his son and Redmond; in this stanza the contrast is between the beauty of the domain of Mortham in the light of the morning sun and Oswald's gloomy agony.

3. **round,** circular motion, like the motion of a round dance as in I. XIII. 2.

8. **battled,** defended by battlements.

12. **Brackenbury's dismal tower.** "This tower has been already mentioned: it is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the wall which incloses Barnard Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison. By an odd coincidence it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Edward IV. and Richard III. There is indeed some reason to conclude that the tower may actually have derived the name from that family, for Sir Robert Brackenbury himself possessed considerable property not far from Barnard Castle."—*Scott.*

13. **Had been his choice,** would have been his choice. In the end of the following stanza we find that this temporary fit of remorse was due to the fear of discovery and indicated no real repentance. •

22. **one sharp death-shot,** the sharp sound of a gun fired with fatal aim at Bertram. See XXVI. 15.

**from the wood** expresses the direction from which such a sound might be expected to come to Oswald's ear, not the direction of the bullet itself.

XXIX. 1. **space**, time of terrible suspense to Oswald.

2. **chase** here means the persons who had joined in the pursuit of Bertram. For another concrete meaning of 'chase' see v. 2.

13. **by**. See note on 4. VIII. 37.

14. **They dictate us** etc., our knowledge of the nature of these passions (avarice and pride) enables us to write down the reply made by Oswald, as soon as he was relieved from his fears. This line does not keep up the delusion of the fictitious narrative. The poet no longer speaks as if he were giving the exact words of a real person, but tells the reader that he is using his knowledge of human nature to invent a natural speech for the character he is representing. As it is the chief object of a writer of fiction to make us forget that we are not reading a true story, all such references to the author's unlimited power of inventing the words and actions of his characters should be avoided.

The reading in the text is that of the edition of 1825. Other editions read "They dictate thus their slave's reply," which would mean that under the influence of pride and avarice, the passions by which he is enslaved, Oswald replies as follows. This reading is not open to the objections made above, as it does not obtrude upon our notice the fact that the author is using his knowledge of human nature to conjecture what a man like Oswald would probably have said under the circumstances.

XXX. 3. He does not care which of the two kills the other, as the death of either would promote his schemes equally well.

8. Redmond was supposed to be a native of Erin (Ireland), and was really Irish on the mother's side.

11. **will oft command** etc., will often bid you give her the help of your hand when the path is rough, or at any rate make use of such assistance when offered.

In this stanza the poet contrasts the attitude that a girl adopts towards a man whom she loves with the free unembarrassed way in which she treats one who is no more than a friend. All this is very true to nature. But it contradicts l. 6, for the description of Matilda's behaviour to Redmond is really a careful analysis of the behaviour expressed by the term coyness. So that if we use the word 'coy' in its ordinary sense, Matilda was coy to Redmond, and not coy to Wilfrid. Coyness is a sign of the presence rather than, as implied in l. 6, of the absence of love.

15. **While conscious passion** etc., while her deep feeling of love for Redmond is clearly revealed by her looks. Here, and in the common phrase 'conscious guilt,' 'conscious' is applied to a feeling that is deeply felt. It more generally goes with nouns, meaning persons who have self-knowledge of something best known to themselves, as 'he was conscious of his own baseness.'

18. **And all her soul** etc., and her eyes show that her whole soul is stirred by deep passion. For the expression of deep feeling by the eye, see III. 32.

XXXI. 6. **that bold Marquis**, the Marquis of Newcastle. "After the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the committees of Parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency, and these fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the Commons."—*Scott*. In this note the Marquis of Newcastle is incorrectly called an earl. The text of the poem is correct, as he was created a marquis in the autumn of 1643.

8. **Must pay fines** in order to escape captivity and the loss of their estates.

10. **at large**, not kept in confinement. We may suppose that Rokeby was a prisoner on parole, that is a prisoner who is allowed to go about at liberty on giving his parole, i.e. word of honour not to try to escape.

14. **compound**. To compound is to settle a matter by compromise, especially to settle with a creditor who agrees to take a part instead of the whole of the debt. Thus the defeated cavaliers were said to compound with the Committee of Parliament, when upon paying a fine or making some arrangement with any influential Roundhead they were allowed to retain their estates, which by their loyalty to King Charles they had forfeited.

15. **be bold of cheer**, look confident. 'Cheer' here means 'expression of countenance.' See note on I. VII. 2.

17. **change of tide**, critical moment. Compare C. XXIII. 18, and the two lines there quoted from Shakespeare.

18. When an attempt to win a woman's love may be made with best hope of success.

20. **the current of the sea** which after the change of the tide begins to ebb and retreat from the land. The meaning expressed by the metaphor is that in times of great danger women are more ready to love any man who is able to save them, even one whom they may have before proudly scorned and felt a prejudice against. Therefore in such circumstances the man who makes a vigorous effort (plies his oar) may easily attain all that he desires.

22. **Lightly**, easily. The simile suggested will hardly bear close analysis. It is difficult to see how the boat could be *easily* rowed to shore against the strong ebb tide of l. 20.

## CANTO THIRD.

I. 2. **the brethren of their birth**, animals of the same kind as themselves.

3. **kind** is a noun here. The claim of kind is the right to assistance or compassion based upon close relationship.

5. **poised on soaring wing**. A falcon is poised when it is suspended in mid air with its wings equally balanced and apparently motionless. As at such a time it does not soar, 'soaring' is used as an adjective to express the general quality of the wing, not its action at the particular time referred to in the sentence.

7. **wakes the fox's lair**, rouses the fox from his lair.

Slow-hounds, or sleuth-hounds, trace wounded animals by the scent of their blood, and are hence called blood-hounds.

11. Notice the chiasmus. See 2. XI. 5.

12. **Their likeness**, do not attack animals of the same race and resembling themselves.

13. **Man, only**. The instances given above are intended to show that the law of nature is that beasts of prey should only prey upon animals belonging to a different species. This is true in the main. But it cannot with strict accuracy be asserted that tigers, bears etc. *always* spare their likeness and their image. Fierce animals of the same species occasionally fight with each other when under the influence of jealousy and hunger, although they do not make a practice of warring against animals of the same kind.

15. **desultory**, variable. The epithet is explained by the next line, which specifies three varieties of warlike operations. 'Desultory' is derived from the Latin *desultor*, which means a circus rider who rides several horses, jumping from one to the other.

17. **Nimrod** is mentioned in the tenth chapter of Genesis, where we are told that he "began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." According to some commentators the word translated 'hunter' means a hunter of men, that is, a conqueror. Scott is here thinking of this interpretation, as also did Pope when he wrote

"Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,  
A mighty hunter and his prey was man."

*Windsor Forest*, 61, 62.

Nimrod established a great empire in Babylonia, which we may presume was won by successful war.

II. 2. **the settlers**, the European colonists settled in America.

4. **red**. The natives of America are on account of their colour called Red Indians. See note on 1. XXXII. 13.

**brethren of the war** is an equivalent for the more common brothers in arms.

5. **double** is a hunting term for the sudden turn backwards sometimes made by hunted animals to elude their pursuers.

10. Compare 2. xxv. 7. The dew is said to receive the foot-prints because it makes them more distinctly visible.

17. "Reidswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, is on the very edge of the Carter-Fell, which divides England from Scotland. The Rookan is a place upon Reed-water. Bertram, being described as a native of these dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared by education for the exercise of a similar trade in the wars of the buccaneers."—*Scott*.

18. Blood-hounds were used to hunt the cattle stealers of the Borders. In the present case we have to imagine the pursuit of a party of English cattle stealers by the Scotch whom they have robbed. Liddisdale is a district close to the English border in the Scotch county of Roxburghshire. Jedwood or Jedburgh is the capital of Roxburghshire.

21. **proved**, established by trial the value of.

III. 6. **Charib's race**, the swiftness of the Charib. In *Robinson Crusoe* we read how Friday, who was a Charib, "ran with incredible swiftness along the sand." The Charibs or Caribs were an Indian race who inhabited the north coast of South America and the islands of what is still called the Carribean Sea. 'Bucanier' is said to be derived from a Carib word. See note on 1. xv. 20.

12. **Faint chill**, chill that produces faintness. Compare 1. xvi. 20.

13. **proved**. See II. 21.

15. **Arawaca** or Arauca is a river that flows into the Orinoco. The references to the buccaneering adventures of Mortham and Bertram in America give Scott many opportunities of introducing into his lines sonorous names of places which add considerably to the dignity and musical sound of his verse.

IV. 5. **doubling**. See II. 5.

7. **clombe** or 'clomb' is an obsolete past tense of 'climb.'

14. **the rangers' loud halloo**, the loud shouting of the twenty men who had dismounted (see 2. xxvi. 2), to range the wood with Redmond. To range is to explore a place like dogs or beaters in search of game.

15. **Beating** agrees with the possessive 'rangers'.

19. **glare**, fierce glance.

30. "After one of the battles, in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog in

which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. 'I caught,' answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, 'the sparkle of your eye.' Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form, usually discover them by the same circumstance"—*Scott*. In this note 'to mark hares upon their form' means to detect them when sitting close to the ground usually under a covering of grass. Scott himself was particularly successful in this test of keen eye-sight, as we know on the evidence of a remark made by his little son.

V. 6. **bosky**, covered with bushy thickets.

7. **by**, as was evident by.

10. **speak**, clearly reveal.

14. **maiden queen**. This title was commonly given to Queen Elizabeth, many of whose courtiers were celebrated as much for their grace and good looks as for their valour, *e.g.* Raleigh, Essex, and Sidney.

15. "These six couplets were often quoted by the late Lord Kinnedder as giving in his opinion an excellent portrait of the author himself."—*A. & C. Black's Edition*.

16. **their tinge**, the healthy brown colour due to exposure to the sun and wind.

24. **spoke Erin's ire**, indicated that he was excited by the fiery anger characteristic of the Irish people. The Irish have the reputation of being more hot tempered than the English or Scotch.

26. **her**, Erin's.

31. **keep transport down**, repress excessive joy.

36. As the aspen trembles in the slightest breeze, its light and shade are in continual motion, not steady and constant. The shade of the aspen Scott had already used as a symbol of mutability in *Marmion*, c. xxx, where he declares woman to be, as a rule—

"variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made."

VI. 2. **crew**, assemblage of men. The word most often means the collection of sailors belonging to a ship, and if used of other collections of men rather suggests villany. See xiv. 22. Here there is no such suggestion, as the pursuers of Bertram were engaged in an honourable task.

10. **whate'er the cause**. Such sentences beginning with 'whatever' are used when a writer abstains from discussing a question on which different opinions may be held, and states with confidence an undoubted fact.

13. (That) the very boughs, (which) his steps displace, rustled etc. 'Displace' is a historic present introduced for the sake of the rhyme, although the other tenses in the sentence are past tenses. 'Displaced' would be in accordance with the regular rules of sequence.

18. resumed their sway, bent back again to their original direction so as to conceal Bertram. 'Sway' here means the tendency of boughs, when temporarily displaced, to return to the position in which they were growing.

21. circled in his coil. When a snake is prepared to strike, it twists its body into nearly concentric circles, in the arrangement often followed by jewellers when they make a ring in the form of a serpent. Afterwards, if it determines to retreat, it unfolds these coils in the way described in l. 28, in order to glide away.

29. savannah (Sp. *sabana*, a sheet or a large plain covered with snow) is a word adopted into English through the intercourse between English and Spanish settlers in America. It means an extensive tropical plain rich in pasture.

wind, move with undulating motion.

VII. 2. renew, begin again. This intransitive use of the verb is rare.

6. this day's event to try, to try what would be the result of to-day's struggle. 'Day' is here used almost in the same sense as in the phrases 'How goes the day' or 'The day went against us,' in which it means 'battle.' See 1. XII. 28.

13. die should be 'dies,' as the subject 'each cry' is singular according to grammar, though the idea is plural. For a similar irregularity see note on 2. XI. 9.

VIII. 2. bent, 'bent to the ground,' in which position the tread of horses or men can be more distinctly heard, or, perhaps, 'turned in the direction from which sounds of danger might be expected.' The verb 'bend' often means merely 'turn in a particular direction' as in 4. XXI. 2, 6. XXXIII. 27. Here it further suggests either the bending of the whole body so that the ear may approach the ground, or else the slight inclination forward given as the characteristic of an eager listener in 4. III. 22. From 'bent' we must understand by zeugma some such word as 'ready' to agree with 'foot.'

5. Observe the contrast between the beauty of the peaceful scene where the weary Bertram laid himself down to rest and the excitement, turmoil, and angry passions described in the previous stanzas. The change is delightful to the reader's mind as the quiet rest after the terrible chase he had undergone must have been to Bertram's overstrained mind and body. Thus by the poet's art the reader has the same kind of feeling of relief as Bertram, and



is therefore the more able to sympathise with his momentary escape from the punishment due to his crimes.

6. **purple heath.** "Note first what an exquisite chord is given in the succession of this passage. It begins with purple and blue; then passes to gold or cairngorm colour (topaz colour); then to *pale grey*, through which the yellow passes into black; and the black, through broken rays of lichen, into green. Note secondly—what is indeed so manifest throughout Scott's landscape as hardly to need pointing out—the love of rocks and true understanding of their colours and characters."—*Ruskin*. The flowers mentioned in the description are the result of careful observation taken on the spot. Mr. Morritt, who was with Scott when he discovered a suitable robber's cave, remarks, "I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew around, and on the side of a bold crag, near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and could not help saying, that, as he was not upon his oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be just as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed in short at his scrupulousness, but I understood when he replied that 'in nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images.'"

7. The **throatwort** on account of its bell-shaped flowers is also called 'Canterbury bells.' The name 'throatwort' is due to its supposed efficacy as a cure for ailments of the throat. 'Wort' is a Saxon word, meaning 'a plant,' which appears as the last syllable of the names of many flowers.

11-12. **now ... Now**, at one place, at another.

15. the **favourite gem**, the cairngorm stone, called after the Cairngorm range, where it is found in great perfection. Compare "The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the cairngorm pebbles."—*Old Mortality*, chap. x.

16. **mountain-diadem**, the mountains with which Scotland is crowned as with a diadem. Compare "But sunwards, lo you! how it towers sheer up, a world of mountains, the diadem and centre of the mountain region!"—*Carlyle*.

17. **tired to watch**, tired with watching.

24. **sable yew**. See note on 2. IX. 10.

32. In the ms. Scott had added—

"Yet as he gazed, he failed to find  
According image touch his mind."

We may conjecture that these lines were left out because on reflection the poet thought that even Bertram's mind must have been more or less touched by the beautiful surroundings amidst which he was enjoying perfect rest after painful toil.

IX. 6. to wake the dead. He still thought that it was Mortham's ghost that appeared to him in the second canto.

7. his life betray'd, the betrayal of his life. Compare 2. XVII. 17.

16. that simple day, the simple men of that day. In like manner 'antiquity' often means 'the ancients,' and we read in a newspaper account of Longfellow that "the twentieth century—if the twentieth century reads poetry—will certainly find no difficulty in understanding Longfellow."

17. The Enemy of Man, Satan, which word in Hebrew means 'the adversary.'

19. Here stood a wretch. There are many stories of human beings who agreed to let Satan take their souls after death on the condition that he should help them during life. The most celebrated of these stories is that of *Faust*, dramatised by Marlowe and Goethe.

Stood is inconsistent with the first line of the stanza.

20. His soul's redemption, the salvation of his soul secured through the life and death of Jesus Christ who redeemed mankind, that is, rescued them from the just punishment of sin.

25-26. These two lines describe the usual accompaniments of the approach of the Devil, so that they indirectly tell us that Satan did not find it necessary to appear in person to tempt his victim.

X. 11. Started, started up, rose suddenly on his feet. 'Start' when not qualified by an adverb usually means to commence moving, as in VI 15, or to make a sudden involuntary movement indicating fear or pain (4. XIX. 1).

16. As slumbering, as if they were slumbering.

21. Then plunged him is co-ordinate with 'he thought.' 'Him' is used reflexively. Some editions, instead of 'in,' read 'from,' which does not make sense. The 1813 edition reads 'in.'

24. well met is an exclamation used on the occasion of a fortunate meeting.

XI. 1. Instant, instantly, immediately.

10. razed, erased, obliterated. 'Raze,' 'rase,' 'erase' are all derived from the Lat. *rado*, 'to scrape,' the two former through the French *raser*. The meanings of the three verbs cannot be clearly discriminated. 'Raze' is generally used of 'levelling a city to the ground,' while 'erase' in modern English almost

**always** means 'to obliterate writing.' But the three words are found occasionally to interchange meanings.

11. **A shame I owe**, a shame (which) I owe, a disgrace for the infliction of which I am indebted to O'Neale. 'Shame' is in apposition to the idea expressed in Bertram's concluding words, namely, the striking of Denzil's name off the roll of Rokeby's band. Often, as here, in a dialogue a speaker fits on his words to the syntax of the last words of a previous speaker.

14. "The troops of the king, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military license prevailed among them in greater excess."—*Scott*.

XII. 3. **Glean'd**, picked up from both parties, that is, some Cavaliers and some Roundheads. 'To glean' is to gather from the ground ears of corn left ungathered by the reapers.

4. **cant**. See 1. XVIII. 6.

**creed**, meaning 'religious belief,' is derived from the Lat. *credo*, 'I believe,' which is the first word in Latin formulae containing professions of faith. Similarly *aves* and *paternosters* are religious formulae, beginning respectively with the Latin words 'ave' and 'pater noster.'

8. **A warfare** etc., to fight for our own benefit.

9. **battle-down** is a synonym for battlefield appropriate in the mouth of the speaker, as the battle of Marston Moor was fought on a down.

10. The Geneva cloak worn by Presbyterian ministers is here used as a type of Presbyterianism, and is opposed to the surplice, a white upper garment worn by Episcopalian and Roman Catholic priests during the performance of religious services.

**mace**, the ornamental staff which is the symbol of the power of Parliament. When the House of Commons is sitting, it is placed before the Speaker. Cromwell, when he dissolved the Long Parliament, contemptuously called the mace a "bauble," and ordered it to be taken away.

15. **Thy head at price**, there is a price upon your head, that is, a definite sum of money is promised to the man who kills you. See 2. XXVI. 16, and note.

18. **our infant state**. He speaks of his band of robbers as if it were a newly established commonwealth.

XIII. 6. **Might read** etc., is almost superior to the devil himself in villany.

15. **It is best make sure**, Bertram, in order to secure him-

self against the possibility of being surprised by a treacherous attack, makes Guy Denzil go before him.

XIV. 3. **wilding spray**, branches of wild, that is, uncultivated trees. See 2. VIII. 4.

8. **living stone** cannot here be rendered 'unhewn stone' as in 2. II. 12, for the caves on the banks of the Greta are artificial (see *Mne* 14), but means 'the solid rock in its original position,' not removed by the hand of man like the stones of which buildings are composed.

9. **Bertram here**, and Bertram. The repetition of a word is often equivalent to the co-ordinate conjunction 'and.' Compare 6. XVIII. 22.

15. **Scargill's wave**, Scargill's woods wave.

16. **many a sister cave**. "The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of a greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under the ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted for the purposes of banditti."—*Scott*.

18. **ply their thrift**, do their work. 'Thrift' properly means 'frugality,' 'economy,' and is peculiarly used here. The mining tools when at work are perhaps said to "ply their thrift," because, like all other tools, they afford subsistence to those that use them, and so like thrift prevent want.

22. **crew** here has a suggestion of villany. See note on VI. 2.

23. **Guilt**, Excess (25), Regret (27), Sorrow (30), Fear (30), Blasphemy (31) are abstracts used for concretes.

24. **pallet** (Fr. *paille*, straw), a rude bed.

25. Excess is called guilt-born, because, under the influence of remorse, men often have recourse to intoxication and all kinds of intemperance in order to drown the memory of the crimes they have committed.

30. **unrepentant Fear**, men who, though tortured by superstitious terrors and the fear of punishment for the crimes they had committed, were not by their fears induced to repent and lead better lives in future.

33. **show'd** may here be either transitive or intransitive. If it is transitive, it means 'represented in his person,' and has for object 'The Master-Fiend' in the next line: if it is intransitive as in xxx. 22, it means 'seem'd' and 'The Master-Fiend' is then in apposition to Bertram. The general meaning of the two lines is that Bertram's superiority in wickedness to his associate recalls

to the mind Milton's grand description of Satan in the midst of his followers beginning with the lines :—

“ He among the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a tower. His form had not yet lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruined.”

34. that Milton drew, that Milton described in *Paradise Lost*.

XV. 2. the leader, seemingly Bertram, who is at this point accepted by the robbers as their captain. From the end of stanza XII. we learn that before his arrival the robber band had no recognized leader. Scott does not tell us in detail how Bertram was introduced to the band of which he was to be captain and how they all signified their readiness to give up their own claims to the leadership and act under his command.

4. Compare the description of the subterranean Vault of Penitence in *Marmion*—

“ A cresset, in an iron chain,  
Which served to light this drear domain,  
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,  
As if it scarce might keep alive.”

9. See *yon pale stripling*. Compare ll. 1, 3 of the stanza and note on 2. XV. 1.

11. *reclined* agrees with ‘his,’ the possessive genitive of ‘he.’ Usually when a genitive has to be qualified by a participle, adjective or adjectival sentence, not the possessive but the Norman form of the genitive is used.

24. *ruddy cup*, the cup full of red wine. ‘Red’ is the common epithet of wine and gold in ballad poetry.

26. *wassail*, revelry. See note on 4. XXIII. 15.

28. *Peals* is used here transitively in a causative sense and means ‘makes to sound loudly.’

30. In the metaphor the “noxious weeds” represent the vices and follies with which poetic genius was found combined in Edmund’s character.

XVI. This song with which Scott himself was well satisfied (see note on xxx. 1.), seems to be an imitation of the *Nut-brown Maid*, a long ballad in Percy’s *Reliques*. The two poems are written in the same metre, and both of them consist of a dialogue between a man who professes himself to be an outlaw and a lady determined to share her lover’s lot however dangerous it may be.

12. *Than reign* etc., than exercise regal sway as Queen of England.

13. **wend.** See 1. XXII. 10.

17. **read,** interpret.

18. **You.** 'Thou' was used in the previous line. This sudden change of number must not be imitated.

20. At the sports held on May-day it was customary to choose one of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood and crown her with a garland of flowers under the title of May Queen. A well known poem of Tennyson's is called the *May Queen* and contains the story of a girl who was honoured with this distinction.

XVII. 3. **I read you for,** I guess you to be.

**ranger,** a forest officer appointed for the protection of the deer in royal forests. Rangers are so called because they range (walk in all directions) through the forest under their charge. See 2. xxx. 1.

5. **wipds,** fills with wind, blows.

12. **his Queen of May,** his beloved, chosen to rule his heart as the May Queen is chosen for her beauty to be the principal person in the rural sports.

15. **Dragoon.** Dragoons were originally mounted infantry, that is, soldiers who rode on horseback but usually fought on foot. They were so called because they carried a carbine with the head of a dragon on the muzzle, or because they fought under a standard with a dragon represented on it. Dragoons are now cavalry soldiers.

16. **tuck of drum,** the beating of the drum. 'Tucket' in Shakespeare means a flourish of trumpets. Both words are derived from the It. *toccata*, a prelude.

23. **mickle,** an old form of 'much,' is still used in Scotland and the north of England.

XVIII. 1. **a nameless life,** a life that cannot be named. Bandits cannot openly proclaim their manner of life.

2. **a nameless death,** an inglorious death; or perhaps a death too horrible to be named, that is, a death by the sentence of the law.

3. **the fiend** etc., Jack-a-lantern, Will-o'-the-wisp, a light that appears in moist places by following which wanderers are led into bogs. This light was supposed to be a fiend who took delight in luring to destruction those who had lost their way.

7. **what once we were** etc., we refuse to think either of the happiness and innocence of our past life before we became bandits, or of the misery and degradation of our present life. This they do to lessen their misery. Reflection upon their present state makes them feel the pain of remorse, so instead of thinking about it they drive away thought by revelry (see xv. 25). As present misery is intensified by the memory of past happiness, they refuse

to remember the past. Compare stanza xv. where *h* amidst of moved almost to tears by the thought of his happy *l*. father's cottage. See also note on 4. XXIX. 34.

17. in dark *divan*, in secret council. 'Divan' is a word meaning a council or a council chamber. The same *e* sion is used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, x. 457 -

"Forth rushed in haste the great consulting peers,  
Raised from their dark *divan*."

*lise*

The use of this word shows that Scott has still running in mind the comparison between the robbers and Milton's *fallen* angels assembled in hell. See xiv. 34. *l of*

23. *give his wishes birth*, utter in words what he wished. *law*

24. He feared that the apparition, which he had supposed *er* be the ghost of Mortham, might reappear. *aintc*

XIX. 3. *train'd* agrees with the possessive 'Denzil's.' Compare *vr* xv. 11. *of*

*of a court*. See 6. VII. 8.

5. *then judge* etc. This is an *à fortiori* argument. He disbelieved in religion and therefore much more must he have disbelieved in old legends of ghosts etc. The assumption made in the argument is opposed to experience, as the irreligious are often superstitious, a fact stated by Scott himself in 2. XI. 6-8.

6. *eld*, is an archaic word meaning antiquity.

10. *spell*, discover, by interpreting difficult signs. The double meaning of the word points to a time when few could read easily and most readers found it difficult by spelling to make out the words represented by the letters written. Compare the use of 'read' in xvi. 17.

15. *ban-dog*. See 5. XXXVI. 20.

XX. 2. *lower'd*, appeared like a threatening cloud. Lowering clouds are clouds that threaten storm and rain. The verb 'lower' is differently pronounced from and not etymologically connected with the comparative adjective 'lower,' though the similarity in spelling may have affected its meaning, and made those who use the verb think of storm clouds low down near the earth.

5. Bertram was angry because Denzil spoke contemptuously of his superstitious tale, but he vented his wrath on Denzil as if he were offended at something else, namely at Denzil's want of respect for Mortham.

6. *lowly laid*, laid low in the earth, dead and buried. 'Laid' agrees with 'the dead' in the following line.

9. *very* is here an adjective meaning 'real' 'actual.' It gives strong emphasis to the noun 'soul,' so that 'thy very soul' is equivalent to 'even thy soul.'

11. **yon**, that. By using 'yon' Bertram assumes that Denzil will know immediately the person mentioned.

The **fair rose of Allenford** was some girl to whom Denzil had proved faithless. The title "Rose of Allenford" implies that she excelled in beauty all the other girls belonging to that town.

17. "There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that 'there was no peace beyond the Line.'\* The Spanish *guarda-costas* were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French, and by their own severities gave room for the system of buccaneering, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and a thirst of plunder."—*Scott*.

20. **Mine is but half** etc. "The devils also believe and tremble." James ii. 19.

25. **his faction's foe**, Rokeby, who was a Cavalier, while Mortham belonged to the Parliamentary party.

XXI. 16. **the bugle-horn** summoning the hunters to commence the chase. Compare XVII. 5, 7.

17. **his oaks embrown'd**, gave a darker colour to his oaks.

18. **raddy cup**. See note on xv. 24.

19. **Took umbrage**, was offended. 'Umbrage' sometimes bears the same meaning as the Lat. *umbra*, 'shade,' from which it is derived. Here it has its secondary meaning 'offence,' which arises from the fact that offence is often due to the feeling of being overshadowed by the superiority of another.

XXII. 2. **The prize** etc., the prize which nearly cost me my life. Here 'pay' is used irregularly, governing the thing bought as an object. According to ordinary usage we pay money, or pay a person, but cannot say that money or any other price pays the thing bought.

8. **soul of gallantry and game**, full of gallantry and gaiety. In the manner, a very honourable person is often called 'the soul of honour,' that is, the essence of honour. 'Gallantry' here means not courage, but devotion to the service of ladies and general courtliness. See l. 8 of the previous stanza where 'gallant' meant 'a man devoted to the fair sex.'

14. **As, as if**.

XXIII. 9. Here Bertram apostrophises Mortham.

12. **Ingrate** either agrees with the possessive 'thy' or is in the vocative case. This double accusation is not very intelligible. Bertram had no doubt more or less grounds for accusing Mortham of ingratitude during his life. But, if dead, Mortham had not



the least reason to be grateful to his follower. Though Bertram had on more than one occasion saved Mortham's life, he had entirely cancelled the favour by his subsequent treacherous attack on the field of Marston Moor.

15. **high.** See note on 2. XXIV. 15.

17. **give me ... the lie,** tell me that I lie.

XXIV. 2. **wot**, an old verb meaning 'to know,' is connected with 'wit.'

7. **like David's harp.** See note on 5. XVII. 4.

9. **moved Remembrance** etc., made him think of his beloved wife.

17-19. The richest and rarest objects to be found in earth (*e.g.* diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones), in ocean (*e.g.* pearls), and in air (*e.g.* the feathers of the rarest and most beautiful birds) he insisted upon procuring as ornaments for Matilda's hair.

20. It was owing to her love alone that he cared to go on living.

26. **plate of pride**, magnificent plate. Scott often uses 'pride' in the sense of beauty. Thus, in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 'July's pride' means the splendid beauty of the month of July. The two ideas of pride and beauty are closely connected, as beauty is a principal cause of pride. Thus 'superb' meaning 'splendidly beautiful' is derived from the Lat. *superbus* (proud). The Icelandic *prýði* means 'an ornament.' The collective term 'plate,' meaning 'a collection of plates, cups, and other vessels made of gold and silver,' must be distinguished from the plural 'plates,' 'flat dishes for eating from,' which are generally made of porcelain.

27. **his gift**, which were to be his gift to her.

XXV. 1. **lays train**, is making arrangements. 'To lay a train,' when used literally, means 'to lay down a line of gunpowder leading to a large collection of gunpowder or other combustible which it is intended to explode.'

6. **harts of grease**, deer in season, deer at the time of year when they are in good condition and have plenty of grease, that is, fat. The "piece of game two fingers fat on the brisket" promised by the forester in *The Bride of Lammermoor* to Sir William Ashton would be a good specimen of a hart of grease.

8. **What hearth**, no hearth. The interrogative expecting the answer 'no' is equivalent to a negative.

9. **chase.** See 2. v. 2.

10. **With Denzil's bow**, with the twang of Denzil's bow-string. Homer (*Od.* XXI. 411), describing the twang of a bow-string,

says that it “rang sweetly in tone like a swallow.” Denzil strung his bow at midnight because he was a poacher.

12. **a milk-white doe.** He means Matilda.

14. **harbours fair,** finds excellent shelter. ‘Fair’ is an adverb.

18. **We rate** etc., we calculate on getting for her ransom as much as her dowry. A ‘dowry’ is the amount of money or estate that a bride brings to her husband.

XXVI. 1. **there’s vengeance in the thought,** the idea of capturing Matilda affords me a prospect of revenging myself on those who have offended me.

7. **nice** is a very common word in conversation in the sense of pleasant. In dignified prose and verse it hardly ever or never bears this meaning, but means either, as here, ‘fastidious,’ or ‘precisely accurate and subtle,’ as ‘nice distinctions between different shades of meaning.’ The word should be avoided in prose composition by those who have not mastered the distinction between its colloquial and its literary use.

11. **She may rue** etc. Bertram means that the next time she sees him the sight may very probably be followed by calamity, namely, by her capture and perhaps by the storming of her father’s castle.

13. **weeded,** reduced the number of. This metaphor is most properly used when what is taken away is as inferior to what is left as weeds are to flowers and corn. There is of course no reason to suppose that only the worst of Rokeby’s followers had been killed in the civil war.

15. **miss,** fail.

**brief and bold,** to be brief and bold, to speak in a few words and resolve to act like brave men. Bertram means by these words to prepare Denzil for a bold resolution briefly expressed.

XXVII. 2. **the risk to run,** the dangers that will have to be encountered.

5. Although we find in 5. III. 18 that the moat was “ruinous and dry,” it would still be an obstacle in the way of an attacking force.

6. **The wicket-grate** must have been like the doors of Westburn-flat Tower in the *Black Dwarf*, the first of which is described as being “a strong grated door, composed entirely of hammered iron, of such ponderous strength as seemed calculated to resist any force that could be brought against it.” The word ‘grate’ signifies that it was protected by parallel bars of iron arranged vertically and horizontally. ‘Wicket’ properly means a small gate like the postern mentioned in l. 20. But here, as Denzil is evidently speaking of the principal gate of the castle, the meaning must not be pressed, although even this principal gate may have been made rather small for convenience of defence.

**inner fosse.** Some castles had in addition to the moat running round the outer wall an inner ditch round the keep. We must suppose that Rokeby Castle had this additional protection.

7. **if we blench** etc., if we flinch through fear of such trifles. 'For' is here used in its causal sense.

8. **fair guerdon**, fine prize to reward us for our exertion. The same expression occurs in Milton's *Lycidas*, 75.

9. Our hardest venture (will in that case, *i.e.* if we blench for such trifles, be) to explore, *i.e.* to examine carefully with a view to attack. In order to make his language more contemptuous he speaks as if they would not even attack a peasant's door without first reconnoitring.

16. **wantonness**, caprice.

18. As the "gilded vane" would probably be on the top of the highest tower to catch the slightest wind, this line means 'from top to bottom of the castle.'

23. **spial** is an old word for 'spy.'

25. **sally-port**, a small gate by which the garrison can make a sally against besiegers.

XXVIII. 2. **urge the game**, enable us to carry out our projects. The enterprise being a trial of skill and courage is not unnaturally called a game.

3. **wind**, make use of wiles like the fox, who gets the better of his enemies not by force but by cunning. The verb 'to wind' means literally to follow a crooked course and is sometimes used of a fox doubling. See II. 5.

5. **merry men** is a term often applied in the ballads about Robin Hood to that outlaw's followers.

**so** is an expletive used in ballad poetry to add an extra syllable to a line. It does not affect the meaning.

6. **Troll**, sing in a loud jovial manner.

7. The concluding lines of this beautiful lyric are borrowed with a few alterations from a fine old Scotch ballad, in which a banished Jacobite laments that he must part from Scotland and the lady whom he loves. In the original song the three deep feelings of loyalty, true love, and patriotism, are combined, as for instance in the following powerful lines:—

"No' all is done that man can do,  
And all is done in vain,  
My love! my native land adieu!  
For I must cross the main,  
My dear,  
For I must cross the main."

Scott's lyric is in a less lofty strain. It only expresses the

transitory feeling of regret in the mind of some wanderer who has amused himself by winning the love of a country girl and finds that circumstances require him to leave her. He has no thought of returning, but is sorry for the pain that his departure will cause.

10. **rue** is a plant with a bitter acrid taste. To hope for happiness from the love of the character represented in the song would be as vain as to try to make good wine out of bitter rue.

13. **Lincoln green**, green cloth such as used to be made at Lincoln. This cloth was commonly worn by forest rangers and others engaged in hunting.

14. **No more of me you knew**. Perhaps the departing lover may be intended to be an outlaw, in which case the lady, if she had known more of him, would have tried not to waste her love upon such a hopeless passion.

18. **ain**, eagerly, gladly, as if it were glad to display its beauty.

21-26. Compare with these lines the following stanza in the original poem, on which this song is based :—

“ He turned him round and right about  
All on the Irish shore ;  
He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
With, Adieu for evermore  
My dear !  
Adieu for evermore ! ”

The whole song is a good instance of the way in which Burns and Scott worked into their own more polished lyrics fragments from old half-forgotten songs.

XXIX. 3. **seem**. The plural is correctly used, as there are two strains, one of pleasure and another of regret.

11. **love-shaft**, an arrow shot from Cupid's bow. We are told metaphorically that Edmund had fallen in love early in life. Seemingly he had been disappointed in love, and his disappointment had ruined him. Compare 5. XVIII. 13-21. Poets, following Greek and Roman mythology, represent love as shooting with ~~an~~ **arrow**. Thus in a well-known passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare, speaking of Cupid, the God of Love, says—

“ A certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the west,  
And loose'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow.”

Similarly Kama-deva, the Hindu God of Love, is represented as inspiring love by shooting arrows from his flowery bow.

16. **oft and etc.**, help to while away the time when we have no work to do. In such expressions as ‘idle hours,’ ‘waking hours,’ ‘happy hours,’ the epithet is transferred by hypallage from the persons who are idle, awake, or happy to the time.

**XXX.** 1. "There are two or three songs, and particularly one in praise of Brignall Banks (see XVI.), which I trust you will like, because, *entre nous*, I like them myself. One of them is a little dashing banditti song, called and entitled Allen-a-Dale."—*Scott* to Mr. Morritt.

4. **has red gold for the winning**, there is plenty of red gold for him to win, namely, the gold of other people, which he can take by force. 'Has' in this line does not, as in the three preceding lines, imply actual possession of the object, but only the power of acting upon it in the way specified by the following gerund. We use the verb 'have' in the same way when we say that 'the inhabitant of the tropics has brighter stars to admire than those visible in England.' This does not mean that the stars belong to him, but that he can admire them when he feels inclined.

**red gold.** 'Red' in ballad poetry is the usual epithet not only of wine (see XV. 24), but also of gold.

5. **read**, interpret. Compare 'spell,' XIX. 10.

6. **craft** here means occupation, a sense which survives in the compound 'handicraft.' In ordinary English the word means cunning.

7. **The Baron of Ravensworth**, Lord Dacre, a powerful English baron, to whom Ravensworth Castle, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, belonged.

**prances**, rides a prancing horse. To prance is to jump about like a high-spirited horse. This action, which really belongs to the horse, is transferred, by the same confusion of ideas that appears in hypallage, to the rider. In like manner men are said to gallop or canter when the horses they ride gallop or canter.

9. **The mere for his net**, the lake for his fishing nets.

10. This line illustrates the distinction between a park and a chase given in the note on 2. v. 2.

12. Allen-a-Dale is less restricted than Lord Dacre in his command over the fish and the deer, has them more perfectly at his disposal. For this use of 'free' applied to things that can be freely used, compare

"Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me as you?"—*Taming of the Shrew*, 1. II.

13. **was ne'er belted a knight**, was never created a knight, by having the belt, which was one of the insignia of knighthood, girt round his waist. The broad belt and gilded spurs were the principal signs of knighthood.

14. **as sharp**, as sharp as that of any knight.

15. **baron or lord**. 'Baron' either means a person of the lowest rank of nobility immediately below a viscount, or it is equivalent to lord and includes all the nobility. The term is

used here in the latter sense, so that the two words "or lord" do not add to the meaning.

16. **tall** here means 'strong,' 'active,' 'courageous.' This is a common meaning in old writers. Thus the Shakespearian expression "a tall man of his hands" means an active man able to use his hands with effect.

**draw at his word**, unsheathe their swords when he commands.

17. **his bonnet will vail**, take off his bonnet as a sign of submission.

18. **Rere-cross**. "This is the fragment of an old cross with its pediment surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore."—*Scott*. According to Holinshed 'Rere-cross,' or 'Ree-cross,' as it is sometimes called, is a corruption of 'Roi-cross,' the cross of the kings, and the cross got this name because it had the image of a king of Scotland on one side and of a king of England on the other, having been set up to commemorate an old treaty between Scotland and England.

20. **ask'd of**, asked questions about.

21. **Richmond**, a town in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

22. **shows gallanter still**, looks yet finer. 'Show' is here used intransitively. Compare XIV. 33.

23. The crescent is the moon and the spangles are the stars.

25. **steel**, inflexible as steel.

**stone**, inflexible as stone. Compare I. XVII. 1, 2.

XXXI. 4. **address**, tact, dexterity.

7. The sentence is broken off unfinished at the end of the line owing to the sudden appearance of Hamlin. We may suppose that Bertram was going on to say, 'He will be a very useful instrument,' or other words to the same effect. Compare I. XXXIV. 15.

9. **lodged our deer**, found where our deer harbours, *i.e.* takes shelter. See xxv. 14. Both 'lodge' and 'harbour' are technical terms of hunting. The deer is Matilda. As 'deer' may be either masculine or feminine, generally, when sex is specified, the male deer is called a stag, and the female a hind. The two fair stags in the next line represent Redmond and Wilfrid.

16. **Much was theirs to say**, they had a great deal to talk about.

17. **Toil** derived through the French from Lat. *tela*, a web, is equivalent in meaning to the Saxon word 'net,' so that we here have tautology.

20. From this line it appears that, while Bertram was captain, Denzil was second in command.

22. **take the brand**, arm themselves with swords.

## CANTO FOURTH.

I. 1. **Denmark's raven.** "About the year of God 866, the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Ingvar (more properly Agnar) and Hubba, sons, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrog, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called REAFEN, or Rumfan, from its bearing the figure of a raven. . . . The Danes renewed and extended their incursions, and began to colonise, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions in every direction. Stanmore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror; probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighbouring British kingdom of Strath Clyde."—*Scott*.

3. **croak** is an onomatopoeic word imitating the hoarse cry of the raven.

4. **dread the yoke**, fear that they might lose their independence. In *Scott's* note quoted above we are told that the Britons of Reged were not actually subdued. The inhabitants of Reged are called Britons because the Saxons had not extended their conquests to that district of England. Elsewhere in England it was at the expense of the Saxons, not of the ancient Britons, that the Danes established themselves in the country.

5, 6. These two lines merely describe the extension of the Danish dominions till they included the cataracts mentioned in l. 8. All the country conquered by the Danes was under the Danish flag, and may therefore be described in poetical language as blackened by the shadow of the raven depicted on the flag.

8. **Caldron and High-Force.** The Tees rises about the skirts of Crossfell, and falls over the cataracts named in the text before it leaves the mountains which divide the North-Riding from Cumberland. High-Force is seventy-five feet in height.

9. **the shade**, *sc.* of the raven standard.

**Northmen.** The Scandinavian invaders were called sometimes Danes, whether they came from Denmark, Norway, or Sweden, and sometimes Northmen. 'Norman' is only another form of Northman, though it is now confined to the descendants of the Northmen who settled in the north of France.

10. **a Runic name**, a Scandinavian name. 'Runic' is the adjective from 'rune,' meaning a letter of the old Scandinavian

alphabet. "The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore, and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. Thorsgill, of which a description is attempted in Stanza II. is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Eglistone Abbey. Thor was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreaded giant-queller, and in that capacity the champion of the gods and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympus, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotunhem."—*Scott*.

13. **one bleak garth**, called Balder-garth. See note above. 'Garth' is connected by derivation with 'yard,' 'garden,' and means an inclosed piece of land.

15. **Croft** also means an inclosed piece of land.

16. **Father of the Slain**, Woden or Odin, the chief god of Scandinavian mythology. He is called the 'Father of the Slain' because warriors after death were supposed to feast with him in Valhalla. Wednesday is derived from the name of this god.

17. **Monarch of the Mace**, Thor. See Scott's note quoted on l. 10. Thor's principal weapon was his mace or hammer.

19. **son and spouse** are in apposition to 'monarch,' l. 17.

22. **Thor** is a contraction of an older form 'thonor,' and is closely connected with 'thunder.' The dell was called Thorsgill.

II. 1. **Scald** is the Scandinavian name for 'poet.'

**Kemper** (Danish *Kjaemper*) means 'a warrior.'

9. **better were**, would with more propriety be assigned.

11. **recede**, retire from the river, leave an open space on the bank of the river.

12. **rath**, also spelt 'rathe,' early. The epithet is borrowed from Milton's *Lycidas*—

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies."

The primrose is one of the earliest of spring flowers, on which account it was called in Medieval Latin *primula veris*, the first flower of spring, which through the French *primverole* got corrupted into the English 'primrose.' The termination 'rose' is not due to any resemblance between the primrose and the rose, but to the tendency to change an unfamiliar word into a more familiar sound. 'Primverole' sounded meaningless to English ears, so it was converted into a word that seemed a more intelligible name for an English flower. For other instances of the same tendency look out in the dictionary 'barberry,' 'beef-



eater,' 'gooseberry,' and 'night-mare.' 'Rath' as an adjective is now obsolete, but the common adverb 'rather' is merely the comparative of the adverbial form 'rath,' meaning 'soon,' 'quickly.'

16. **Oberon**, the king of the fairies. He is one of the characters in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. His wife was Titania, mentioned in l. 22.

18. **Puck**, a mischievous fairy, also known as Robin Good-fellow. He recounts some of his sly frolics in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 2. 1.

21. **azure-pencill'd**, marked with blue lines as if by an artist's pencil.

22. **Titania**. See note on l. 16.

**bower** in ballad poetry means an apartment or a house occupied by a lady. In modern English it means an arbour or summer house.

III. 8. This line contrasts the pine with the oak. The stem of the pine is straight and rises to a great height, while that of the oak is twisted and irregular in shape. The boughs of the pine tree stretch out regularly from the straight stem, the lowest boughs being longest and those higher up shorter and shorter, so that the whole tree, branches and all, resembles a spire not only in its height but also in its tapering shape. The spire formed by the pine tree is by a slight exaggeration called 'sable' on account of its dark green foliage.

11. **grow**. Grammar requires 'grows,' but Scott often puts a plural verb when as here the subject though grammatically singular includes many objects. Compare 3. VII. 13.

15. **Urbino**, Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino, that is, Raphael Sanzio of Urbino, in which city he was born in 1483. Raphael was the greatest of the Italian painters and among his most celebrated works was the cartoon representing St. Paul preaching to the Athenians, which is here referred to. When St. Paul was at Athens he delivered a sermon on Areopagus, the hill of Ares or Mars, in which he declared that in the city he had found an altar with this inscription, 'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD,' and that he would explain to them who this unknown God was. In Raphael's cartoon there is much variety in the figures and attitudes of the preacher's audience, and this variety is the ground for the comparison. Scott has not given quite accurately the details of the cartoon, in which no veteran armed with a spear and no woman with a child at her foot or clinging to her waist happens to be represented. This cartoon with six others had been bought for the nation by Charles I., and when Scott wrote Rokeby they were at Hampton Court. The poet had probably seen them there some time before, and trusted to his memory for the personages repre-

sented in St. Paul's audience and their attitudes. All the seven cartoons are now in the South Kensington Museum.

16. **him of Tarsus**, St. Paul who was born at Tarsus, a city of Asia Minor.

**plann'd**. There is some confusion of thought in the use of this verb with 'hand' as subject, for the hand of the artist can of course only execute what his mind has plann'd.

19. **grey philosophy**, an old grey-haired philosopher. Here and in the following lines the abstract is used for the concrete. In Raphael's picture an old philosopher is represented leaning on his staff.

22. **bent to hear**, leant forward in an attitude of eager attention so as to catch every word.

IV. 1. Notice the abruptness with which Matilda is introduced into the story in the action of which she has hitherto taken no direct part. We suddenly find her in the company of Wilfrid and Redmond and hear her addressing her two companions without knowing exactly what brought them together. The meeting is ascribed to chance in the fourth line of this stanza. In the last stanza of the previous canto Hamlin, the spy, reported that Matilda while walking from Eglistone up Thorsgill glade had been met first by Wilfrid and then by Redmond. We may suppose that after they had given up the pursuit of Bertram, Wilfrid and Redmond had gone independently in the direction of Matilda's favourite walk in the hope of meeting her, while the troop of Oswald's followers rested after the chase at Mortham. Thorsgill glade is about two miles from Rokeby and rather farther from Mortham, so that it shows a large amount of devotion on the part of the two lovers, that after an exhausting chase they should have walked so far in the hope of a chance meeting. Possibly they were still prosecuting the chase when they met Matilda. See l. 8.

6. **sister-friend**. Notice the tact with which Matilda by this one word warns Wilfrid against entertaining hopeless love for her, and at the same time comforts him by admitting him to the closest friendship. Her delicacy of feeling prevented her from giving him a more direct warning against the passionate love which was preying upon his health and spirits.

12. **Captive her sire**, her sire being captive. She is still speaking of herself in the third person. Her father, the Knight of Rokeby, had been taken prisoner at Marston moor. See v. 33.

17. **conscious diffidence**, modest reserve due to the consciousness of love. Compare 2. xxx., where Wycliffe describes Matilda's attitude towards Redmond and Wilfrid.

V: 4. **hazel hue**, colour brown like the hazel nut.

5. **the rose**, the colour of the rose, that is the red colour which is the characteristic colour of the rose, although some roses are white and yellow. Compare 2. x. 10. Similarly Keats uses the lily to express paleness in his *Belle Dame sans Merci*—

“I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew”;

and so does Scott in his description of Minna Troil, which resembles in several details the picture here drawn of Matilda—“Her cheek,—

‘O call it fair not pale!’

was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose, that many thought the lily had an undue proportion in her complexion.”—*Pirate*, chap. iii.

7. **had said**, would have said.

13. **mantling**. The verb ‘mantle’ is used of colour rising to the surface of anything so as to cover it as with a mantle.

**in ready play**. ‘Play’ here means motion, as when we speak of the play of a wheel in a machine or of the play of colours, that is, the rapid movement of various colours, on a diamond. ‘Ready play’ means free motion easily produced.

16. **A cast of thought**, air or look indicating thoughtfulness. The phrase is borrowed from a well-known passage in Shakespeare:—

“The native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.”

17. Her thoughtful look is said to be in harmony with her high forehead, because a high forehead is supposed to indicate intellectual power. Thus Tennyson in his *Locksley Hall*, when speaking of the ignorance and intellectual inferiority of savages, calls them “narrow foreheads.”

19. **spoke**, indicated.

21. **Roman art**, Roman Catholic art. The Roman Catholic artists of the middle ages exerted the greatest power of their genius in painting Mary, the virgin mother of Christ, who is here called the “maiden Queen of Heaven.” Protestants use the term mariolatry to condemn the great reverence paid by the Roman Catholics to the Virgin Mary. Mr. Taylor in his edition of *Rokeby* supposes Minerva (Pallas Athene) to be the maiden Queen of Heaven. But in Roman mythology Juno, not Minerva, was the Queen of Heaven, and Minerva being identified with the Greek warrior Goddess Pallas was not represented as having a “mild expression.” Further, it is not to Roman but to Athenian art that one would look for representations of Pallas Athene.

27. **dotting** here only expresses the great affection of a father towards a favourite daughter whom he regards as almost fault-

less. The line does not suggest that the Knight of Rokeby was in his dotage. Just as the verb 'dote' may express either excessive affection or the impairment of the intellect through age, so 'fond,' which once meant 'foolish,' now means 'affectionate.' Both words indicate a connection of ideas between excessive affection and folly.

28. This line suggests the actual words used by the affectionate father. He would say "My Maud is the merriest of them all." While others called her Matilda, her father called her Maud, using an affectionate abbreviation of the longer name. Nowhere else in the poem is Matilda called Maud.

32. **Had deepen'd into sadness**, her brow had become so much more pensive in appearance that it now indicated sadness.

33-38. These lines give the subjects of Matilda's melancholy reflections. They were not only the thought of her father's captivity, the dispersal of his followers, the death of Mortham combined with her fear of Oswald's ambition and avarice, but also the feeling that she could no longer indulge in her dreams of love and happiness. All these thoughts are, in l. 39, summed up in the one word 'all,' the subject of the verb 'lower'd.'

VI. 1. The long digression, that commences here and goes on to the end of stanza xvi., gives Redmond's antecedents as far as they were known to himself and his friends in England. Additional information on the same subject will be given in 6. XIII-XV.

**Erin, Ireland.**

2. **the Saxon's iron bit**, the hard dominion of England. The Celtic Irish called their English enemies Saxons. The same term is applied by the Celtic Highlanders to the inhabitants of the Lowlands of Scotland.

3. **brave O'Neale**, Hugh O'Neale, an Irish chieftain who distinguished himself by his efforts to shake off the English yoke in the end of the reign of Elizabeth. "He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submission, of which it was usually a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of O'Neale; in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and overreaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O'Neale; but it was not till the succession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court."—*Scott*.

5. **St. George's cross**, the English flag which bore the cross of St. George the patron Saint of England. The Union Jack, the flag of the United Kingdom, bears not only the cross of St.

George, but also combined with it the cross of St. Andrew of Scotland and that of St. Patrick of Ireland.

**blazed**, made to blaze or shine. The usually intransitive verb 'blaze' is used transitively in a causative sense, as 'peal' is in 3. xv. 28. For the natural resemblance between burning and shining in flags and elsewhere compare Milton's description of Satan's flag, which "shone like a meteor streaming to the wind," and the word 'brand' (3. xxxi. 22), which means a flashing sword or a burning piece of wood.

6. **his Tanistry**, his territory which he held by the Celtic mode of tenure called Tanistry. According to this system the chief held his land only during his life, and was succeeded by a kinsman, generally not a son, but the most powerful member of the family, who was before his succession to the chieftainship called the Tanist. A new Tanist or destined successor was elected whenever the office became vacant by the previous Tanist succeeding to the chieftainship. "The Tanist therefore of O'Neale," Scott remarks, "was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor's right of succession in those stormy days when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines :—

'The good old rule  
Sufficeth them : the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power  
And they should keep who can.'"

7. **fiery Essex**, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the last favourite of Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1567. His chief military success was the capture of Cadiz, in which expedition he showed great gallantry. In 1599 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but being unsuccessful in his campaign against O'Neale, and suspected of disloyalty on account of a secret conference he held with that chieftain, he suddenly left the country. Being repulsed in his attempts to obtain a reconciliation with the Queen, he attempted to regain his power by force and was executed for high treason in 1601. He is called fiery on account of his quick temper, which often led him to commit rash acts.

10. **that brave Marshal** was Sir Henry Bagnal, Marshal of Ireland, who with a picked force of foot and horse marched to raise the siege of the fort of Blackwater, in which an English force was besieged by O'Neale. Before he could reach the fort O'Neale gave him battle, and defeated him with a loss of 1500 soldiers. The Marshal himself fell in the commencement of the battle, fighting valiantly. Fynes Morison, in his *Itinerary* (London, 1617), remarks that "the English since their first arrival in that kingdom (Ireland) never had received so great an overthrow as

this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackwater." The battle was fought in 1598.

11. **Avon-Duff.** "The River called by the English Blackwater is termed in Irish Avon-Duff, which has the same signification."—*Scott*. This gives more force to the epithet 'red' in the next line. The usually black water of the river on this occasion for a time changed its colour and became red.

14. If we suppose that Mortham and the Knight of Rokeby were twenty years old in 1598, the date of the battle of Blackwater, this would make them sixty-six years old when they fought at Marston Moor.

15. **had they fallen**, they would have fallen.

17. **Tanist.** See note on l. 6.

19. **To quarter took**, gave quarter to, spared the life of. This phrase is perhaps due to the fact that a conqueror who spared an enemy's life took his captive to his quarters, that is, to his tent or other temporary residence.

21. **Gave them ... to know**, allowed them to know. See note on XVI. 3.

22. This line is an adjectival sentence with 'which,' the object of 'show,' understood.

VII. 2. **early snow**, the first white hairs indicating the approach of old age.

4. **James the Peaceful**, James I., during whose reign England was engaged in no great war. The motto of King James was *Beati Pacifici*, Blessed are the peacemakers. His aversion to war was due to his constitutional timidity, which made him unable to bear with equanimity the sight of fire-arms or drawn swords. For Scott's account of the character of James see the *Fortunes of Nigel*. Bacon, when dedicating his *Advancement of Learning* to King James, congratulates him on his "virtuous and most Christian desire of peace, with a fortunate inclination in your neighbour princes thereunto."

8. **whiten'd.** *sc.* with snow.

11. At this time almost all the Irish spoke Gaelic, their native language, so that the Irish messenger is naturally represented as speaking English with a foreign accent. The brogue or accent with which the Irish of to-day pronounce English would hardly be called a foreign accent, as Ireland is now a part of the United Kingdom, and the old Gaelic language is rapidly disappearing in Ireland.

VIII. 1-8. These lines are intended to describe the dress of the Irish two or three hundred years ago. The description is based on an elaborate account of the old Irish dress given by an Elizabethan poet called Derrick in his *Image of Ireland*.

1. **plaited hair.** "The want of a covering on the head was supplied by the mode of plaiting and arranging their hair, which was called the *glibbe*. These glibbes, according to Spenser, were fit marks for a thief, since, when he wished to disguise himself, he could either cut it off entirely, or so pull it over his eyes as to render it very hard to recognise him."—*Scott*.

**elf-locks**, locks of twisted hair. The term originated in the idea that the elves, among their other mischievous tricks (see note on II. 18), used to twist hair into inextricable knots. Shakespeare uses the verb 'elf' in the sense of entangle—

"My face I'll grime with filth ;

Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots."

2. **matted head**, head covered with hair interwoven together like a mat. Such entanglement is the result of neglecting to use the comb.

3. **close stretch'd**, tight fitting. His trousers were close to the skin, and being tight were stretched by his legs.

**trim**, neat. The trousers were trim because they fitted tightly and did not flap about his legs.

4. **show'd the sinewy limb**, allowed the muscles of his legs to be plainly visible.

5. **saffron** is a plant from which an orange-coloured dye is extracted. 'Saffron' is derived from the Arabic and Persian *zaferan*, which is also a Hindustani word.

6. **frequent folded**, folded in many folds. 'Frequent' is here used as an adverb. Scott is closely following Derrick's lines—

"Their shirts be very strange,

Not reaching past the thigh ;

With plaits on plaits they plaited are

As thick as plaits may lie."

7. **A mantle long and loose.** This mantle seems to have resembled the Highland plaid and the Indian *kāmlī*. Scott illustrates the manifold uses of the garment by the following long extract from Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*:—"It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt clo<sup>se</sup> for a thiefe. First, the outlaw, being for his many crimes and villanyes banished from the townes and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent house ; when it bloweth, it is his tent ; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close ; at all times he can use it : never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable : for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre,)

when he still flyeth from his foe, and turketn in the thicke woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which, in that country, doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more sharply wound them, than all their enemies swords or speares, which can seldom come nigh them: yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are nere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut through with a sword; besides it is light to beare, light to throw away, and, being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thiefe it is so handsome as it may seem it was first invented for him, for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in free-boating, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or a bankside till they may conveniently do their errand."

10. **knotted dart.** "The javelins or darts of the Irish, which they threw with great dexterity, appear from one of the prints already mentioned (some curious wooden engravings accompanying Derrick's poem) to have been about four feet long with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft."—*Scott*.

17. **louted low,** made a low bow. This obsolete verb is generally used to express a clumsy rustic obeisance.

18. **show.** Abbott quotes this as an instance of an inappropriate word used for the sake of the rhyme. If Scott had used ordinary natural English he would have made Ferraight not *show* but *tell* his tale.

19. **majestic port.** "The Irish chiefs in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty."—*Scott*.

22. **Turlough O'Neale,** the chieftain mentioned in VI. 17 as the Tanist (see VI. 6) of the great O'Neale. We may suppose that he had become the head of the O'Neale family in succession to the great O'Neale who died at Rome in 1616.

**salutes thee dear,** gives thee affectionate greeting.

29. **Tyrone,** Hugh O'Neale, who was created Earl of Tyrone in the reign of Elizabeth. See note on VI. 3. As this title was a sign of submission to the English, we are surprised that it should be given to O'Neale by one of his Irish followers.

30. **a morning vapour,** a mist which appears in the morning and is soon dispersed by the rising sun.



62. **Erin's bowl**, the hospitality you received in Ireland. The wine bowl is a sign of hospitality, as 'steel' in l. 34 is a sign of warlike power. Compare the use of 'throne' and 'crown' for kingly authority.

33. **If any wrong** etc. The general meaning of these two lines is that young O'Neale's Irish friends will avenge any wrong done to him. But the precise meaning is not so easy to determine. We can hardly understand that Rokeby is threatened with vengeance, if somebody else wrongs O'Neale, though the words used would bear that meaning. The sentence is really changed in its progress by a change of thought. The conditional clause contemplates the possibility of Rokeby or any one else wronging young O'Neale, but in the principal sentence the speaker is only thinking of Rokeby. We should, but for this change of thought, have either 'If any wrong the young O'Neale, they may expect vengeance,' or 'If thou wrongest the young O'Neale, thou mayst expect vengeance.' It is just possible that in l. 34 Scott may have written 'thee' instead of 'them' by a slip of the pen.

36. **honours you**, pays you the compliment, viz., does you the honour to entrust Redmond to your protection.

37. **by**, past, finished, done. 'By' is here used in a temporal sense. Compare 'bygones,' 'bygone times' and 'the time is gone by.' See 2. xxix. 13.

38. **Ferraght** is the messenger's own name.

IX. 3. **mantle wide**. See note on VIII. 7.

10. **o'er again**, a second time. Here 'over' implies repetition, as in the phrase 'over and over,' which means repeatedly.

12. **cross'd**, marked with the sign of the cross. This is done by tracing a cross in the air with the finger over the face of the person, who is thereby consigned to divine protection. Protestants seldom perform this symbolical action, which is usually confined to Roman Catholics.

14. **Pray'd to each saint**. Ferraght's prayers to the saints also indicate that he was a Roman Catholic. Compare 2. xxiy. 18. The Reformation made little or no progress among the native Irish, and at the present day almost all the Protestants in Ireland are the descendants of English settlers.

19. **Bless thee** is elliptical for 'I bless thee.' Compare 'prithee,' which stands for 'I pray thee.' The reading given in the text is that of Messrs. A. and C. Black, who had Scott's ms. to guide them. The editions of 1813 and 1825 have "Bless the O'Neale," and thus make the dying man invoke a blessing, not on Redmond, but on the chief of his clan, presumably Turlough. See note on VIII. 22. The name of an Irish or Scotch clan preceded by the definite article means the chief of that clan.

X. 2. **end the tale**, finish the story that Ferraught had **only** told in part.

5. **which had not been**, which expulsion would, he said, never have taken place.

9. **his broken phrase**. Being a child he could not give a connected account of what had happened.

**descried**, made out. The verb is used literally of discerning an object that is distant or difficult to see. 'Twas descried,' as used here, is equivalent to the common and prosy newspaper phrase 'it transpired.'

10. **foster father**, nurse's husband. In Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland there was a close bond of affection between foster father and foster son and between foster brothers, which sometimes proved even stronger than the ties of blood. For a splendid instance of such devotion see Scott's description of the combat between the champions of two Highland clans in *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

13. **ruffians**. Who these ruffians were will be revealed in 6. XIII.

17. **then**, when he reached that point in his narrative.

XI. 18. **still**, continually, always.

20. **The early knot**, the bond of affection between the two children.

XII. 4. **child to boy**. There is no proper opposition between child and boy. From infant to boy, that is, from infancy to boyhood, would have been better.

7. **felon boar**. 'Felon' is here an adjective, meaning 'fierce.' The commonest use of the word is as a legal term, meaning a person guilty of felony. See 2. XXIII. 14.

11. **Yet more he loves**. He prefers this amusement because it does not deprive him of the pleasure of Matilda's company. She could not join him in the hunt, but there was nothing to prevent her from going nutting with him.

**Autumn prime**, in the height of autumn.

13. **its cluster'd stores**, the hazel-nuts which grow in clusters.

22. **answer flung**, re-echoed.

23. **blessees her**. People blessed themselves, that is, consigned themselves to the protection of heaven when anything alarming happened. Thus, to bless oneself is an expression of shuddering wonder at the sight, or even, as here, at the *thought* of something horrible or alarming. In modern use the exclamation 'bless me' has become weakened and vulgarised by constant repetition on trivial occasions, so that it is now employed colloquially to express a slight feeling of surprise.

\***that man can find.** The meaning of the actual words used is that Matilda wondered that men could invent such a savage sport as boar hunting. It is, however, difficult to help supposing that Scott intended her to wonder at men finding pastime or amusement in such a savage kind of hunt, although the words as they stand can hardly bear this meaning.

XIII. 10. **To bower and hall** etc., keep them from going out of doors. For 'bower' see note on II. 22.

19. **they prove**, they discover by the evidence of experience that their souls are united by affection and community of tastes. The verb 'prove' is used in much the same sense when one speaks of proving a tool or the sharpness of a tool by trying it.

21. **Fame** is here personified in the sense of the Lat. *fama*, report, rumour.

22. **give that union name**, call the bond that united them love, that is, declare that they were in love with each other.\*

24. **she**, Fame personified.

25-28. These lines give the various rumours about Redmond and Matilda. Some said that the knight of Rokeby was ignorant that Redmond and Matilda loved each other, and blamed him for his blindness to what was going on under his eyes; others on the contrary said he knew and approved of their love.

XIV. 5. **cheer**, countenance. See note on I. VII. 2. \*

9. **now alone**, no longer having Matilda as his constant companion.

12. **No rebel's son.** As Oswald Wycliffe had joined the Parliamentary party, Wilfrid was a rebel's son.

20. **Great Nial.** "Neal Naighvallach, or of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been monarch of all Ireland during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages."—*Scott*.

21. **Shane-Dymas.** "This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly. . . . After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale."—*Scott*. According to Camden, in the day of his power he had 600 men for his body guard, 4000 foot and 1000 horse for the field. He called himself King of Ulster, and when he submitted to Elizabeth he appeared at her court "with a magnificent train of Irish galloglasses, arrayed

in the richest habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their shoulders, with their long and open sleeves dyed with saffron."

**Geraldine** Fitzgerald, daughter of one of the Earls of Kildare. The surname of this family, which was closely connected by marriage with the O'Neales, was Fitzgerald, and Gerald and Geraldine were the favourite Christian names in the family. The particular Geraldine here referred to by Scott is probably the lady celebrated in Fitztravers' song (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, c. xvi.-xx). She was beloved by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who, when travelling in Italy, is said to have seen her in a magic mirror by the help of Cornelius Agrippa, the alchemist.

25. **Should sheathe**, (who) should sheathe.

XV. 1. **Heart**, high spirit.

2. This line gives, instead of the real consequence of the truth of the condition mentioned in the conditional clause, a fact easily suggesting that consequence. The sentence expressed at full without an ellipse would be 'If brides were won by heart and blade, Redmond, having both heart and blade, had little reason to despair of success.'

6. See vi. 19.

9, 10. The liberal expense of trouble and money upon the education of the brave boy was not wasted, that is, his many accomplishments of mind and body showed that he had really derived profit from his liberal education.

10. A **stripling** is a boy shooting up into a man. 'Ling' is the diminutive termination that appears in 'duckling' and 'gosling.'

11, 12. **Seek the North Riding** etc. If you search the whole of the North Riding, you will find no one able to ride as well as Redmond. The meaning of the two lines is quite clear, but there is a good deal to notice in the mode of expressing it. 'Seek' generally governs as object the thing looked for, not, as here, the place in which the search is to be made. We talk of **seeking** a needle in a hay-stack, not of seeking a hay-stack for a needle. 'Seek' is an imperative used instead of a conditional clause. This usage is common, especially in poetry (see c. xvi. 17); but, as an imperative cannot refer to past time, it should be confined to conditions capable of being realised in the future. Therefore, when Scott uses the imperative here, he speaks as if he were writing or speaking at the very time when Redmond, Wilfrid, and Matilda met on the banks of the Greta. This being the case, we should expect in the principal sentence the historic present 'can,' and not the past tense 'could.' Finally, we must notice here an ellipse common in conditional sentences. The result of searching the North Riding—the con-

dition specified in the virtually conditional clause of l. 11—is not, of course, the inability of any one to ride like Redmond (which must have resulted from Redmond's superior courage, activity, and careful training), but the discovery of the fact.

**North Riding**, the northern division of Yorkshire. The three divisions of Yorkshire are called ridings (A.S. *thriting*, a third part, from *thri*, three).

**broad and wide**, through all its extent, an adverbial phrase modelled on the more common phrase 'far and wide.' Perhaps 'broad' and 'wide' may be adjectives agreeing with 'North Riding,' 'Broad' and 'wide' being indistinguishable in meaning, this line contains a tautology. Compare 3. xxxi. 17.

16. **bearing**, owing to a change of construction, has no noun to agree with in the sentence. Scott begins as if 'O'Neale' were going to be the subject of the sentence. If the sentence had been regular, instead of lines 18, 19, we should have had 'O'Neale was more than any other youth form'd to steal upon the heart;' but, instead of this termination, Scott substitutes words which, though exactly equivalent in meaning, have no noun for 'bearing' to agree with. The same change of construction will be found in *Marmion*, 2, Int. 156.

18. **steal Upon the heart**, win affection. 'Steal' is used in this phrase to express the often mysterious manner in which certain persons become beloved by all with whom they come into contact.

XVI. 3, 4. **And to the gales** etc. Compare the exactly similar construction "*dederatque comam diffundere ventis*" (*Æneid*, i. 319) and Conington's note. It is impossible to determine whether 'banner' is object of 'gave' or 'wave.' If 'banner' is the object of 'gave,' then 'to wave' is an epexegetic infinitive—that is, an infinitive explaining more definitely what goes before. The banner was given to the winds, and this gift meant that the winds were to wave it. If, however, 'banner' is object of 'wave,' then the object of 'gave' is 'to wave the banner'; and 'give' is used in the not uncommon sense of 'αἰένω' or 'cause,' of which in *Rokeby* there are many instances (1. xxx. 18, 4. vi. 21, 5. xvii. 13, xxviii. 19, xxxvii. 11, 6. xii. 13, xiii. 9). Compare the use of *do* in Latin, e.g.—

"Di tibi da .t. capta classem reducere Troja,"

and of the Hindustani *dēna*, as in *jane do*.

5. **degree** here, as in the 16th line of the previous stanza, means rank.

8. **In that old time**, in the seventeenth century. "Originally the order of chivalry embraced three ranks :—1. The Page ;—2. The Squire ; 3. The Knight ; a gradation which seems to have been

imitated in the mystery of Freemasonry. But before the reign of Charles I. the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring anything degrading that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction.”—*Scott*.

**chivalry**, knighthood.

9. **pitch'd fields**, regular battles, as opposed to skirmishes. One of the five pitch'd fields in which Redmond fought was Marston Moor.

10. **the honour'd place** etc., the honourable position of standard-bearer which had been given him on account of his excellence.

11. **Redmond's youthful name** is a hypallage for the name of youthful Redmond.

12. **Blazed**, published abroad, celebrated. 'Blaze' in this sense and 'blaze' meaning to burn brightly are both derived from the same root as 'blow.'

13. **Had fortune smiled**, if Marston Moor had been a victory. As Scott is writing about Redmond, he looks upon Marston Moor from the point of view of a Cavalier as a disastrous defeat.

14. **drubb'd**. When a man was dubbed a knight, that is, created a knight, he knelt down and received a tap from the sword of a king or some distinguished warrior. 'Dub' is derived from A.S. *dubban*, to strike, or more probably, as terms of chivalry were introduced by the Normans, from *dober*, an old French verb connected with *dubban*. Cf. 3. xxx. 13.

18. **resign'd his blade**, surrendered his sword to the enemy. By this action he gave himself up as a captive in order to share his patron's captivity. His doing so showed that he was more devoted to the Knight of Rokeby than to the cause for which he was fighting.

XVII. 6. After this line Scott had originally written:—

“His ruin'd hopes, impending woes,  
Till in his eye the tear-drop rose.”

The couplet was probably expunged, because it might appear inconsistent with the manliness of Redmond's character, that his eyes should be filled with tears at the thought of past and impending misfortunes.

7. **Affection said**. As these reflections arose from his deep affection for Matilda, affection is personified and supposed to address them to him. Redmond did not utter aloud the thoughts given in ll. 7-22, but said them to himself. (See line 23.)

12. **three hundred warriors**, those who followed the Knight of Rokeby to fight for the king.

'14. **Clash'd their bright arms.** By this action they expressed their martial ardour. Compare—

"Highly they raged  
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war."

*Paradise Lost*, i. 668.

15. **its pride.** Pride may here merely mean beauty, as in **3. xxiv. 26**; or perhaps the feeling of pride is poetically attributed to the flag.

22. **bear his chain**, endure his captivity.

26. **to profit by control**, to take advantage of any circumstances that might compel Matilda to consent to marry him. He was so generous that, even if he had the power, he would not force Matilda to marry him against her will.

29. **stole.** This verb is here used to express the gentle influence of Matilda's words. 'Steal' used metaphorically has generally no bad meaning, but only suggests movements as silent as those by which a thief avoids detection. Compare **xv. 18**.

32. **the zephyr's sigh**, the murmur of the west wind. 'Sigh' is perhaps not a very appropriate word in this context, as it suggests melancholy, and the zephyr is here the type of something that dissipates melancholy.

XVIII. 7. **chase**, drive away.

10. **lower** is the verb that has already been noticed in the note on **3. xx. 2**. Mortham's increasing despondency is metaphorically compared to a cloud that becomes blacker and more threatening.

12. **His fearful confidence.** 'Confidence' here means the act of confiding secrets to another. The line means that Mortham confided to Matilda that there was one cause of despondency known to himself alone. Mortham's confidence or confidential communication is called fearful, because it alarmed Matilda, who naturally feared the secret sorrow might drive him mad.

15. **o'erstrain**, strain too much, *i.e.* with mischievous effects. This prepositional prefix has the same meaning in 'overwork,' 'overdo.'

26. **civil field**, civil war. 'Field' here means field of battle.

29. **disjointed**, irregular. See **xxii. 19**.

32. **forced astray**, beside itself, maddened.

XIX. 2. **thrill'd.** 'Thrill' is the same word as 'drill,' and originally meant to pierce in a literal sense. In modern English it is used metaphorically to express the excitement of strong emotion, the effect produced on the heart, not by a material dagger, but by a very exciting idea. Thus Scott would have followed ordinary usage if he had written "Thou hast seen me thrilled, as if a dagger pierced my heart." Perhaps he intended

to use 'thrill'd' here in the original literal sense, which it sometimes bears in old writers. The derivation of 'nostril' illustrates the literal meaning of 'thrill.'

3. **casual phrase**, some chance words not intended to remind him of the past.

7. **rash and vain**. Compare 3. XXII. 8.

9. **And my grey hairs etc.**, and I must die a friendless old man. The language is taken from a well-known verse in the Bible in which Jacob speaking of his son Benjamin says, "If mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." Genesis xlii. 38.

15. **Pale phantom**. He here addresses his dead wife, who haunts his imagination in the guise of a pale phantom never ceasing to urge him to search for his and her son.

19. **point'st** is here, as in 2. VI. 9, used as a transitive verb governing an object of the thing pointed at. In ordinary usage when 'point' is used transitively it means either to sharpen, or to direct something towards an object, *e.g.* to point the finger at a person.

XX. 6: **in country**. Mortham was an Englishman, while his wife was Irish.

**in creed**. Mortham was a Protestant, his wife was a Roman Catholic.

14. **one dear friend**, Oswald Wycliffe.

17. **My trespasses etc.** Compare *Marmion*, 6. VII. 15-18. Mortham fears lest by merely mentioning the hateful name of Wycliffe he should rouse in his soul an irresistible impulse urging him to take vengeance in spite of the fact that he himself deserved punishment for his own sins. As God had been merciful to him, he thought he was bound to be merciful to his fellow-man, who had wronged him. The main idea of the passage is taken from the parable of the unmerciful servant in Matthew xviii. 23-35.

21. **penitential time**, time to repent of my sins.

22. **Nor cut me off**, and did not bring my life suddenly to an end.

XXI. 4. **misconstrued villany**, falsely supposed that she was wicked. Wycliffe thought that her friendly smile showed that she loved him and was encouraging him to return her affection.

7. **the flask had flow'd**, much wine had flowed out of our wine bottles, that is, we had drunk much wine. 'Flask' means a narrow-necked bottle, and in this passage the flask is put for its contents, as when we talk of drinking a bottle of wine. The common phrase 'flowing cups' for plenteous libations is probably in Scott's mind. But in that phrase 'flowing' is generally explained as meaning full to overflowing, which sense of the verb will hardly suit this passage.



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3. **heat unwonted.** He was in a passionate excitable state owing to the wine he had drunk. This is mentioned as an excuse, or at any rate as an explanation of his rash conduct.

9. **alley'd walk.** See 2. XVII. 16.

14. **the while,** during the time, that is, while Mortham was watching his wife. 'While' is here a noun meaning 'time.'

16. **cold** as contrasted with the hot excitement of Mortham.

**artful, cunning.** The pause was cunningly contrived both to excite Mortham's impatience and curiosity, and also to make him think that Oswald was unwilling to say anything against Edith, and that therefore what he did eventually say to her discredit must be true. Similarly in *Othello* 3. III. Iago cunningly pretends to be reluctant to say anything likely to make Othello suspect Cassio and Desdemona.

20. **cross-bow** is a bow fixed across a stock. The long bow with which the English won most of their great battles in the middle ages was superior to the cross-bow in rapidity of discharge.

26. **more than true,** because the shaft killed both the unknown man whom he meant to kill and also Edith.

XXII. 1. All fled from my anger—the first to flee was the villain, etc.

9. **the act who knew,** who knew "the manner of the slaughter done," 1. 5, who knew that Edith and her brother had been killed by a shaft from a cross-bow. The meaning of such an obscure expression as 'the act who knew' can only be arrived at by consideration of the context.

10. **it,** not the act of the previous line but the shaft mentioned in line 8.

12. **the cry of blood,** the demand for vengeance, which by a strong scriptural metaphor is supposed to be uttered by the blood of the slain. It is related in the fourth chapter of Genesis that, when Cain, the first murderer, killed his brother, God said to him, "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

13. **a blank,** a period of which my memory gives no clear record. A blank is a page or part of a page on which nothing is written.

16. **fetters worn.** He was so mad that he was forced to wear fetters in order that he might by force be prevented from hurting himself.

19. This parenthetical mention of a fact that would naturally have been mentioned at an earlier stage of the narrative is intended to illustrate Mortham's disturbed state of mind, which prevented him from giving a consecutive account of what had

happened. Cf. XVIII. 29, where the narrative is called a "dis-jointed, dismal scroll."

23. **Beset** etc., waylaid the nurse in the evening. Here, according to a usage found in Latin poetry, the adjective 'evening' is used instead of an adverb to express the time at which the action of the verb took place. Compare—

"Gently they laid them down as evening sheep,"

quoted from Dryden in Farrar's *Greek Syntax*, § 69.

25. **none but he.** We should rather expect 'but' here to be used as a preposition and followed by the objective case 'him.' As, however, it is followed by the nominative 'he,' we must look upon it as a conjunction and understand the verb of which 'he' is subject. Thus 'none but he' is elliptical, for 'none could profit, but (except that) he could profit.' 'But,' meaning 'except,' and not governing an objective case, is used like the Latin 'nisi.'

26. **could profit.** Mortham in thus concluding Oswald to be guilty follows the principle of inference laid down by a Roman judge, who in the case of every crime first asked the question "Cui bono? Whom does it profit?"

XXIII. 15. **toil and wassail.** 'Toil' in this line is put for weariness, the natural effect of toil. The power of feeling might be said to be extinguished *by*, but hardly to be extinguished or drowned *in*; toil, if the word were used in its ordinary sense. 'Wassail' (derived from A.S. *waes hael*, may you be whole, good health to you), which formerly meant a favourite beverage consisting of ale flavoured with spices and roasted apples, afterwards came to mean hard drinking, revelry. (See 3. xv. 26) A comparison with a parallel line in *Marmion*, 3. xxvi. 11—"Oppressed with toil and ale, they snore," in which 'toil' and 'ale' are both governed by the same preposition, makes it probable that here Scott intended to couple 'wassail' in its earlier concrete meaning with the abstract 'toil.' Otherwise we should naturally have taken 'wassail' to mean here revelry, or rather drunkenness, the effect of revelry. For another similar instance of the government of concrete and abstract nouns by the same preposition, see Dryden's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, where Alexander is described as being "with love and wine at once oppress," and compare Virgil's *Aeneid*, II. 265—"Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam." Both passages are close parallels to the line we are considering.

22. **a father's name.** Mortham's son, as we shall presently learn, was at this time living in Ireland under the name of O'Neale. As his parentage was kept secret, he did not bear his father's name.

XXIV. 2. **The fiercest.** Bertram.

3. **at time of need to aid**, to help to carry out, at whatever time his services might be needed, my vengeance.

7. One of the petitions of the Lord's prayer is "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," Matthew vi. 12. Compare also the fourteenth and fifteenth verses of the same chapter.

16. **is**. The present tense is used here, as the speaker's exact words are quoted. In XXI. 18 Oswald's words were given in indirect speech.

XXV. 5. **cross his steel ... with**, measure swords with, that is, face in single combat.

13. **A trusty mate**. These words are of course ironical.

14. **and aid so near**, and that when aid is so near.

15. **mark a deer**, aim at a deer. A mark (XXVI. 4) is the object at which aim is taken, and a marksman is a man who takes a good aim. For this use of the verb 'mark,' compare XXI. 25 and Goldsmith's *Traveller*, l. 416—

"And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim."

16. **carabine**, or carbine, a light musket such as is used by cavalry.

18. **safely**. Seeing that Bertram intended to kill Redmond, as he himself said, without danger to himself, he is hardly justified in priding himself on showing more courage than his associate.

XXVI. 1. **drew**. 'Draw' is here used intransitively as a verb of motion. This sense is more usual when 'draw' is accompanied by an adverb, as draw near, draw nigh, draw on, draw off, draw back (XXV. 5). The compound intransitive verb 'withdraw' (l. 30) expresses motion from a place.

4. **levell'd**. 'To level' means to aim, because a spear or a gun when aim'd is usually held in a horizontal position.

11. **spring**. Strictly speaking, the finger does not touch the spring, but the trigger, the pulling of which causes the spring to bring down the cock on the flint or percussion cap, and discharge the gun.

24. This and the following line indicate that Bertram would not for a long time consent to give up his purpose. At first, in anger at his obstinacy, Denzil calls him a madman; but immediately afterwards, through fear or policy, changes his tone, and addresses Bertram in terms of persuasion.

29. **That Denzil's fears**, that the advice given by Denzil under the influence of fear was good advice.

31. **Threaded the woodlands**, made his way through the woodlands by intricate paths. 'To thread' means literally to pass a

thread through the eye of a needle. The origin of the metaphorical use of the word is indicated clearly by Shakespeare's

"Threading dark-eyed night."—*Lear* 2. 1. 121.

where the epithet of 'night' suggests comparison with a needle.

XXVII. 9. **darkling** adv., in the dark. 'Ling' is an adverbial termination. This adverb is sometimes explained as by derivation the present participle of 'darkle.' But the analogy of the adverb 'flatling,' used by Spenser, and of the Scotch 'aiblins,' 'backlins,' is against this view, for there are no verbs for these adverbs to be derived from. Even the existence of the verb 'darkle' is doubtful, except in very modern English, where it is most probably derived from 'darkling,' much as the colloquial verb 'bant' has been formed from 'Banting,' a proper name which happens to end like a participle in 'ing.'

10. **shelves**, sandbanks or rocks under shallow water.

23. **calm**, calmly, adjective used as adverb. This use of adjectival forms as adverbs is due to the existence of old adverbs in 'e,' which afterwards dropped their suffix, so that they became indistinguishable from adjectives.

**had murder been** etc. The argument is what is called by logicians a destructive conjunctive syllogism. Expressed in full it would be as follows:—

'If there had been murder, the blood and the corpses would have been seen.

But the blood and corpses have not been seen.

Therefore there has been no murder.'

26. **Windermere** is a large and beautiful lake in Westmoreland.

27. **mild**. Their mildness is explained by the fact that they were the emissaries of O'Neale, the child's grandfather. See 6. xv. 1.

32. **warp'd**, perverted. 'Warp' means literally 'to make crooked.'

XXVIII. 6. The Parliamentary party fought for liberty to worship God in the way in which the gospel prescribed, which was, they thought, different from the Episcopalian form of worship that Charles I. wished to force upon them. They fought for law, inasmuch as they fought to put an end to unconstitutional government.

9. a **kinsman** **nign**, Oswald Wycliffe.

14. **If none** etc., if no one bringing authority from me has by that time claimed the treasure, then she may conclude that my search for my son has been hopeless, and that therefore the race of Mortham has died out.

21. **mitigate domestic war**, repair the ravages of civil war, lessen the suffering and loss caused by the civil war.

XXIX. 3. **swerved** here means the same as 'warp'd' in xxvi. 32.

4. **his woes deserved** is a relative sentence with the relative pronoun 'which' understood, as also is 'his wilder'd fancy drew' in line 8.

7. **to pursue**. This is the purpose which explains why Mortham wished his life concealed. Two constructions are here blended together, namely, (1) 'who saw revealed why Mortham wished his life concealed,' and (2) 'who saw that doubtless (without doubt) Mortham wished his life concealed to (in order to) pursue etc.'

10. **cell**, place of confinement. The rooms of jails are called 'cells.'

18. **for such noble use design'd**. See the last line of the previous stanza.

23. **flutter'd**, agitated. Wilfrid's hope and joy are called 'fluttered,' because he was not calm, but in a state of great excitement at the prospect of Matilda's coming to Barnard Castle.

28. **has no choice of place**, does not allow us to choose one place rather than another.

29. **Else**, otherwise, if duty did allow choice of place. 'Else' stands for a conditional clause mentioning a condition the fulfilment of which has been denied by what goes before. Matilda supports her assertion that duty has no choice by two instances. Her father, by following the course of duty, had become a prisoner and been confined where his grief would be continually aggravated by the contemplation of the scenes of his past happiness. She was in duty bound to join her father wherever he was imprisoned. Thus both Matilda and her father, though they went to Barnard Castle, could not be said to make it their choice.

34. **What** etc., the remembrance of past happiness. Compare Dante's often quoted lines *Nessun maggior dolore* etc., "There is no greater grief than in misery to remember happy times."

XXX. 7. **wight**, active. Some editions read 'horseman,' which is evidently due to a misprint.

25. **up** goes with 'drew.' To 'draw up' is to arrange in order of battle.

XXXI. 16. **banded chests**, chests bound with bands of iron.

## CANTO FIFTH.

I. 3. Although the sun has sunk so low that it is hidden behind the western hills, his light still illuminates such high

points as the tops of mountains, the spires of the village churches, and the lofty towers of castles.

4. **reflection** seems here to be used for 'illumination.' Compare 6. II. 17.

5. **purple** in the light of the setting sun.

6. **To those**, as seen by those, in the eyes of those.

10. **the spoils of parting day** are the crimson and gold and other rich colours left behind when the sun has just sunk below the horizon. Compare with these lines *Paradise Lost*, IV. 596, where Milton describes the setting sun as—

“Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
The clouds that on his western throne attend.”

12. **closing shade**. ‘Close’ here means to come close to the earth, and so gradually diminish and drive away the streak of light left near the horizon by the setting sun. Compare II. 2. The verb is used in this sense when we speak of an attacking force closing upon the enemy, that is, coming close to them and completely surrounding them.

18. **Till memory** etc., until owing to old age they lose their powers of memory.

II. 4. **Her guardian streams**, the Greta and the Tees which seemed to guard Rokeby Castle by flowing past the surrounding park on two sides. Rokeby, that is Rokeby Castle, is here personified by the use of the feminine possessive.

**wound** (past tense of ‘wind’), went by circuitous courses as streams do.

6. **Of noontide** etc., by excluding the sunlight produced the dimness of twilight at noon-day. The dim light under the trees is called brown from the absence of bright colour. Compare 3. XXI. 17 and *Aeneid*, VI. 27.

12. **the Gentl**, the presiding spirits. We should expect ‘streams’ as there are two rivers. The genius in Roman mythology was a guardian spirit so closely attached to each individual as to be ‘born at his birth and die at his death.’

13. **louder**. Scott gives a poetical explanation of the fact that in the silence of night the sound of water, like all other sounds, is heard more distinctly. The same fact is referred to by Tennyson, when he describes Enoch Arden as hearing at night “the hollower bellowing ocean.” The true explanation of the fact probably is that, in the general silence of night, such few sounds as there are engage the undivided attention of the ear, and so seem louder.

16. **in sighs its breath resign’d**, died away in sighs.

26. **strike the key**. This expression literally means to sound



the keynote of a song or other musical composition, which is done by striking the strings or keys of a musical instrument. As the keynote determines the character of the whole composition, the phrase is used metaphorically of anything that has a predominating influence. Thus here "when our passions strike the key" means 'when our passions are the principal factors in determining our state of mind.' Although Wilfrid's passionate love urged him to move quickly, he was nevertheless moved by an opposing impulse to linger in the grove which charmed his imaginative soul by its weird mystery.

III. 1. **past** may either be a passive participle agreeing with 'mazes,' or an active perfect participle from the intransitive verb 'pass,' in which case it will agree with 'he.'

3. **silver'd**, made to appear like silver. See note on I. xxxii. 12.

5. **long**, long ago.

**were fled**, had fled. Compound tenses of intransitive verbs of motion are formed with 'be' as well as with 'have.' Some grammarians object to active tenses formed with 'be,' and would always insist on 'have' being used; but such forms as 'he is fallen,' 'he is come,' etc., as Adams remarks, "are good English, are found in our best writers, and are defended by similar constructions in other languages."

10. **Stern Time** etc. Time had produced as destructive effects as the assaults of foemen could have produced. Compare I. VIII. 4.

11. **braved**, once braved, that is, defied. It is clear from the context that the two indefinite past tenses 'braved' and 'waved' refer to different times. The adverb 'now' shows that 'waved' refers to the time of the action of the poem, while 'braved' refers evidently to an earlier period when the castle had not yet been weakened by the effects of time. But for the requirements of the metre Scott would probably have written 'had braved.'

12. **Harebells** are beautiful blue bell-shaped flowers celebrated in Scottish songs as the blue bells of Scotland, on which account they are mentioned in XIII. 20 as fit to be twined with heath in the bonnet of Scotland.

13. **of yore**. 'Yore' is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *gæara*, which was originally the genitive plural of *gear*, i. year. The adverbs 'once,' 'twice,' and 'thrice' are also derived from temporal genitives.

14. **wore**, made to pass away. 'Wear' is generally used intransitively with the time past as subject (see V. 10), whereas here it is used transitively, governing a noun of time.

16. **the spindle plays.** As spinning is the work of women, this line tells us that women now occupy the guard-room which in former days used to be full of armed men.

17. **flanking guns,** guns mounted on projecting towers so as to play upon the flank of an attacking force. These projecting towers are sometimes called flanking towers.

IV. 6. **marauding band,** a band of robbers, as opposed to an army.

10. **jealous door.** The epithet ascribes feeling to the inanimate door.

19. **transom-shafts,** horizontal bars dividing windows. The vertical bars at right angles to the transoms or transom-shafts are called mullions.

20. **oriel,** large windows projecting outwards from the wall.

24. **beams,** the main stems of a stag's horns from which the antlers branch off.

28. **Accomplish'd, equipped.** The verb is used in this sense in Shakespeare, where the Chorus in the fourth act of *Henry V.* speaks of the

“Armourers accomplishing the knights.”

**brave** here does not mean ‘courageous,’ but ‘splendid in appearance.’ ‘Brave’ may be regarded as a proleptic adjective, as it expresses the effect of the action of the verb, not the previous state of the object. These banners equipped Rokeby’s array, and made it splendid in appearance. Adjectives used proleptically are ordinarily placed after the nouns with which they agree, as ‘heat me those irons hot.’ But see XII. 1.

33. **useless,** owing to the invention and improvement of fire-arms.

V. 10. **wore.** See note on III. 14.

13. **should be at Rokeby met,** should be assembled at Rokeby. ‘Meet’ seems to be here used intransitively in the sense of ‘come together,’ and, as is often the case with intransitive verbs of motion, takes the auxiliary ‘be’ instead of ‘have.’ See III. 5. If ‘be met’ is passive, it means ‘be met’ by him. But if this were the meaning, we should expect in l. 11, “he had left word” rather than “he had left command.”

21. **strain, pressure.**

26. **fair** is here a noun meaning a fair lady. This usage was very common in the Augustan age of English literature.

VI. 5. **the secret took,** noticed that they had made a secret unspoken compact. Her recognition of this fact is an instance of a clever woman’s intuitive discernment.

11. **closed,** gathered close together. Compare 2. x. 12.

c 14. **gild impending woe**, paint in brighter colours the dismal prospect before them. Compare—

“Hope that paints the future fair.”

*Marmion*, 6. v. 29.

15. **high privilege** is in apposition to the idea of the previous sentence. Their privilege was that they could take a sanguine view of the future in spite of the dangers that threatened them.

17. **bickering**, burning with quivering flames.

19. **Wilfrid's cheek** is mentioned by the poet, because the glow produced on his “pale cheek” (1. XXXII. 6) shows the effect of the blaze more vividly than the glow on Redmond's face, which was browned with exposure to the sun and wind (3. v. 16) and glowed naturally with healthy colour.

28. **Thanks to**, on account of. The rarity of such a sight is due to man's wrath and woman's pride. ‘Thanks to’ used in this sense is elliptical for ‘thanks be to,’ that is, ‘let thanks be given to,’ and thus naturally introduces the cause of anything. Such ellipses of the substantive verb are common, in sentences expressing a wish, *e.g.*—

“Woe to the traitors who could bring  
The princely boy against his king!”

*Marmion*, 4. xv. 16.

VII. 6. **Bore burden**. The burden of a song is properly the verse or verses repeated at the end of each stanza. For instance in the song given in stanza XVIII. the words “my harp alone” are the burden. Here ‘burden’ is used somewhat differently, the whole song being regarded as the burden of the harp's music. This use is not unnatural, as the song would follow the prelude (see XII. 32) much as the burden follows each stanza of a song. Notice throughout this stanza the contrast between the insinuating sentimental pleading of the harper's song and the surliness of the matter-of-fact porter's replies.

18. **ready**. The harper shows his readiness (quickness and dexterity) by immediately composing an impromptu verse as an answer to the porter's reproach.

23. **Wizard**, the masculine of ‘witch,’ is here used adjectively in the sense of enchanting, bewitching. Walter Scott himself was called the Wizard of the North on account of the almost magical effects produced by his writings in prose and verse.

28. **not ... so well**, not in peace. Harpool threatens to have him driven away by force if he refuses to go immediately.

VIII. 3. **ready**. See VII. 18.

**thrill** (intransitive), sound tremulously as musical notes do, or, perhaps, produce strong emotion. The latter is the proper metaphorical meaning of ‘thrill’ (see 4. XIX. 2), but Scott seems

here, and in XVIII. 41, to give 'thrill' the meaning of 'tremble', a different word, imitative of the tremulous sound of musical notes. Possibly the two meanings are both combined in the word as used here.

4. **They show**, (that) they show. This line is a consecutive sentence giving the result of what is stated in the previous line.

7. **engage**, become security.

9. **display'd**, unfolded, opened. This sense naturally follows from the derivation of the word (*dis*, privative, and *plico*, fold), and is found in Ben Jonson, from whom Ogilvie quotes—

"A curious bunch of keys

With which heav'n's gate she locketh and displays,"

and in Spenser.

18. **at parting hour**, at the hour at which people part, that is, separate for the night, or, in more homely language, at bed time. Compare the conduct of Lady Gifford in *Marmion*, who

"Dreaded her castle to unclose,

*So late*, to unknown friends or foes."—*Marmion*, 4. II. 5.

IX. 4. **the maids to scare**. Compare the description of the effects of story telling in 2. x.

9. **line**. The family regarded as continuing from one generation to another is called a line.

**be** is the old third person plural of the substantive verb.

19. **parley**, (*parler*, to speak) is an appropriate word here, as 'to parley' is generally used of conversing with an enemy, and Harpool's attitude towards the harper was decidedly hostile.

21. **For**, when followed by 'all,' generally, as here, means 'in spite of.' Thus the common phrase, 'for all that,' means 'in spite of all that,' 'nevertheless.' This usage can be traced to the meaning of preventive cause so commonly borne by 'for.' 'I cannot speak for tears' means 'tears prevent me from speaking.' Harpool in this line denies that the harper's boasting prevents him from being ignorant of the Felon Sow. He might have expressed exactly the same meaning by saying, 'Thou dost not the less for (on account of) all thy brag know nothing.' The idea of the absence of prevention is always present in the mind in such instances, even when such words as 'not the less' are omitted. This omission is very natural, as 'not the less' is a combination of two negatives cancelling each other, and therefore its presence or absence does not affect the general meaning of the sentence.

22. **the Felon Sow**, the fell or fierce sow, was, according to an old ballad, given by Ralph Rokeby to the Friars of Richmond, to mend their fare. The ballad humorously relates the tremendous struggle between the friars and the beast, which they at last succeeding in despatching.

23. *Greta-side* is object of the verb 'roamed,' which is here used transitively because it suggests to the mind the transitive verb 'traverse.' This is an easier instance of the same kind of sense construction by which the use of 'for' can be explained in 21. In both cases words are used which suit rather what is in the mind of the writer than what he actually writes.

27. This and the three following lines mention the principal persons who engaged in the hunt of the Felon Sow. First Friar Middleton, Peter Dale, and a third man were disastrously worsted by the fierce animal. Afterwards Gilbert Griffinson and the valiant son of Spain mentioned in l. 30, not without a hard struggle, managed to kill her.

28. *Goes, runs, is current.*

X. 3. *for*, with regard to.

4. *mend his couch and fare*, give him a better bed and better food—that is, better than Harpool offers him.

5. *O, ask me not!* Redmond means that it is no good asking him such a question, as his enthusiasm for music would urge him to admit a harper in distress, however imprudent it might be to do so.

*At minstrel-string.* As 'at' is here evidently used to express causality combined with coincidence in time, 'minstrel-string' stands for the 'sound of minstrel-string.' Similarly in *Marmion* (l. XXIII.) Scott speaks of the Red Sea parting "at the prophet's rod," that is, at the waving of the prophet's rod.

6. *My heart etc.*, I used to be excited with enthusiasm even from the days of my infancy.

7. *Nor can I etc.*, whenever I hear any music, however simple, I cannot help in imagination seeing Ireland once more as in a dream.

10. *The Filea.* "The Filea or Ollamh Re Dan was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr. Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men in his *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the highest veneration. The English, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to proscribe this race of poets, as Edward the First is said to have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as 'savouring of sweet wit and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device,' yet rigorously condemns the whole application of their poetry, as abased to 'the gracing of wickedness and vice.'

The household minstrel was admitted even to the feast of the prince whom he served, and sat at the same table."—*Scott*.

13. **kern** or 'kern' is a Gaelic word for a light-armed foot soldier. Here Scott uses the word in the plural without adding an *s*, as also does the Elizabethan poet Derrick quoted on 4. VIII. 6. In the *Lady of the Lake*, 4. IV. 19 and in *Macbeth*, 1. II. the plural 'kernes' is used, and in 6. VIII. 15 'kern' is used in the singular number.

15. **the master**, the skilled musician master of his art.

16. **around** is an adverb.

**day** is in the objective case to express duration of time.

17. For the effect of music in exciting different emotions see Dryden's great Ode in honour of St. Cecilia's Day, in which poem Alexander and those feasting with him have successively excited in their breasts by the lyre of Timotheus most of the feelings mentioned in this passage.

21. **Ah, Clandeboy**. "Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Donard a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and extended hospitality; and doubtless the bards mourned the decay of the mansion of their chiefs in strains similar to the verses of the British Llywarch Hen on a similar occasion."—*Scott*.

22. **oak**, the great oak-tree blazing on the hospitable hearth and lighting up the floor of the hall.

XI. 2. **glistening**, with a tear. This line shows the quickness of Matilda's sympathy.

13. **This hall** is object of 'braid.'

19. Matilda finishes as she had begun with an expression of pious resignation. Similarly Bertram's speech in 1. XX. ends with a repetition of the opening words.

22. **cold reserve**. The attitude of reserve that Matilda formerly observed in her relations with Redmond is described by Oswald Wycliffe in 2. XXX. For the open kindliness shown by Matilda in the "early days" referred to in l. 21, see 4. XII., XIII.

24. **dared not trust his voice**, he feared that his excess of emotion would be too plainly revealed by his faltering voice if he tried to speak. It must be remembered that it is a characteristic of the English, especially of English *men*, to shrink from revealing the depth of their feelings. This characteristic has already been illustrated by Redmond's conduct in the end of the preceding stanza.

25-29. These lines tell us what Redmond would have said if he had spoken.

XII. 1. **ashen** usually means 'made of the wood of the ash tree,' not, as here, 'white as ashes,' which meaning is generally expressed by the word 'ashy' 'Ashen' is also used in the sense of 'ashy' in *Marmion*, 6. xiv. 22. Here 'ashen' is a proleptic adjective expressing the effect of the action of the verb. It was owing to the departure of the blood that Wilfrid's cheek became pale as ashes. Proleptic adjectives usually follow the nouns with which they agree, as in 6. xxiv. 10, so that, if Scott had put the words in their regular order, he would have written 'the blood (departing) left Wilfrid's cheek ashen.' Wilfrid became pale, because Matilda's kindly words and the affection she showed towards Redmond made him recognise the hopelessness of his own love.

2. Matilda here shows the same ready sympathy for the sorrow of her friend Wilfrid, as she showed in xi. 2, when her lover Redmond was distressed. She tries to divert him from his grief by asking him to sing, knowing well that the exercise of his favourite art would be the best means to distract him from or at any rate alleviate his grief.

3. **Happy** agrees with 'my,' the possessive genitive of 'I.' See note on 3. xv. 11.

4. **here**, at this point of time, now.

5. **Rokeby's maiden**. Notice the choice of the periphrasis for Matilda. As she was Rokeby's maiden, she might naturally expect to go away from Rokeby's hall with moody heart, but in spite of that she will not do so. All this would not have been expressed by the line, had she merely called herself Matilda or used some other periphrasis, e.g. your unhappy friend. Similarly the periphrasis chosen for the Knight of Rokeby in 4. xvi. 21 suggests that Redmond's devotion was partly due to his love for Matilda. Periphrases must not be used without discrimination or they weaken the passage in which they occur.

16. **Nay, no reply**. Matilda sees from his look that he intends to refuse.

17. **I guess thy thought**. Although Matilda knows very well that it is the melancholy of disappointed love which prompts his refusal, she pretends to attribute it to a fanciful cause.

18. **Thy verse** etc., you would like to earn laurels by your poetry. In Greece successful poets were crowned with laurel, and in Rome letters announcing a victory were bound with laurel leaves. Hence this tree has become the symbol of glory and victory in literature and war, and the poet chosen to celebrate the English nation and sovereign is called the 'poet laureate.'

19. **landless.** She expects that her father will be deprived of his estates by the victorious Roundheads. More probably he would only have to pay a heavy fine. See note on 2. xxxi. 14.

23. **no rigid jailer, thou,** thou not being a rigid jailer. Here there is no confusion in the use of the negative such as occurred in 1. xii. 19.

24. Notice the arch humour of Matilda's words. She knows well enough that her lover and friend will allow her to do exactly as she likes, and she speaks as if she could only count upon a very limited amount of freedom from restraint. There is the same kind of irony in her words as in the title given by Swift to one of his works which he called *An Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may, as Things now stand, be attended with some Inconveniences, and perhaps not produce those many good Effects proposed thereby*. Of course Swift really believed that far more than this could be proved in favour of Christianity.

26. **chase.** See 2. v. 2. "Marwood-chase is the old park extending along the Durham side of the Tees, attached to Barnard Castle. Toller Hill is an eminence on the Yorkshire side of the river, commanding a superb view of the ruins."—*Scott*.

29. **a space aside,** a short distance apart from the rest. 'Space' is in the objective case to express measure of distance.

30. **tune.** A stringed instrument is tuned, that is, made ready for playing, by tightening or loosening the strings until they give the notes correctly.

**applied** is here used for 'applied himself,' that is, busied himself. As it is irregular to use 'apply' intransitively in this sense, one is tempted to alter the punctuation and make 'space' the object of 'applied.' The meaning would then be 'He standing aside devoted a short space of time to the tuning of Matilda's harp.'

XIII. 1. **twine no wreath** etc., if you twine any wreath for me, it must be composed of the leaves of the cypress. This tree was sacred to Pluto, the god of the lower world, and was used by the Romans at funerals. Hence it is typical of mourning and grief.

4. **The varnish'd holly,** the holly, whose leaves shine like varnished wood. This epithet exactly gives the characteristic which distinguishes holly leaves from most other leaves. The truth of the epithet is proved by the ease with which artificial sprigs of holly can be made almost indistinguishable from real ones. For other instances in which the natural beauty of a flower is illustrated by reference to artificial beauty, compare Shakespeare's "painted butterflies," *Midsummer Night's Dream*,



**S.I.** 175; "adder's painted skin," *Taming of the Shrew*, 4. III. 180.

**all** (adv.), altogether.

9. **dimpled Mirth**, mirth that causes people to smile, and so produces dimples on the face. This kind of hypallage, by which an epithet expresses the condition of something else affected by the noun, is sometimes found in the case of nouns which are not personified. Here mirth is personified as a person with a happy smiling countenance. But in the next line where 'the laughing vine' means 'the vine that excites laughter' we cannot think of the vine as a person. Compare 1. XVI. 20.

10. **tendrils** (derived through the French from Lat. *teneo*, to hold), the curling shoots by which climbing plants, such as vines, attach themselves to objects.

11. **manly oak**. This epithet is given to express the great strength of the oak tree, which makes it the most valuable of all trees for ship building. It is said to be due to the patriot, because a crown of oak leaves, called a civic crown, was given to any Roman who saved the life of a fellow-citizen.

**pensive yew**. The yew is called 'pensive' because, as it is usually planted in church-yards, it naturally, by the association of ideas, produces melancholy reflexions, and is therefore appropriate to a moralising sage. Compare 2. IX. 10.

13. The myrtle being sacred to Venus was a sign of love. So in this and the following line Wilfrid laments in allegorical language that Matilda refuses to return his affection.

18. **Her blended roses**, the white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster, which were united when the Lancastrian Henry VII. married Elizabeth of York. Hence the badge of the Tudors was a combination of the white and red rose, and this combination is still at the present day the badge of England.

**bought so dear**, because they could not be united until the end of the destructive Wars of the Roses, which devastated England with little intermission for thirty years, and in which 12 princes of the blood, 200 other nobles, and 100,000 of the knights and gentry are said to have perished.

19. **Albin**. See note on 2. III. 21.

**bonnet blue**. The Scotch wore blue bonnets. On this account a well-known song inciting the Scotch to invade England is called *Blue Bonnets o'er the Border*.

20. **heath** or heather is a shrubby flower which grows so abundantly on the Scotch mountains that it is looked upon by the Scotch as one of their national flowers.

**harebell**. See note on III. 12.

**dipp'd in dew**, and therefore fresh.

21. **favour'd.** If Wilfrid's song were taken apart from the context, this epithet would merely signify that Ireland was, generally speaking, a fortunate country, or specially fortunate in being able to wear her favourite flower. Thus the epithet would have little force, as it might with equal propriety be applied to England and Scotland. But in the context 'favoured' bears a concealed meaning, to be understood by those who can see beneath the surface. Wilfrid really applies this epithet to Ireland, because Ireland in the person of her representative Redmond is favoured by the love of Matilda, and thus here too he covertly laments his disappointed love.

22. **The flower etc.,** the shamrock, the triple leaf of which is said to have been used by Saint Patrick to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity.

**of emerald green.** The word 'emerald' naturally suggests itself in speaking of Ireland, as that country is often called the emerald isle on account of the greenness of its fields. 'Green' is here an abstract noun qualified by 'emerald,' which is used as an adjective.

26. **ivy meet for minstrel's hair.** Ivy is fit to compose a poet's garland, because it was sacred to Bacchus, in whose worship Greek lyric and dramatic poetry were first developed. Compare Horace, *Odes*, 1. i. 29, "Doctarum hederæ præmia frontium."

27. **laurel-leaves.** See note on XII. 18. Nelson before his great victory on the Nile said, "To-morrow my head will be crowned either with laurel or cypress."

30. **the passing bell** is a bell rung at the death of a person. It is called the passing bell because it is rung when the soul of the dead person is passing away to the other world.

38. **panzies, rosemary, and rue,** as they respectively typify thought, remembrance, and pity, are appropriate flowers to strew over the dead. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."—*Hamlet*, 4. v.

"Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen

In the remembrance of a weeping queen."

—*Richard II.* 3. iv.

XIV. 2. **blithesome cheer,** cheerful look. Redmond looked and spoke cheerfully in order to drive away Wilfrid's melancholy thoughts.

4. **thy silent lay,** the silence of thy lay, the fact that your songs are no longer heard. Compare 'absent care,' 2. xvii. 17.'

9, 10. The captive's state described in these two lines is that of a prisoner on parole. See 2. xxxi. 10, where we find that Rokeby, as well as Redmond, was admitted to parole. The

circumstances under which Redmond surrendered himself are given in 4. XVI. 18.

11. **were it so**, if Wilfrid were like himself a prisoner on parole.

12. **ride**, ride through, traverse on horseback. Compare the use of 'roam' in l. 18.

16. **From Michael's Mount** etc., through the whole of England. In like manner we speak of all Palestine from Dan to Beersheba, and all India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. St. Michael's Mount is a granite rock partly connected with the main land in Cornwall, not far from the extreme south-west of England, and Skiddaw is a mountain in Cumberland, so that they are two of the most widely separated landmarks in England. Thus it is that Macaulay, in his poem on the *Armada*, describing the beacon fires traversing the length and breadth of England, begins with St. Michael's Mount, and traces their course from that point till "the red blaze on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

17. **Albin**. See note on 2. III. 21.

18. **roam**, roam through. The verb is used transitively, as it suggests the transitive verb 'traverse.'

**green Erin**. See note XIII. 22.

**thou ... should move** is in the subjunctive mood, and therefore the personal suffix 'st' is omitted. Compare 4. XXVI. 19, 5. VII. 27.

24. **Hawthornden**. See note on 2. v. 8. "Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649."—*Scott*. Here, according to a practice common in Scotland, the person is called by the name of the place where he lived. Similarly John Graham, Viscount of Dundee, is generally known in history as Claverhouse from the name of his estate.

26. **M'Curtin's harp**. M'Curtin was an Irish poet who was originally the *Filea* or hereditary bard of Donough, Earl of Thomond. But when that nobleman was prevailed upon to join Elizabeth's forces, M'Curtin's patriotic feelings induced him to transfer his allegiance to MacCarthy, chief of South Munster, who was still in arms against the English. On a subsequent occasion, finding himself in the power of the Earl of Thomond, he pretended to be dead in order to escape the punishment he expected. But when his former patron expressed his forgiveness, the pretended dead man, "suddenly springing up, recited an extemporaneous ode in praise of Donough, and, re-entering into his service, became once more his favourite."

XV. Notice the graceful raillery with which Matilda, while playfully pretending to take for granted that Redmond's day-

dream of future renown as a poet will be realised, recalls him to the present, and bids him show his love for poetry in a practical form by showing hospitality to a brother-poet.

4. **brother-minstrel.** By the use of this term Matilda gives a reason why Redmond should be glad to do what she tells him.

8. **takes her leave,** departs, bids farewell.

10. **parting woe,** grief at parting.

15. **A seemly gown.** The details of Edmund's dress and equipment are taken from the description given by a spectator of a man dressed up as an ancient minstrel, who appeared at Kenilworth in the revels given by the Earl of Leicester in honour of Elizabeth. See the preliminary dissertation prefixed to Percy's *Reliques*.

16. **gorget,** a collar to protect the throat.

18. **anlace,** a two-edged knife worn at the girdle. The minstrel at the Kenilworth revels is described as "seemly begirt in a red caddis (*i.e.*, worsted ribbon) girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides."

XVI. 1. **free Yet studied.** This is almost a contradiction in terms. The meaning is that his air seemed natural and unaffected, at any rate to the inexperienced or careless observers he had to face, but that he was really acting a part carefully studied beforehand.

4. **Seem'd to affect.** This line tells us how his bearing would have appeared in the eyes of a suspicious person.

6. **wins the eye, but not the mind.** His face was outwardly pleasing, but it was not of the kind that inspires trust.

13, 14. He could not look either Matilda or Redmond straight in the face owing to the consciousness of his treachery.

21. **Tear-blinded,** so that they could not see clearly. The word is intended to express not only the actual blurring of their vision by tears, but also the fact that their minds were so full of grief that they did not carefully scan the countenance of the stranger.

XVII. 1. **expression** here means the appearance of the countenance regarded as indicative of feelings or character. When the minstrel began to play, his base thoughts were driven away by his enthusiasm. Similarly in the *Lay*, when the Minstrel began to sing—

"The present scene, the future lot,  
His toils, his wants were all forgot:  
Cold diffidence and age's frost  
In the full tide of song were lost."

4. Saul, the first king of Israel, was troubled by an evil spirit; and David, who afterwards succeeded him on the throne, was called in to drive away the evil spirit by playing on the harp.

“So Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.”—1 Sam. xvi. 23.

13. **gave, caused.** See note on 4. xvi. 3.

16. **condescending,** because Matilda was his superior in rank.

18. **At distance,** namely, while he was still outside the house. See vii.

XVIII. This is an autobiographical lyric intended to give information about the character and early life of Edmund.

9. **my poor father's cottage.** Compare 3. xv. 13.

15. **The baron.** The definite article is used to signify the baron who owned the land on which the cottage stood. In the same way an Englishman speaks of *the* Queen, meaning the Queen of England.

19. **the bubble burst,** the utter vanity of my ambitious hopes was suddenly made manifest. ‘At’ is causal here. A bubble is the favourite type of such disappointment of ill-founded hopes. Thus the South Sea Company and similar companies that, after inspiring unbounded hopes of wealth, suddenly ruin all concerned in them, are called bubble companies.

21. **all** is in the objective case, governed by ‘curst.’ This is not exactly consistent with line 18, 19, in which we were told that the harp alone inspired his presumptuous hopes. We must here understand that, besides his harp, ambition and solitary musing had encouraged him to aspire so high, and were now curst by him.

27. **the rebel foe,** the Parliamentarians.

28. **atone,** compensate for. ‘Atone’ is by derivation to be at one—i.e., to agree or to be reconciled; and the atonement means the reconciliation of God and man brought about by the death of Christ. As reconciliation after a quarrel is often brought about by compensation for damage done, ‘to atone’ came to mean to make compensation for, and in this sense governs as an object the injury for which compensation is given. Often, as here, it expresses compensation, without conveying any idea of reconciliation between two persons that have quarrelled.

33. **dart.** See note on 3. xxix. 11.

41. **elegy,** song of lamentation.

**thrill,** make to sound tremulously or play in such a way as to produce strong emotion. Compare viii. 3, where the verb was used intransitively.

XIX. 2. **shook.** The shaking of the head is a sign of suspicion.

**old grey.** These epithets are chosen in order to indicate why Harpool had suspicions and Matilda had none. Harpool was

old, and his long experience of life made him suspect some treachery in the young harper, who seemed perfectly frank and open in the eyes of the young girl. Compare XVI. 15-18.

18. **again**, after the temporary interruption of his music while he was speaking.

XX. This song gives a spirited account of the most striking characteristics of the Cavaliers, their devotion, their personal appearance (l. 6), their aristocratic pride (ll. 19, 20), and their love of carousing (l. 24); while the rapid movement of the anapaestic metre seems to express their light-heartedness and the reckless valour which they showed on many a bloody battle field. The song is not only a good lyric, but also an excellent analysis of the sentiments that animated the Cavalier party.

5. **doff'd**. 'Doff' (do off) is the opposite of 'don' (do on).

6. **long-flowing hair**, the long love-locks of the Cavaliers as opposed to the short, close cropped hair, on account of which the Parliamentarians were called Roundheads, or, still more contemptuously, prick-eared curs, by their enemies. Prynne in 1628 wrote a satirical pamphlet on the *Unloveliness of Lovelocks*.

11. **his pay is renown**. The Royalist troops were very irregularly paid, while the Parliament by taxation obtained an abundant supply of money for the support of their armies. Compare note on 3. XI 14.

13. **Fairfax**. Ferdinand, Lord Fairfax, and his son Thomas were strong supporters of the Parliamentary party. The more celebrated of the two was Thomas Fairfax, who commanded the right wing at Marston Moor, and at the head of the new modelled Parliamentary army won the decisive victory of Naseby.

**Waller**, Sir William Waller, defeated by the Royalists at Lansdown and again at Devizes in 1643. He must not be confused with the poet, Edmund Waller.

14. **Westminster Hall**, built by William Rufus in the end of the eleventh century, was the building in which Parliament met, and serves as the entrance hall of the New Houses of Parliament.

16. **London's proud town**. London all through the war gave its powerful support to the Parliamentary party.

17. **Derby**, the Earl of Derby, executed in 1651. His wife was celebrated in the civil war for her successful defence of Latham House in 1644.

**Cavendish**, William Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle. He was made Marquis of Newcastle in 1643. After the battle of Marston Moor he withdrew to the continent, despairing of the royal cause.

18. **Ormond**, James Butler, Earl, Marquis, and eventually Duke of Ormond. Since the beginning of the thirteenth century

his family had been one of the most powerful in Ireland, and he was four times Lord-Lieutenant of that country.

**Montrose**, James Graham, Earl and Marquis of Montrose, who after winning several victories in Scotland was at last defeated at Philiphaugh in 1645.

19. the base **Skippon**, a soldier of the commonwealth who had risen from the ranks. He organized the London train-bands and did good service during the war. In this line Scott naturally opposes to the high-born leaders of the Royalists, not those Parliamentary leaders who, like Fairfax and Waller (l. 1c), could themselves lay claim to high birth, but three who belonged to no noble family. **Massey** was a soldier of fortune who distinguished himself by his defence of Gloucester. Major-General **Brown** is described by Clarendon to have been "a citizen of London of good reputation, and a stout man." Carlyle says he had been a city wood-merchant. He represented London in the Long Parliament.

24. The Royalists were as ready to manifest their loyalty to the King by hard drinking as by hard fighting. In a similar spirit Lovelace, a Royalist poet, in his lines to Althea from prison, describes himself and his friends as showing their fervent loyalty by drinking deep draughts to the royal cause.

XXI. 5. **bound**, beat high with excitement.

7. **Like trump** etc., because the trumpet, which would have roused the soldier to deeds of valour before, can do so no more now that he is dying. In Scott's original ms. the song was compared less appropriately to a "dirge beside a hero's bier."

8. **own**, acknowledge their influence.

14. **Heir** is here used as a common term instead of the feminine form 'heiress.' Matilda uses this periphrasis to indicate that she is bound as the representative of her captive father to show generosity to the harper.

XXII. 3. **conscious** here by hypallage qualifies the feeling felt, not the person feeling. In like manner 'conscious guilt' means 'guilt of which a person is conscious.' The art, pride in the exercise of which had so far prevented Edmund from feeling pity, was the cunning by which he had deluded Matilda and her lovers into thinking that he was a harmless harper.

4. Compare 2. xi. 5.

10-13. It is a strange anomaly of human nature that men who are very fond of animals nevertheless take pleasure in hunting. Of this common anomaly no more striking instance could be given than Scott himself. He was excessively fond of animals, and had a wonderful power of gaining their affections, so that not only his dogs but also, as we are told by Lockhart, a pig, a hen, and two donkeys manifested their great predilection for him. Yet on the

very page in which Lockhart shows the remarkable sympathy between Scott and the animal world, he is describing the poet going out to take part in a great coursing match, in which a large number of hares would no doubt be hunted to death. It is but natural that a humane man like Scott should in a calm moment of reflection ask himself how he could possibly take pleasure in an amusement that inflicts pain on animals, and in this passage we have the explanation that he suggests. The hunter is so engrossed, he maintains, in the contest between his own skill and the efforts of the hunted animal to escape, that he has no room left in his mind for any consciousness of the pain he is causing. Compare with Scott, who though clearly recognising the cruelty of hunting, could not live without enjoying the pleasures of the chase, his friend and contemporary Wordsworth, who consistently followed the maxim laid down by himself that we ought

“Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

The cruelty of hunting is vividly represented in the *Sakuntala* of Kalidasa, where an arrow entering the tender vitals of a stag is compared to a fire raging through a bed of flowers.

10. **blood-shot eye**, eye internally discoloured with blood. This appearance of the eye is here intended to be the sign of fear and painful exhaustion.

13. **Drown'd in etc.**, extinguished by the more absorbing interest he takes in the manifestation of his own skill.

17. **pencil'd chart**, map marked with the pencil. The veteran is represented as ‘racing on the map the course taken by some invader whose victorious progress he is following in the daily papers with the help of a map.

21. **He dooms etc.** In his sympathy with the general, whose skill he admires, he confidently predicts and anticipates with pleasure the destruction of men and cities, although the fulfilment of his predictions will not promote his own glory.

22. **shares the guilt**, inasmuch as he shows himself as callous to human misery as the cruel invader.

24. **premeditating crime**. A premeditated crime in ordinary contexts means a crime carefully planned beforehand by the person who intends to commit it. Here, however, the premeditated crime is a crime thought over and desired beforehand by a person who hopes that it will be committed by another. Thus in this comparison it is not pride in his own skill, but in the skill of another that produces insensibility to pity. Scott's comparison would have been more simple and natural, if he had used as an illustration the ruthless invader himself, instead of the retired veteran who follows the invader's skilful strategy with sympathetic interest.



XXIII. 3. **His soul** etc. Compare Byron's lines—

“Thus the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shores of guilt or ocean of excess ;  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain  
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.”

5, 6. **Nor Vice** etc., both vice and virtue failed to obtain any permanent control over his soul. He was the creature of impulse, always carried away by the impulse of the moment whether it happened to be virtuous or vicious.

9. **she roused her**, virtue roused herself. ‘Her’ is here used reflexively.

**the pride**, the pride in his art. See XXII. 3.

15. **Dark Greta**. Compare 2. VII. 3-4, VIII. 2. The Greta is called dark because the thick dark foliage growing on the high cliffs on either side of the river kept it in deep shadow.

18. **Heir**. See note on XXI. 14.

19. It is popularly supposed that ghosts must disappear at daybreak. Thus the ghost of Hamlet's father says farewell when—

“The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.”

22. **scutcheons** or escutcheons (Lat. *scutum*, a shield) are shields on which coats of arms are represented. If the escutcheons of the house of Rokeby were removed from the walls, it would show that the house and estate had come into the possession of another family. So that Matilda is here contemplating the possibility of the castle of Rokeby being confiscated by the parliamentary party and given to some of their supporters.

24. **obscurely end**, die out after losing its former wealth, power, and importance. The idea is that Matilda and her father may die in a humble position and leave no descendants.

30. **loftlier strain**. The change from the melancholy of the first half of the song to the proud consciousness of unswerving loyalty in the remainder is indicated by a change in the metre from iambic to trochaic.

XXIV. 1. **Let** followed by an infinitive often expresses as here indifference to the fact mentioned in the infinitive. The same meaning is expressed by a subjunctive used optatively in l. 13.

9. **Constant** qualifies the possessive ‘fathers’.

16. Constancy is a gift of heaven because it depends on the character given to a man at his birth by God. A mortal king cannot make a traitor loyal, though he may confer riches and power on any of his subjects.

XXV. 9. **waving state**, not insisting upon the outward marks

of respect paid by inferiors to persons of high rank. This verb is usually spelt 'waive.'

10. **marks**, characterises.

**the daughters of the great**, high-born ladies as opposed to persons of low birth suddenly elevated to high rank, who not feeling sufficiently sure of their dignity insist upon receiving the utmost deference from those whom they regard as their inferiors.

18. Matilda seemed to be the realisation of his ideal princess.

XXVI. 7. **lost to honour**, entirely destitute of honourable feeling.

8. **their kindest mercy** etc. Compare "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," Proverbs xii. 10, a text quoted with effect by the Countess of Derby in answer to the summons requiring her to surrender Latham House and trust to the tender mercy of Parliament.

9. **swore**. The usual past participle is 'sworn.' Scott and other poets often use past tense forms as participles for metrical convenience. Adams (*English Language*, §351) gives an Old English past participle form *iswore*, which is very like the ordinary past tense form. But Scott often uses past tense forms as participles without any justification from archaic participial forms. Compare 4. XXIX. 14.

13. **would** introducing a wish is elliptical for 'I would,' that is 'I should wish.'

19. **He was to wait**, it was arranged that he should wait. The poet saves space by not telling us directly of the arrangements made by Bertram for the surprise of the castle. We are left to infer them from the result.

23. **Alarm precipitates** etc. The natural course would be to give information of the imminent danger. But Edmund, though he has now repented of his treacherous conduct, will not do this, for he knows very well that, if Bertram and his followers see any signs of alarm in their intended victims, they will immediately attack without waiting for the musical signal agreed upon. Therefore he determines to gain time for the arrival of succour by pretending purposely to defer the giving of the signal, as if he thought the best time for making the attack had not yet come.

XXVII. The story told in this ballad is a combination of two different stories, one Scotch and the other English, which resemble each other in so far as in both as a preliminary to a deliberate murder, a blindfolded person is admitted into a house to visit a mother with a new-born infant in her arms. The names, Wild Darrell and Littlecot Hall, are taken from the English story, v. Rich professes to tell how Littlecot Hall came into the possession

of the Popham family. According to the story Wild Darrell the owner being accused of the barbarous murder of a new-born infant escaped the punishment of his crime by bribing Judge Popham with the gift of Littlecot Hall. The room at Littlecot Hall in which the murder is said to have been committed is still shown with what looks like a stain of blood visible on the floor, although the wood has been frequently cut away. In the original story of Wild Darrell a woman secretly introduced to attend upon the mother sees the new-born babe cruelly murdered before her eyes. Scott prefers to make a religious man the person who is brought in blindfolded to the scene of the intended murder, therein following the Scotch story. Scott's ballad is very brief and leaves a good deal to be filled in by the reader's imagination. It opens in the middle of an interview between two emissaries of Wild Darrell and a monk, whom they are persuading or forcing to go to Littlecot Hall. Between the fourth and fifth line we must understand that the monk has been blindfolded and led into Littlecot Hall, where he sees the lady and her new-born child. The murder is not described, in fact we are not distinctly told that any murder is committed, but from l. 20 we infer that Wild Darrell's wife, the mistress of Littlecot Hall, is dead, and from the deep remorse of Wild Darrell that she is murdered.

1. **And.** This conjunction is used to indicate that the story opens in the middle of a conversation. We may suppose that the ruffians had just said to the monk "You must come with us." Similarly when Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur* was first published as a fragment, the opening line—

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled,"  
tells the reader, that the poem begins at the end of a battle.

2. **Quoth** is connected with 'quote,' 'bequeath,' and derived from 'cwethan,' to speak. The 'th' is part of the stem and not a personal suffix. 'Quoth' is only used in the first and third person. It is regularly followed by its subject.

**Friar of orders gray**, a Franciscan. The Franciscans were called Gray Friars from the colour of their clothes. Similarly the Dominicans were called Black Friars because they wore black cloaks. *Orders* here expresses ecclesiastical profession, as in the phrase 'to take orders,' meaning to become a clergyman.

6. **A sight bodes**, a sight which bodes. 'Sight' is object of 'see' in the previous line.

**bodes little harm.** does not seem to indicate anything so terrible as death. The Friar in this line expresses his surprise. He has been called in to shrive a dying woman, and the woman he sees before him does not seem to be likely to die.

10. **shrive** means to give absolution, that is, freedom from sin to a person at the point of death. Thus 'free' is a proleptic

adjective expressing the result of the action of the verb 'shrive.' Compare "shoot him dead" (2. xxvi. 15).

11. **sprite** here means a spirit or disembodied soul. The word is a contraction of 'spirit,' and usually means a fairy.

12. **Fling all its guilt on thee**, make you responsible for its sins. The idea is that, if the monk neglects to shrive the lady, he will deserve punishment for the sins that he ought to have absolved her from, and be punished in her stead.

13. **mass**, an important religious service in the Roman Catholic Church, which is often celebrated for the salvation of the soul of some particular dead person.

**trentals**, thirty masses on thirty successive days.

18. **as he came**. These words tell us now for the first time that the friar was blindfolded when he entered the house.

22. **crones**, wrinkled old women.

23. **strives to pray**. His attempt to pray is unsuccessful, either because, like the Bucanier in 2. xii. 14 who "wearies memory for a prayer," he cannot remember any prayer, or because his consciousness of unpardonable guilt makes him feel that a prayer from his lips would be an insult to God.

26. **He'll beard him**, Darrell will face him (the peer or prince) defiantly.

**his pride**, probably Darrell's pride. We have to be guided by the context in determining the persons meant by the pronouns in this line.

28. **droops and turns aside**, lowers his head and avoids meeting him. He cannot look the friar boldly in the face, as the sight of a gray friar brings vividly before his mind the terrible crime he has committed. For other instances of the same indication of guilt see xvi. 13, 14; 6. xxviii. 14.

XXVIII. In this stanza we find that the bandits have somehow effected an entrance into the castle. From 3. xxvii. 20-26 and 5. xxvi. 5 we may suppose that Edmund took some opportunity of opening from the inside a secret postern gate. But how or when he managed to do so we are not told. He had also to give the signal for the attack. No doubt another reason why he was sent disguised to the castle, was that he should by the charms of his minstrelsy make the garrison relax their vigilance in guarding against a surprise.

1. **methinks**, it appears to me. As 'thinks' in this combination is derived not from A.S. *thencan*, to think, but from A.S. *thincan*, to seem, 'methinks' is equivalent in meaning to 'meseems.' 'Me' is dative, and the subject of 'thinks' is the noun sentence following "Thy lays can goblins raise." Matilda begins speaking in jest, supposing that what she sees is the pro-

dust of her own imagination. But presently, when she finds that there really is a strange form in the room, she expresses real terror.

9. **She saw too true**, what she said she saw was unfortunately no phantom of the imagination. Here there is much the same confusion of ideas as in l. 20. The words would naturally mean that it was unfortunate that her eyesight was true: they are intended to mean that it was unfortunate that what she saw was real, a fact which would have been equally the case even if her eyes had failed to give evidence of it. Similarly a correspondent of the *Pioneer* wrote lately, "Your columns too often remind us" of the prevalence of intemperance or some such fact, intending to lament not the frequency with which the fact was mentioned in the columns of the *Pioneer*, but the frequency of the occurrence of intemperance. In both cases something by the evidence of which a fact is known is spoken of and lamented as if it were the cause of the fact. In such a sentence as 'The cruel huntsman aimed too true and the pet stag fell dead' the correctness of the aim is really the cause of the unfortunate death of the stag, for if his aim had not been correct the stag would have lived.

13. **Thunder'd**, called out in a voice like thunder.

**upon your lives**. 'On' and 'upon,' with nouns meaning something very valuable, strengthen affirmations or commands, the idea of support being naturally derived from the literal meaning of the prepositions. In affirmations the valuable object is staked upon the truth of the statement, as "Upon my honour, this is true"; in commands and appeals the valuable object is supposed to be risked if the command or appeal is neglected, as here and in the First Part of *Henry VI.* 4. v. 36, "Upon my blessing, I command thee go."

14. **He bleeds** etc. This proposed distribution of punishment in proportion to the nature of the offence would of course be utterly impracticable. What arrangements could possibly be made to bleed without slaying the person who only ventured to speak? The general sense of the line is that Bertram threatens with severe punishment any one who ventures to speak a word or offer the least resistance.

18. **measured tread**, regular footsteps keeping time with each other. Most of the robber band had doubtless served as soldiers in the civil war (3. XII. 3-5), and therefore are naturally described as keeping step like regular soldiers. The epithet 'dread' is appropriately applied to the echo of their footsteps, as no sound produces a stronger impression of irresistible power than the regular footfall of a large body of men marching in step.

19. **gave, caused**. See note on 4. XIV. 3.

20. **to wave.** Of course the lamplight had no effect upon the movement of the plumes. What is meant is that it caused the waving of the plumes to be visible. This is an instance of the not uncommon confusion by which causality is attributed to that which makes an effect known, as when education is supposed to cause discontent, whereas it only makes the existence of discontent better known by giving a larger number of discontented persons the means of making their opinions known to the world. Compare note on l. 9.

22. **Banquo's mystic glass.** In *Macbeth*, iv. 1, eight crowned ghosts followed by the ghost of Banquo, the ancestor of the kings of Scotland and England, appear before Macbeth. The eighth kingly ghost holds in his hand a magic mirror, in which Macbeth sees the images of more kings. Thus the forms on Banquo's mystic glass are good types of shadowy figures, as they are shadows seen on a mirror held in the hand of a shadow.

27. **Another sign.** The ellipse expresses the mechanical rapidity with which the sign was followed by the levelling of the muskets.

XXIX. 1. **a heap**, a confused mass as opposed to a well ordered body of soldiers.

5. **haste thee**, hasten thyself, make haste. 'Thee' is used reflexively, and 'haste,' which is usually intransitive, is used transitively.

8. **made good**, successfully defended.

11. **their motions**, the movements of Wilfrid and Matilda.

13. **wind**, go l y winding (that is, tortuous, intricate) paths.

20. **suspended consciousness.** Matilda has nearly fainted in the course of her hurried flight. This has already been indicated by the fact that she could hardly walk, and Wilfrid had to support her. See l. 15.

25. **he would not yield.** Matilda not unnaturally exaggerates the unyielding character of the man she loves. Redmond had once before yielded his sword to mortal man, though it was not fear but a higher motive that had made him surrender. See 4. l. v. 18.

26. **his doom is seal'd**, is made absolutely certain, like the contents of a document ratified by being sealed.

XXX. 2. **brook**, patiently endure. See note on 1. ix. 2.

4. **thee** is used reflexively, as also is 'him' in l. 12.

7. **throbb'd high.** See 2. xx. 8.

XXXI. 7. **all beside**, everything else. 'Each grated casement,' being an instance of the things that "glimmered white," is a kind of redundant subject, including not all but only some of the objects meant by the original subject "all beside." Thus

the meaning is 'All beside, including the grated casements, glimmer'd white.'

10. The order shows that 'midnight' is an adjective and 'still' a noun, meaning 'stillness,' 'silence.' For 'still' used as a noun compare—

"Such silence, as the deadly still,  
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill."

*Lord of the Isles*, 2. XVIII. 14.

13. **When sudden** etc. Scott often describes battles as they appear to a spectator at some distance. Thus in *Marmion*, 6. XXVI. the battle of Flodden is described as it appeared to Clare and Marmion's squires, who from a neighbouring hillock commanded a full view of the battle. In *Ivanhoe* the description of the attack upon Front de Boeuf's castle is given in the words of Rebecca, who sees the fight from the room in which the wounded Ivanhoe is confined. This plan of changing the point of view prevents the description from becoming monotonous, and makes the narrative more exciting, as we naturally sympathise with the feelings of the deeply interested spectator who is following with breathless interest the fortunes of the fight.

22. **more dark**. Strictly speaking it was not the flash but the accompanying smoke or the surrounding darkness that became darker and darker.

23. **And forms** etc. This exceedingly vivid touch of realistic description is due to the skilful change of point of view noticed above. It is a brilliant side light illuminating like a lightning flash the horror of the struggle in the hall.

XXXII. 1. Here the poet enters into the feelings of Matilda, putting the question that she might have asked herself under the circumstances, and giving the answer she might have given to her own question as the sound of the approaching horses became more and more distinct.

3. **It is, it is**. The repetition is intended to express gradual approach to the conviction that horsemen are approaching. The first 'it is' would be said doubtfully, and therefore to express certainty the two words must be repeated a second time and more decisively. Compare "Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!" *Childe Harold*, 3. XXII.

8 Notice the rapidity of the narrative, which is intended to represent the quickness with which the troop of horsemen responded to Matilda's appeal. They lost no time in words, but immediately proceeded to action, not even waiting a moment to fasten their horses.

14. **It**, Matilda's flight.

16. **Erin's wars**. See 4. VI.

18. **Stood to the arms**, stood firm valiantly using the arms.

25. **on the few defenders close**, come nearer and nearer to the few defenders.

XXXIII. 3. **with heart and hand**, with the example of his courage and with animating gestures.

5. **Up**. Notice the adverb of motion used as a verb. Compare the use of 'on,' as in

“ The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave ! ”

'In,' 'out,' 'along' (1. XXI. 29), are also used as verbs. The following line shows that 'up' here means 'do not let your courage fall.'

7. **What!** expresses expostulation.

**for**, because of.

12. **Christmas-even** or Christmas evening, the evening of Christmas, must be distinguished from Christmas-eve, the day before Christmas.

19. **Woe to the wretch**, unfortunate is he.

23. **conclave**. This term usually means the assembly of cardinals for the election of a pope. Here it is applied to a pack of wolves.

29. **dome**. See 1. XVII. 20.

32. **They broke**, fell into disorder.

XXXIV. 11. **Doubtful if**, it is doubtful whether.

16. **the fair hemisphere**, the vault of heaven, the half of the celestial globe that is visible above the horizon.

17. **pencil'd**, with its lines marked as distinctly as if they were sketched in pencil.

**azure**, used as a noun in the sense of 'blue surface.' Adjectives of colour are commonly thus used as nouns.

21. **flashing light**, sending out flashes of light. 'Flashing' agrees with 'spout,' and 'light' is a cognate object governed by 'flashing.'

22. **spout**. This noun compares the rising fire to a liquid issuing violently from the spout of a vessel or any other hollow. This meaning is more commonly expressed by the verb 'spout' used transitively, as 'the fountains spouted wine,' or intransitively, as 'blood spouted from the wound.'

XXXV. 5. See note on 2. XV. 1.

XXXVI. 6. **his penal element**, fire, the element by means of which the devils inflict punishment on the wicked in hell. The four elements are earth, air, fire, and water.



15. **truss'd**, bound tightly in a bundle. He did this in order to protect his arm. A truss is a bundle, particularly a bundle of hay.

16. **the tough ash-wood**, of which the spears were made.

19. **at bay** is a hunting phrase used of an animal when it offers fight to its pursuers. 'Bay' in 'at bay' has the same derivation as 'bay,' meaning to bark, so the phrase in its literal sense gives a picture of the hunted animals facing barking dogs.

20. **ban-dogs** are band-dogs or chained dogs. The term is applied to large fierce dogs such as are usually kept chained. This simile is an allusion to the cruel sport called bull-baiting which was popular in England in the time of Elizabeth, but is now forbidden by law.

XXXVII. 11. **given**, allowed or caused (see note on 4. XVI. 3), agrees with the nominative absolute 'he' understood.

24. **Beacon'd the dale**, illumined the vale like a beacon.

27. **the flood**, the water of the river Tees, alongside of which passes the road leading to Barnard Castle.

#### CANTO SIXTH.

I. 4. **orisons** (Lat. *orare*, to pray), prayers.

5. **That morning sun** is a redundant subject like 'that power' in 2. XIX. 13.

**three times**. We are here told in poetical language that an interval of three days is supposed to elapse between the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth canto.

11. **rising** agrees with 'sun.'

**their**, of the elm and oak.

12. **glance** is infinitive after 'marks.'

**between**, in the interval of space between the rising sun and the woods to the west of the castle, or, perhaps, between the woods on either side of the castle. Compare *Marmion*, 3. Int 170.

13. **keep and tower**. As the keep was the principal tower in old castles, 'tower' is either identical with or a wider term including 'keep.' Compare 5. XXVII. 13, where 'masses' and 'trentals' seem to be distinguished, although trentals are masses. See also 5. XXXVII. 30.

21-26. These lines give the substance of the peasant's reflections as he identifies the various parts of the ruin. The rest of the stanza, being too abstract for a peasant, may be supposed to be the poet's own moral reflections,

24. **the weekly dole**, the division of alms to the poor, which took place once a week, probably on Sundays.

32. **Ruin is etc.**, ruin is their doom and a tomb is his (the builder's) doom. This and the previous line rather mar the distinctness of the antithesis between the transitoriness of mortal monuments and the good Christian's hope of eternal bliss. The builder may have been a faithful and charitable Christian, in which case, although his body is temporarily confined to the tomb, he has reason to expect everlasting happiness in a second life in heaven. So that the builder's fate, if he is a good Christian, would not resemble, but be very different from, the fate of the castle.

35, 36. **And bids etc.**, and enables the Christian to know that he is not the slave of fate, and to hope that (by the exercise of his free will in the service of God) he may obtain everlasting salvation.

II. 4. **homilies**. A homily is a sermon or other serious discourse. The term is here applied to the owl's dismal hooting. As the owl and bittern are nocturnal birds, the sound of their voices indicates the commencement of night.

4, 5. **awake ... scream'd**. The tense is changed, although there is no distinction in time to be noted.

5. **rush and flag**. The bittern lives among rank marshy vegetation.

8. **their tyrant**. The otter is called their tyrant because he preys upon them.

13. **Perch'd** agrees with the possessive 'tercelet's' in the following line.

14. **tercelet**, a male hawk. The word is a diminutive of 'tercel,' which is derived from *tertius*, third, because it was supposed, either that the male hawk is a third part less than the female, or that every third hawk hatched is a male.

16. **The cushat**, the wood-pigeon.

17. **In dubious beam reflected**. The dubious beam is the moonbeam. It is doubtful whether 'reflected' is intended to agree with 'beam,' or with 'cliff' in the following line. On the one hand we do not require to be reminded that the moonbeams are the sun's rays reflected from the moon, and on the other the cliff can in no proper sense of the word be said to be reflected, so that the word 'reflected' seems either unnecessary or inaccurate. From S. I. 4 it appears more likely that 'reflected' is used loosely for 'illuminated,' and agrees with 'cliff.'

20. **late, lately**, not long ago.

III. 8. **hush** is here an adjective meaning silent.

9. **dodder'd**, overgrown with parasites. 'Dodder' is the name of a common parasite, that is, a plant which derives its nourishment from other plants or trees on which it grows.

10. **Ye heard**. In this and the following lines, especially ll. 17, 18, 19, Scott speaks as if he with the reader were watching the scene. The croaking of the raven shows that the unknown person's course is near the tree. Compare 2. xv. 1.

17. **we**, the poet and the reader.

19. **That stripling shape**, the slight youthful form which you see there. Cp. xxiv. 33. The demonstrative 'that' is used as if the poet were pointing out Edmund's figure to the reader.

IV. 1. **flint and steel**. Fire was usually obtained by striking flint and steel together until the invention of lucifer matches.

18. The condition of the benches and chairs showed that they had been indulging in tumultuous revelry.

19. **all around** etc., the whole interior of the cave seemed to be in exactly the same condition in which it had been when the robbers uproariously ended their banquet. From this Edmund could infer that none of the robbers had returned to the cave.

**show'd** is here intransitive as perhaps it was in 3. xiv. 33.

V. 2. **that quaint disguise**, the disguise described in 5. xv.

10. **I have trod**. As 'last' points to an action not continued up to the time at which Edmund is speaking, we should expect here the past indefinite 'I trod.'

26. **interposing hand**. See 5. xxxv. 16.

27. **If ... I could pay**, would that I could pay. This use of 'if' to introduce the expression of an earnest wish arises from some such easily understood apodosis as 'my wishes would be gratified' being omitted. The conditional particle is often so used in Greek and sometimes in Latin. See *Aeneid*, 6. 187.

VI. 2. **metes**, measures.

8. **giant grasp**, grasp of a giant. 'Giant' is used adjectivally.

17. **reliquaire** is the French form of the word 'reliquary,' meaning 'a casket containing a sacred relic.' As in this line the reliquaire is said to roll out of the casket, the word must be used not quite correctly in the sense of relic. In *Ivanhoe* (chap. v.) the word 'reliquary' is used in its proper sense. The reliquary pledged by *Ivanhoe* is described as being a small ivory box containing a portion of the true cross. Relics were sacred memorials of Roman Catholic saints. They were generally bones or parts of the garments of the saints, in whose honour they were preserved.

19. **device**, the emblem represented on the reliquary.

30. **aguish** means 'trembling,' because shivering is one of the symptoms of ague.

31. **What makest thou**, what art thou engaged in. Ogilvie quotes from Dryden in illustration of this meaning of 'make,' "Gomez, what makest thou here, with a whole brotherhood of city bailiffs?"

35. **warp'd**, distorted.

VII. 8. **wild Buckinghame**, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I.

11. **I need not tell thee why**. Oswald reminds Denzil of the crime for which he was deprived of his post as keeper, but does not think fit distinctly to mention it.

12. This line is equivalent to 'You lived upon your wits,' a phrase which implies the earning of a livelihood by dishonesty and cunning.

14. **At thy behest**, at thy service. By this answer Denzil indirectly admits that he is the person whom Oswald supposes him to be, and professes his willingness to do what he wishes.

22. **Unscrupled**, unscrupulous. This word seems to be coined by Scott on the analogy of 'unprincipled.'

VIII. 6. **I bowed**. The bow was intended to indicate assent.

15. **keri**. See note on 5. x. 13. For the events here referred to see 4. VII.-IX.

18. **brat** is a contemptuous word for 'child.'

20. **to enlarge his creed**, to become less bigoted and narrow-minded, less unreasonably hostile to those who belonged to the opposite Parliamentary party.

23, 24. These two lines explain why it was necessary for him to find a fair occasion. As the knight was entrusted to him as a prisoner at large, he could not be subjected to close confinement without some plausible excuse.

IX. 5. **his parole forgot**. He was of course bound by his parole to abstain from all acts of hostility. So if he had joined a plot of the Cavaliers, he would thereby have broken his parole.

6. **dealt with**, entered into negotiations with.

10. **Even though** etc. He would not be deterred from establishing the charge, though Rokeby and O'Neale should be condemned to death on account of the false accusation.

11. **o'er and o'er**, over and over again, very many times. Edmund, unlike Denzil (see l. 10), refused to join the plot if it was to lead to the death of the prisoners.

14, 15. **I knew** etc., it was quite plain to me, that if I refused the reward offered to me for my assistance in the plot, I should

have been put to death as a punishment for my refusal, and so could never have lived to say afterwards "I was offered a large reward for my assistance, but refused it." In colloquial English, if he had refused, he would not have lived to tell the tale. These two lines declare fear of death to have been the motive that made him consent.

20. **at large**, at full length. The expression was used in a different sense in VIII. 24.

21. **scroll'd**, written on a piece of paper. 'Scroll,' which is properly a noun, meaning 'a roll of paper,' (see X. 18) is here used as a verb.

23. **so well a painted rage**, such a clever imitation of anger.

24. **As Oswald's show'd**, as Oswald's painted rage showed itself to be. 'Show'd' is here intransitive, as in 3. xxx. 22.

31. **Within his limits**, within the district entrusted to his (Oswald's) charge by the Parliamentary party.

X. 3. A **cresset** is an old-fashioned lamp with a wick of rope steeped in some inflammable substance. The word is used by Milton in his description of Pandemonium (*Par. Lost*, I. 728).

6. The **baize** of a scaffold is naturally black, as that colour is the sign of death and mourning.

7. **Which** etc., the scaffold revealed the stage on which the executioner was to play his part, *i.e.* perform his duties.

8. The **Block** was a solid piece of wood on which the man to be beheaded laid his neck. The sawdust was intended to catch the blood.

19. **a muffled horseman**, a horseman with his clothes so arranged as to conceal his face and figure.

23. **The mimic passion** is the well painted rage of IX. 23. His pretended anger disappeared and his soul was filled instead with the anguish caused by real terror.

25. **A summer sapling** is a sapling that has never lived through a winter. This implies that it has only had a few months to grow and is therefore slender and easily shaken.

29. **broke**, revealed.

XI. 1. Oswald is thinking of the many celebrated dramas in which ghosts are represented as appearing. Shakespeare has ghosts among the *aramatis personæ* in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, and *Julius Cæsar*. In *Macbeth*, 3. iv., "Blood hath been shed ere now etc.," the rising of ghosts is regarded as indicating a gentler age; here it is looked upon as characteristic of a wild age.

5. **a bravo**, a murderous villain. The Italian derivation of the word points to the fact that private assassination was a common practice among the Italians of the middle ages.

12. **mark**, object to aim at.

17. Oswald is called the ruler of Mortham's destiny because he had so powerfully influenced the course of Mortham's life by depriving him of his wife and child. It is not probable that a deep and cunning villain like Oswald would for no particular reason have read aloud a letter such as this, containing grave charges against himself.

24. In the original MS. after this line the letter goes on—

“Nay more, ere one day's course had run,  
He rescued twice from death thy son.”

We may conjecture that the poet left out these two lines because he thought it would not be natural for Mortham to expect gratitude from such a villain as Oswald. Thus in the letter as it stands, he only makes mention of *future* benefits to be conferred on Oswald, if he consents to the imposed condition.

XII. 11. **wist** I, if I knew. The position of the subject after the verb shows that this is a conditional clause.

13. **give**, allow or cause. See note on 4. XVI. 3.

18. **cynic sneer**, a sneer expressing contempt for or disbelief in all that is elevated in human nature. The cynic philosophers, who were so called from a Greek word meaning ‘dog’ on account of their resemblance to surly curs, professed contempt for all the refinements of life. A sneer may consist either in a contemptuous gesture or in contemptuous words. We may assume that Denzil expressed his cynical disbelief in Oswald's pretended generosity by a contemptuous gesture as well as by the bitter irony of ll. 19-24.

XIII. 7. This is not quite consistent with xxv. 9-16.

9. **give**, cause, as in XII. 13.

16. **reliquary**. See VI. 17.

19. This is an indirect negative way of saying that it was stolen. Similarly the bandit in Edmund's song (3. XVII., XVIII.), does not distinctly declare himself to be a robber, but indicates the fact by many negatives. Thieves and other criminals generally shrink from bluntly calling their deeds by their right names. Thus in Shakespeare (*Merry Wives*, 1. III) Pistol objects to the word ‘steal,’ saying, “Convey, the wise it call. Steal! foh, a fico for the phrase.” Compare also 1. XXI. 1.

27. **by the book**, with accuracy.

30. Here Scott seems to use ‘darkling’ as a participial adjective meaning ‘obscure.’ Compare 4. XXVII. 9, and *Marmion*, 6. Int. 3.

32. **Involved of purpose**, with its meaning concealed.

XIV. 4. See 4. XIX.-XXIV.

XV. 8. **the Irish main**, the Irish Sea which separates Ireland from England. The 'main' means the open sea, as opposed to bays and narrow straits. The term is not perhaps strictly appropriate to the Irish Sea, which is almost entirely surrounded by land and only about seventy miles broad on an average.

20. **conjuring word**, word of solemn entreaty. The verb 'conjure' has two quite different meanings according as it is pronounced with the accent on the first or second syllable.

22. **the clod of Irish earth**, the ignorant Irish boor. A clod is literally a lump of earth, and hence comes to mean a person with no more sense than a lump of earth.

27. **I list not say**, I do not wish to say. We may suppose that Ferragut was wounded in the struggle with Denzil and his comrades when they robbed him of the reliquary and chain. See XIII. 19.

XVI. 9. The Royalists were called malignants (Lat. *malignus*, ill-disposed) by the Parliamentarians.

10. **in Rome's delusive laws**, in the errors of the Roman Catholic Church, its rules concerning belief and conduct. See 2. XXIV. 18.

11. **Hark thee**, make thyself listen, listen. Here 'hark' is used with a reflexive pronoun in a causative transitive sense. Compare XXIV. 10. 'Sit' is often so used, as in Goldsmith's *Traveller*, l. 32—

"I sit me down a pensive hour to spend."

For instances from Shakespeare see Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 296.

13. **My proofs**. This is evidently said in answer to a whispered demand for his proofs, which Edmund could not overhear.

19. **Free me**, if you free me. This is virtually a conditional clause, although the verb is in the imperative.

23. **lunatic's nor papist's hand**, neither the mad Mortham nor the Roman Catholic Redmond. The Roman Catholics are called Papists by their enemies, because the Pope (Fr. *pape*) is the spiritual head of all Roman Catholics.

25. **I like thy wit**. Wycliffe means that he sees through Denzil's cunning attempt to get himself set free.

26. **in hostage**. We should expect 'as a hostage' or 'in the position of a hostage.'

XVII. 1. **Mesh'd**, caught in the meshes, ensnared.

6. **By all etc.**, by appeals to God and perhaps the saints. In 3. XIX. 3 we are told that Denzil learnt his unbelief at court.

7. **tied**, *sc.* by the hangman.

8. As the priest staid to the very last moment to administer

religious consolation to the man about to be hanged, his departure was the immediate antecedent of death.

11. **chief**, most commonly.

13. This line explains 4. xxx. 28.

XVIII. 7. **atone**. See 5. xviii. 28.

11. **And Denzil?** By mentioning Denzil's name interrogatively Bertram asks whether Edmund will really consent to abandon Denzil to his fate.

14. **I am**, Edmund, the speaker.

17. **He school'd me** etc., he taught me to disregard the obligation of keeping faith.

20. **retribution**. The retribution would be a kind of poetical justice, such as in Greek mythology befell the Thracian Diomedes, who was eaten up by the mares he had trained to eat human flesh. Compare Shakespeare's lines quoted on xxxi. 8.

24. **cargo**. In this metaphor pity and remorse are compared to heavy goods which are thrown overboard to lighten a ship in a dangerous storm.

25. **prore**, ship. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, calls it "a poetical word used for a rhyme." The Lat. *prora*, from which it is derived, means properly the prow or fore part of a ship, but is sometimes used by the poets for the whole ship.

XIX. 7, 8. The contraction of the eyebrows over the eyes is a sign of deep anxious thought.

9. **lip of pride**. See 1. viii. 9.

20. **to hear** gives the cause of Edmund's sorrow. The change in the sound of Bertram's voice, indicating as it did deep emotion, made Edmund sad.

XX. 3. **'Twould wake** etc., it would make other men weep, but I am too hardened to be able to weep.

5. Bertram is so ashamed of his folly in having been deluded by Wycliffe to further his base designs that he could not face Mortham's eye. At the same time he partially excuses himself for his treachery on the ground that it was not prompted so much by avarice, as by revenge, which in the eyes of a man like Bertram would be a creditable motive.

9. **a word**. We should rather expect the plural 'words' in apposition to the four preceding words in which Bertram expresses his repentance. His meaning is that he never before expressed regret for anything he had done.

13-16. **Quariana** and **Darien** have already been mentioned in 1. xvi., and **Cayo** in 3. xxii. 3. Tlatzeca's dart may perhaps be identified with the Indian poisoned arrow of 1. xvi. 29, although arrows are not *thrown* but *shot*.



19. Contrast with this presentiment Romeo's light-heartedness. When his doom is close at hand he says—

“ My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.”

21. *had said*, would have said.

A priest *had said* etc., if a priest had heard me expressing such presentiments of coming evil, he would have told me they were warnings bidding me desist from my lawless course of life and repent of my past deeds. But such advice addressed to me would be waste of words. There would be no more likelihood of my following it than of that rock bursting asunder at any one's bidding.

23. *that flint*, the flinty rock mentioned in the previous line.

XXI. 2. *prophecy*. They prophesied that he would do great deeds when he became a man.

4. *beacon-flame*, fire announcing invasion or danger of invasion. The best-known description of such beacon fires in English literature will be found in Macaulay's poem on the *Armada*.

5. *thy years* etc., I was scarcely as old as thou art now.

8. *O'er Hexham's altar* etc. To show that this was in accordance with the customs of the Redesdale and Tynedale borderers, Scott quotes the following passage from a biography published in 1752:—“ One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it him: but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it in his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and before he concluded his sermon took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. ‘I hear,’ said he, ‘that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down’; and pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them.”—*Life of Bernard Gilpin*, Lond. 1752, 8vo, p. 177.

10. *to take it down*. The man who did so would thereby have accepted Bertram's challenge.

11. *India*, not Asiatic India, but America, which was supposed by early geographers to be the western regions of India proper.

12. In this line we have a combination of simile and metaphor. ‘Like her fierce sun’ is a simile, ‘fired the air’ is a harsh meta-

phc" carrying out the idea of the simile, and intended to describe the alarming effects of Bertram's appearance, which are more plainly expressed in the two following lines. If Scott had included the words 'fired the air' in the simile, and predicated them of the Indian sun to which Bertram is compared rather than of Bertram himself, the language would be more natural.

15. **Panama's maids** etc. Whately in his *Rhetoric* remarks, "It will often have a better effect to describe obliquely, (if I may so speak,) by introducing circumstances connected with the main object or event, but not absolutely forming a part of it. . . . In the poem of *Rokeby* a striking exemplification occurs of what has been said: Bertram in describing the prowess he had displayed as a Buccaneer, does not particularise any of his exploits, but alludes to the terrible impression they had left." See *Lady of the Lake*, 5. XXIII. 5-8 and note on 2. XXVI. 2. This method of describing by results is a very common feature in the writings of American humourists.

Either the first foot of this line is a trochee, or Scott has by mistake accented 'Panama' on the second syllable.

17. **Chill's dark matrons.** Compare Saladin's address to Richard I. in Scott's *Talisman*, "Who that could claim a title to be present, would remain at home, when such a Prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed"; and

"Is this the Talbot so much feared abroad  
That with his name the mothers still their babes."

First Part of *Henry VI.*, 2. III.

21, 22. **No pale gradations.** The light of the tropical sun does not become gradually fainter and fainter before it is extinguished in darkness; there is in the tropics no long twilight with cooling moisture slowly diminishing the fierce heat of day.

23. **red.** The battle-target is supposed to be red with blood. How this could actually happen is not easy to imagine. A sword or even a breast-plate might in a battle become red with blood, but this could hardly happen to a shield.

26. **Then sinks at once**, as soon as the sun sinks below the horizon, the darkness of night succeeds to the light of day without any interval of twilight.

XXII. 19. **his baldric's hold**, the clasp which fastened his belt.

XXIII. 2.<sup>3</sup> **And far** etc., and the morning is far advanced. 'Prime,' from Lat. *primus* (first), means here 'morning,' the first division of the day.

**are worn**, are past. 'Wear' when thus predicated of time is generally followed by 'away.'

12. **round**, a preposition governing 'hamlets.'

18. **turn of fate**, the most critical moment. Compare 2. xxxi.

17. This use of the word 'turn' comes from Shakespeare's well-known metaphor—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

*J. C.* 4. III. 218.

In his ms. Scott expressed the same meaning without metaphor and wrote—

"This is the crisis of my fate."

21. **Provost Marshal** is a title given to military executioners.

29. **that duty done**, when you have attended to the execution of Denzil.

XXIV. 4. **brook the way**, bear the journey from Barnard Castle to Eglistone Abbey.

8. **lets**, obstructs. 'Let' in this sense is etymologically distinct from 'let' meaning 'allow.'

10. **Pine themselves sick**, make themselves pine until they are sick. The usually intransitive verb 'pine' is here used causatively in the sense of 'make to pine,' so that it can govern an object and be used reflexively. Compare 'hark thee,' XVI. II. 'Sick' is a proleptic adjective. See note on 5. XII. I.

**airy toys**, unreal illusions of fancy.

11. **cure**. He thinks that the happy prospect of marrying Matilda will cure his son.

12. **boune** for Eglistone, ready to go to Eglistone. 'Boune' is the old spelling of the participial adjective 'bound.' According to Murray the 'd' in the modern spelling was probably introduced under the wrong idea that the word was the past participle of the verb 'boun,' which is really itself derived from the old participial adjective 'boun.'

25. **line**, family.

27. **I gain** etc., fate has no longer any power to defeat my schemes. The metaphor is nautical. One ship is said to have the weather gage of another when it can sail up to the other ship before the wind, while the other ship can only move to the attack by sailing against the wind. Thus the weather gage in a naval battle is a position of great advantage.

30. **to his beard**, openly. The verb 'beard' means openly to set at defiance.

32. **drop the axe**. The word 'dare' shows that 'drop the axe' means 'allow the axe to fall on the necks of Mortham and Redmond.' Otherwise 'drop the axe' might have meant 'give up all idea of using the axe.'

**Soft! pause we there.** He does not care to pursue this line of reflection farther.

33. **yon youth**, Edmund.

34. **His tale**, including the fact that Redmond was Mortham's son.

37. **But she etc.**, but it will not be necessary to use such extreme measures, for she etc.

**piety** is here used in the sense of the Lat. *pietas*, which generally means 'filial duty.'

38. **Without there!** This exclamation, uttered in a loud tone of voice, is intended to call the attention of any of his followers who happens to be without, that is, outside the room in which he is speaking.

**Sound to horse!** The order would be given by sound of trumpet. 'Boot and saddle' is the name of the trumpet call by which troopers are ordered to mount their horses.

XXV. 5. **his parting hymn**, his death hymn, the hymn sung at the time of his departure from life. It is very unlikely that such a man as Wycliffe would have sanctioned any such religious formality in the execution of a bandit who was also an unbeliever (3. XIX. 4).

11. The verb 'sweep' is used to express the rapid movement of a large body of men or a large mass of water.

XXVI. 1. **O, for,** would that I had the descriptive power of Chaucer.

3. **Woodstock bower**, his dwelling-house at Woodstock. Chaucer had a house granted him by the king in Woodstock, a town eight miles distant from Oxford. In poetry 'bower' (Old English *bur*, a dwelling) generally means a house belonging to a lady or a lady's apartment, which meaning is partly suggested here owing to the fact that fair Rosamond's bower was at Woodstock. In ordinary English a 'bower' is an arbour.

4. The *Flower and the Leaf* was the name of one of Chaucer's poems, in which it is narrated how a company of ladies and knights after dancing did honour to the daisy, some to the flower which represented beauty and pleasure, and some to the leaf which typified the more lasting qualities of virtue.

5. To 'body forth' is to picture to oneself in distinct form by means of the imagination. Compare Shakespeare's well-known lines—

"And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name."

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, 5. I. 14.

**the tourney high** is described in "The Knight's Tale," the first

of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. 'High' here expresses the grandeur of the tournament and the high sentiments it produced in the minds of the spectators and of those who took part in it. Compare 2. XXIV. 15.

6. **for the hand of Emily**, to decide whether Palamon or Arcite should win the hand of Emily, i.e. marry Emily.

7. **Then**, in that case, if I had such descriptive powers as Chaucer had.

13, 14. **Indifference** and **Sympathy** are personified and given the attributes of indifferent and sympathetic persons. Compare—

"Sport that wrinkled Cares derides  
And Laughter holding both his sides."—*L'Allegro*, 31.

15. **Paint**, (then might I) paint.

16. **cheer**, countenance. See note on 1. VII. 2.

17. **formal** is intended to express the affected solemnity of countenance which characterised the Puritans.

19-22. Scott here, in the spirit of an admirer of feudal aristocracy, writes as if he thought all common people base and all the nobly born noble. For other expressions of the same belief see 5. VII. 11, 5. XX. 19.

XXVII. 3. **storied lattices**, lattice windows on the stained glass of which scenes from biblical or ecclesiastical history had been represented. Compare *Il Penseroso*, 159.

4. **soften'd** by being mingled with the colours of the stained glass through which they formerly passed. The stained glass windows were now broken so that the sunbeams passed through in their natural dazzling brightness. For a fine description of the effect produced by light passing through stained glass, see Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*.

7-12. The Puritans objected to sculpture and all kinds of ornamentation in churches as savouring of Roman Catholicism. Accordingly all through the civil war wherever they were victorious they made a practice of breaking the statues, screens, etc., with which the churches of England were adorned.

14. **digit**, prepared.

16. **the mystic sign** of grace divine is the bread and wine representing the body and blood of Christ dealt to (divided among) the flock (the congregation) at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

18. Everything was arranged so as to strike terror into the heart of Rokeby, O'Neale, and Matilda. 'Bare' is the less usual form of the past tense of 'bear.' See 4. XXII. 19.

19. **for** etc., instead of the words by which in former times the

preacher inspired hope and faith in the minds of the congregation assembled in the cathedral.

XXVIII. 12. **seal it with his blood**, confirm his loyalty by dying for his king.

25. **had listen'd**, would have granted his request if he had not been afraid to do so.

26. **dread**, the fear of Mortham and Fairfax. See xxiv. 34.

XXIX. 1. **his choice of fear**, the dreadful choice he gave her between two horrible alternatives, namely, marrying a man she did not love, or by refusal causing the death of her father and lover.

4. **the faith**, the loyalty to the Parliament of the Rokeby family.

5. **Consent, and, if you consent**. The imperative 'consent' is equivalent to a conditional clause. Cp. xvi. 19.

8. **the word**, *sc.* for their execution. As Oswald breaks off his sentence in the middle without expressing all his meaning in words, this is an instance of aposiopesis. Compare 1. xxxiv. 15.

11. **sheeted maid**, the maid wrapt in her shroud. Compare "the sheeted dead" in *Hamlet*, 1. i.

19. **but, only**.

23. This line informs us that Wilfrid owing to his weakness had been unable to accompany his father and the troop of horse to Eglistone, but had followed them more slowly with Basil.

XXX. 4. **blend with him**, suppose that he could be a party to.

5. **my efforts**, to dissuade my father from carrying out his designs.

6. **this added pain**, the pain of suffering from unjust suspicion which was added to the pain Wilfrid suffered from his knowledge of his father's evil schemes.

9. Wilfrid means that this hope was so continually present in his heart that it almost formed part of the material of his heart. A somewhat similar idea may be traced in Queen Mary's declaration that the name of Calais would be found written in her heart. The strings of life are the heart-strings.

12. This line carries on the thought of the ninth line.

13. **was worn so low**, had been reduced to such a state of weakness. 'Low' in this sense is usually applied to the state of mind or body (*e.g.* 'In this low state he was incapable of exertion'), or colloquially to the person in a low state (*e.g.* 'I feel low to-day'), and not, as here, to the body itself. For the proleptic use of the adjective see note on 5. xii. 1.

18. **the stern arrest**, his vital motions (of the heart, etc.) temporarily checked by the hand of death.

19. **Lower and lower** are proleptic adjectives. Compare l. 13.

24. **Our mortal hemisphere**, the world inhabited by mortals as opposed to Heaven, the "better world" of l. 25. The word 'hemisphere,' which means either half of the terrestrial or half of the celestial sphere, is not very appropriate to express this meaning.

XXXI. 2. **With Wilfrid** etc., all his plans rendered fruitless by the death of Wilfrid. When Wilfrid past away (from life), all his father's projects also past away, that is, came to an end.

8. **Are bursting** etc., are bringing destruction on their author. The metaphor implies a comparison between Oswald and an artilleryman whose shell bursts above his own head instead of dealing destruction among the enemy. Compare—

" 'Tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar."—*Hamlet*, 3. iv.

18. This is rather a favourite idea in the poem. Compare x. 23, 24, and 5. XXVIII. 1-8.

21. **Provost**. See XXIII. 21.

23, 24. This is an instance of dramatic irony. The words are true, but not in the sense intended by the speaker; they were verified by his own death, not, as he expected, by the death of Rokeby and Redmond.

XXXII. 4. **death's-men**, executioners.

8. **varied**. The sound of the horse's hoof upon the sod would be dull, on the stone would be sharp.

11. **A horseman armed** etc. This scene is based on a real achievement of Major Philipson, a cavalier officer in the great civil war, who was called, from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil. Finding himself in a position to take vengeance on a Parliamentarian and personal enemy called Colonel Briggs, who lived at Kendal, he rode to that town with a troop of horse. "Being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers (for it was on a Sunday morning), he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and, himself armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere. The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently

assaulted as he left the assembly ; and, being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed. At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and, vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him ; and with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake. The action marked the man. Many knew him ; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil."

13. **spurn'd**, kicked. See 2. XIV. 20.

18. **strook** is an old past tense of 'strike.'

XXXIII. 9. **iron trance**, the stunning effects of surprise which had held them bound as in an iron chain.

12. **hail'd**, fell thick as hail. 'Shower' and 'rain' are used in the same sense.

13. **with each a wound**, each pike with a wound. 'Each' and 'one' are often placed between a preposition and a word governed by a preposition, especially when the governed word is 'other,' as 'with each other,' 'with one another.'

18. **gain'd his feet**, managed to stand upright on his feet.

26. **trust their eyes**, believe in the reality of what they see.

27. **Bend their weapons on**, aim their weapons at. This use of 'bend' is probably due to the fact that the archer bends his bow when he is about to discharge his arrow.

28. **the grim k'ng**, the lion, the king of beasts.

**rouse**, rouse himself. See 5. XII. 30.

29. **blow and insult**. Compare the maltreatment of Hector's dead body in the *Iliad*—

"The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes  
His manly beauty and superior size ;  
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface  
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace."

There was no generous enemy to speak a word for Hector.

30. **had hew'd**, would have hew'd.

33-36. Compare *Marmion*, 6. XXXVII. 21-28, where a similar appeal is made in behalf of Marmion, who like Bertram combined great valour with villany of the deepest dye. Both passages are in accordance with the charitable spirit of the saying 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum' (Of the dead say nothing but good).

36. Compare Wolfe's lines on the burial of Sir John Moore—

"But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him.



XXXIV. 16. **dead.** There were three dead bodies on the floor, namely, Wilfrid, Oswald, and Bertram.

18. This, when compared with xxvi. 19-22, will be seen to be a contemptuous reflection on the fickleness of the mob.

XXXV. Scott intended the previous stanza to be the end of the poem. The thirty-fifth stanza was added at the request of James Ballantyne, although Scott did not recognize the necessity of making any addition, and accompanied the new stanza with a note expressing his own opinion, that it "spoiled one effect without producing another."

3. **brown August.** August is called brown because in that month the leaves become brown.

8. **The task to bind and pile,** the task of binding and piling.

12. **gleaner's.** See 3. xii. 3.

18. **How fate etc.,** how fate gave virtue her due, that is, rewarded the virtuous by giving them the happiness they deserved.

19. **for,** in recompense for.

21. **Time and tide etc.** 'Tide' seems here to be used in its old sense as a synonym of 'time,' which sense survives in the word 'holy-tide.' See 2. x. 6. Perhaps it means the ebb and flow of human fortune.

22. April, like March (1. xix. 8), has rapid successions of shower and sunshine. Compare—

"And hopes and light regrets that come  
Make April of her tender eyes."

*In Memoriam*, xi.

23. **morrow, morning** This old meaning is most common in the greeting 'good morrow.'

## INSTANCES OF FIGURES OF SPEECH ETC.

(The following lists of instances do not profess to be exhaustive. Spaces are left for Students to add other examples that they may discover in the course of their reading.)

**Abstract for concrete**, **1.** IV. 12, XX. 29, **2.** X. 7, 8, 9, XI. 13, **3.** II. 15, XIV. 23, 25, 27, 30, 31.

**Adjectives used as adverbs**, **2.** III. 19, XXX. 19, **3.** VIII. 9, **4.** VII. 18, VIII. 6, XXVII. 23, XXIX. 9, XXX. 2, **5.** I. 13, 15, XXXIV. 22.

**Alliteration** (placing close together words or syllables beginning with the same letter), **1.** XXXIII. 2, 8, **2.** III. 13, **3.** XV. 15, **5.** XVIII. 1, 25, **6.** XXX. 14.

**Anacoluthon** (change of construction) **1.** XXI. 13, **4.** XV. 15-19.

**Aposiopesis** (breaking off a sentence before it is finished), **1.** XXXIV. 15, **3.** XXXI. 7, **6.** IX. 13, XXIX. 8.

**Apostrophe** (suddenly changing the course of a speech or narrative by an address to a person or object that would naturally be spoken of in the third person), **1.** XII. 26, **3.** XXIII. 9, **4.** XIX. 15, **5.** X. 21.

**Apposition to idea of sentence**, **2.** XXV. 4, **3.** XI. 11.

**Archaic forms**, **3.** IV. 7, XIX. 6, XXIV. 2, **6.** XXXII. 18.

**Chiasmus** (reversal of order of words previously observed.) **2.** XI. 5, XIX. 24, **3.** I. 11, XIV. 9, XXIII. 12, **5.** XXXVI. 8, **6.** III. 12.

**Dramatic irony**, **6.** XXXI. 23, 24.

**Grammatical irregularity**, **2.** XI. 12, **3.** VII. 13, **4.** III. 11.

**Hypallage** (transference of attributes), **1.** III. 2, XII. 25, XVI. 14, 20, XIX. 23, XXIII. 4, XXV. 7, **3.** XIV. 26, XXIX. 16, **4.** XVI. 11, XXVIII. 10, **5.** XIII. 9, 10, **6.** XXXV. 3.

**Indirect narration**, **1.** XXIII. 13, **4.** XXVI. 24, **5.** XII. 16.

**Intransitive verbs used transitively**, (1) in a causative sense, **2.** III. 32, **3.** XV. 28, **4.** VI. 5, **6.** XVI. 11, XXIV. 10; (2) because a transitive verb of the same meaning is suggested, **5.** IX. 23, XIV. 12, 18; (3) by omission of reflexive pronominal object, **5.** XII. 30, **6.** XXXIII. 28.

**Irony**, **1.** XVIII. 9, **4.** XXV. 13, **5.** XII. 24, **6.** XII. 19-24.

**Metonymy** (substitution of one word for another on account of some relation between the things signified by the two words), **1.** XIII. 28, **3.** IX. 16, **4.** VIII. 32, 34.

**Mixture of simile and metaphor**, **1.** XXXII. 14, 16, **2.** VIII. 19, **4.** XIX. 2, **6.** XXI. 12.

**Nouns used as adjectives**, **1.** V. 6, 11, **5.** XXXIII. 10, XXXVI. 10, XXXVII. 31, **6.** VI. 4.

**Oxymoron** (verbal contradiction), **1.** XIV. 19.

**Past tense forms used as participles**, **2.** VI. 18, XI. 29, **4.** XXIX. 14, **5.** XXVI. 9, **6.** IV. 6.

**Personal pronouns used reflexively**, **1.** XXXI. 17, **2.** II. 14, VI. 4, XIV. 2, **3.** VIII. 5, **4.** IV. 2, 16, XVI. 19, **6.** IX. 17, XIX. 1, XXXIII. 17.

**Personification**, **1.** XXXIII. **2.** I. 17, II. 14, **3.** XIV. 23, 25, 30, 31, XV. 5, **5.** II. 4, IV. 10, **6.** XXI. 22, XXVI. 13, 14, XXXIII. 6.

**Possessive genitives of nouns and pronouns qualified by participles and adjectives**, **1.** XI. 20, **2.** XIII. 2, **3.** XV. 11, XIX. 3, XXIII. 12, **5.** XII. 3, XXII. 8, 9, XXIV. 9, **6.** II. 13, XXV. 9.

**Proleptic adjectives**, **2.** XXVI. 15, **5.** IV. 28, XII. 1, XXVII. 10, **6.** XXIV. 10, XXX. 13, 19.

**Redundant subjects**, **2.** XIX. 13, **6.** I. 5.

**Tautology** (repetition of the same idea in different words), **2.** VII. 9, **3.** XXX. 15, XXXI. 17.

**Zeugma**, (understanding from a verb used in grammatical connection with one noun another verb to suit the sense of another noun), **3.** VIII. 2.

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